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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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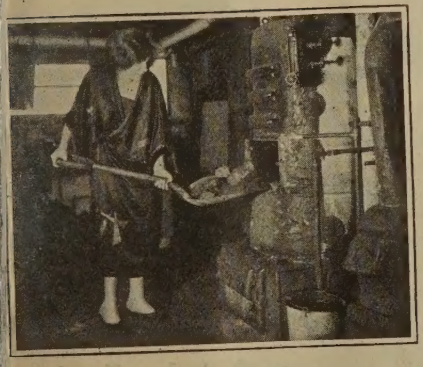

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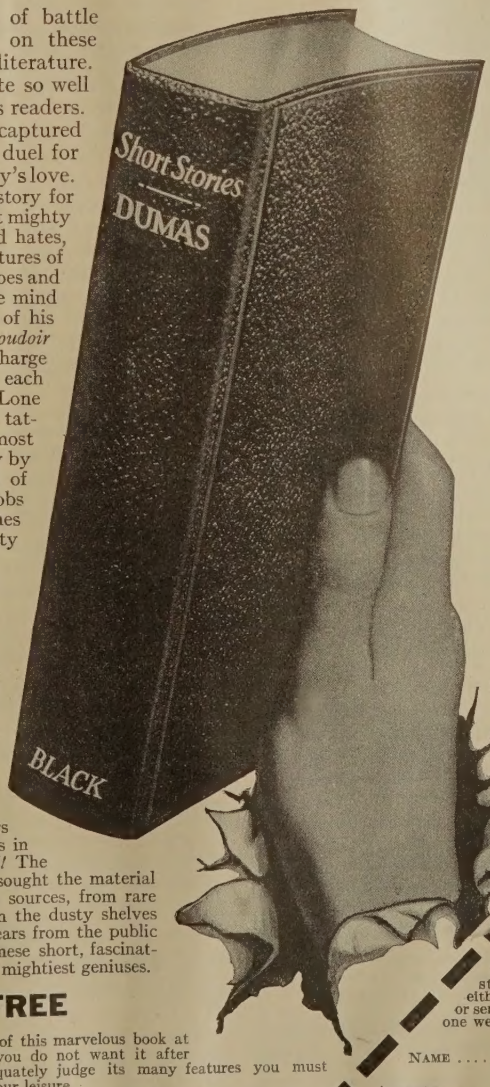

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CRITICISM

SHAKESPEARE STUDIES. *Historical and Comparative in Method.*
By Elmer Edgar Stoll. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 8½ x 5¾; 502 pp. *New York*

Mr. Stoll, who is a member of the English faculty of the University of Minnesota, could have said what he has to say in just about half the space. His main contention, it would appear, is that "literature is no document. [It] reflects the taste of the time rather than the time itself, and often the two are widely different." This thesis he applies with deadening repetition not only to Elizabethan literature but also to the literatures of other times and nations. A long-winded, over-meticulous book. It has an index and numerous footnotes, but no formal bibliography.

MARCEL PROUST. *His Life and Work.*
By Leon Pierre-Quint. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 256 pp. *New York*

The first half of this book is strictly biographical, and is the first full-length portrait of Proust to appear; the second is a detailed study of "A La Recherche Du Temps Perdu." M. Pierre-Quint is a confessed worshipper of the man, but he manages to achieve a capital piece of work nevertheless. The translation from the French is by Hamish and Sheila Miles.

ROMANTICISM.
By Lascelles Abercrombie. *The Viking Press*
$2 7¾ x 5½; 192 pp. *New York*

"It will always belong to the business of romance," says Mr. Abercrombie in his nearest approach to a definition, "to provide escape from the familiar channels of regular experience; and it need be no more than this. But there are many ways, and many lengths of escape." A penetrating, often brilliant exposition of a subject that goes far toward clearing the "rather tangled thickets of opinion that have grown up about it." Unfortunately, it lacks both a bibliography and an index.

DANTE.
By John Jay Chapman. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$2.50 9¾ x 6½; 99 pp. *Boston*

Stray notes on Dante's personality and poetry. There is very little in them that is new as fact or distinguished as criticism. Mr. Chapman charges Dante with having a "bad temper," and he thinks that his "lack of humor and of kindliness may shorten the skirts of his fame as time goes on and as t passionate interest in the Middle Ages which mar the Nineteenth Century begins to decline."

MAIN CURRENTS IN AMERICAN THOUGH *Volumes I and II*
By Vernon Louis Parrington. *Harcourt, Brace &*
$8 8⅞ x 5¾; 413 + 493 pp. *New*

The first of these volumes is entitled "The Colo Mind," and covers the period between 1620 and 1 It deals with the clash between the harsh, absolut Presbyterian theology of the early settlers and liberal European political philosophy of the Sev teenth and Eighteenth Centuries, which was be transplanted over here. Mr. Parrington traces t conflict in the writings of all the major and mi divines and literati of the time, and in doing so sh a great deal of light on a hitherto obscure period the history of American culture. His discussion always highly informing, and often quite penetrati The chapters on the two Mathers are unusually go Unluckily, the second volume is not up to the le of the first. It continues the analysis down to beginning of the Civil War, and considers the in ences of French Romanticism and English *laissez f* doctrine on the political economy and literature the country, with special reference to New Engl and the South. It is particularly in his treatment the New Englanders that Mr. Parrington, who professor of English at the University of Washingt leaves something to be desired. His studies of Em son and Hawthorne are academic in the extreme fails to see through the essential hollowness of first and the anachronistic literary position of second. His chapters on such divines as Parker Channing are a bit immature. He takes the blo metaphysical speculations of the first a little seriously, and he seems to be blind to the essen orthodoxy of the second. There will be a third volu which will bring the work down to 1920.

BIOGRAPHY

JEAN PAUL MARAT. *A Study in Radicalism.*
By Louis R. Gottschalk. *Green*
$3 9¼ x 6; 221 pp. *New Y*

There is little strictly biographical material in t book; it is mainly a study of the politics of the m Mr. Gottschalk says that very few facts are kno about the life of Marat, but that what is kno completely belies the theory that he was a crimi and a maniac.

Continued on page viii

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Continued from page vi

A GREATER THAN NAPOLEON. *Scipio Africanus.*
By B. H. Liddell Hart. *Little, Brown & Company*
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 281 pp. *Boston*

This is a most fascinating book. Capt. Hart's thesis is that Scipio was the greatest military strategist of all time, and by a thoroughgoing and extremely interesting analysis of his battles he makes that claim seem highly plausible. This biography is the first one to appear in English since 1817.

YOUNG IN THE "NINETIES."
By Una Hunt. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 313 pp. *New York*

Here is a delightful volume of recollections of the author's girlhood, for which semi-official Washington forms the background. Her pictures of school life, such as a rebellion against the dismissal of a schoolfellow for standing on the Bible to close a window, the fainting of a classmate from lacing her corsets too tight, playing hookey to see Coxey's army reach the Capitol, peeping through the banisters at the visiting King and Queen of Hawaii, and saving all sentiments for the Real One, are thoroughly charming.

AMERICAN MASTERS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.
Edited by Howard W. Odum. *Henry Holt & Company*
$4.50 8½ x 5½; 411 pp. *New York*

Essays on the life and work of John William Burgess, Lester Frank Ward, Herbert B. Adams, William Archibald Dunning, Albion Woodbury Small, Franklin Henry Giddings, Thorstein Veblen, Frederick Jackson Turner and James Harvey Robinson by such men as Carl Becker, Harry Elmer Barnes and William R. Shepherd. By far the best paper in the book is that by Carl Becker on Frederick J. Turner; it is a fitting tribute to the man and the scholar. The chapters on Professors Small and Giddings are deficient in one important respect: there is practically nothing in them about their heroic labors during the late crusade against the Hun.

TRUMPETS OF JUBILEE.
By Constance Mayfield Rourke. *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*
$5 9½ x 6¾; 445 pp. *New York*

Studies of Henry Ward Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lyman Beecher, Horace Greeley and P. T. Barnum. They are all well-informed, and written in a very readable style. There are many reproductions of photographs.

THE PRODIGIOUS LOVER. *New Aspects in the Life of Richard Wagner.*
By Louis Barthou. *Duffield & Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 221 pp. *New York*

A study of the "inspirational life of the g
master" with Minna, Mathilde and Cosima as
leading ladies, by a former premier of France.
great man's life as a lover has been fuller, more t
pestuous and at times more tragic than Wagner
says M. Barthou in his preface; and yet he man
to write a whole book about these tempestuous l
without for a moment making them seem vivi
inevitable. A distinctly disappointing piece of w
The translation by Henry Irving Brock is only fa

LISZT, WAGNER, AND THE PRINCESS.
By William Wallace. *E. P. Dutton & Com*
$5 8⅝ x 5½; 196 pp. *New*

The story of the Princess Carolyne Sayn-Witt
stein's relations to Liszt and Wagner, told in a
and realistic manner. Mr. Wallace does not w
with much distinction, but his book is carefu
planned and full of interesting details; his meth
as stated in his preface, is "to let each of this str
trio supply the context upon which the boo
based." It is fully documented, and has a long b
ography and an index. There are five illustration

THE MEMOIRS OF BARON N. WRANGEL, 1
1920. *From Serfdom to Bolshevism.*
Translated by Brian and Beatrix Lunn.
The J. B. Lippincott Com
$4 8⅝ x 5⅜; 324 pp. *Philadel*

An engrossing picture of Russia in transition b
member of one of the oldest military families w
in the course of his varied career, knew the me
affairs of his time and country inside out. It cont
amusing and vivid sketches of many famous Russ
characters: the Prime Minister Witté; the Jew
banker Rothstein; Skobeloff; the author's own
Baron Wrangel, the commander of the anti-Bolsh
armies, and Kerensky, among others. The translat
is excellent.

POLONAISE. *The Life of Chopin.*
By Guy De Pourtalès. *Henry Holt & Comp*
$3 8⅝ x 5¾; 349 pp. *New*

A popular but well-written biography of Chopi
the major portion dealing with his life with Geo
Sand—by the author of "Franz Liszt." In his d
cation M. Pourtalès says: "Of the life of Chopin
most nothing remains. . . . We can discover him o
in his music, in a few scraps of correspondence,
in the memories of his friends." But he succee
through the quotation of what sources there are,
drawing an admirable portrait. The book has a b
liography, an index and numerous charming illust
tions; it is felicitously translated by Charles Bayly,

Continued on page x

LINCOLN MacVEAGH

The
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"The finest treatment of a war-time motif yet achieved in English fiction."—*The Atlantic Monthly.* $2.50

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WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR
By SARAH HENRY BENTON

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Illustrated, $3.50

LINCOLN MacVEAGH
The DIAL PRESS - NEW YORK

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page viii

RIATA AND SPURS.
By Charles A. Siringo. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3 8½ x 5½; 276 pp. *Boston*

The salty reminiscences of a man who became a cowboy at the age of twelve and has been a cowpuncher and pursuer of gunmen ever since. He knew Billy the Kid and all the other heroes of that amiable epoch in American history. But he has tamed down a bit: he is now living in Hollywood.

THE INGENIOUS HIDALGO. *Miguel Cervantes.*
By Han Ryner. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2.75 8¾ x 5¾; 243 pp. *New York*

This is a fictional biography, and is rather easy reading. The translation from the French is by J. H. Lewis.

HISTORY

THE BORDERLAND IN THE CIVIL WAR.
By Edward Conrad Smith. *The Macmillan Company*
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 412 pp. *New York*

Mr. Smith's thesis is that the Civil War was really a three-cornered combat—between the North, the South and what he calls the Borderland. This Borderland comprised the territory between the Alleghenies on the east, the watershed between the Ohio and the Lakes on the north, the upper limit of the Cotton Belt on the south, and the frontier on the west. Its people in the main were friendly to the South, but in favor of the Union. Their decision to support the North, he believes, decided the issue of the war. His book lacks a bibliography, but is heavily documented, and has a good index.

A HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES DURING LINCOLN'S ADMINISTRATION.
By John Bach McMaster. *D. Appleton & Company*
$5 8⅝ x 5⅝; 693 pp. *New York*

Dr. McMaster's well-known "History of the People of the United States" closes with the opening of the Civil War. Here he carries the story down to the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment. As in his former volumes he leans very heavily upon contemporary newspapers, and stresses popular opinion quite as much as official acts.

THE NEGRO IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF VIRGINIA.
By Alrutheus Ambush Taylor.
The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History
$2.15 9¾ x 6¾; 300 pp. *Washington*

A laborious and extremely valuable contribution to history. Mr. Taylor has gone to the sources and has unearthed a great mass of unfamiliar material. He is the author of a similar study of the Negro in South Carolina. Both volumes were made possible by a research grant from the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

POORHOUSE SWEENEY. *Life in a County Poorhouse.*
By Ed Sweeney. With an Introduction by Theodore Dreiser.
Boni & Liveright
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 178 pp. *New York*

A picture of life in a county poorhouse—its monotony, its ribaldry, its bickering and haranguing, its petty jealousies and quarrels, its emptiness, and yet its incredible conceits. The author, a brag egotistical fellow, spares no details; he writes crudely and ungrammatically, but with great vigor and insight. Far from a masterpiece—as Mr. Dreiser points out in his introduction—, but an interesting and faithful document, and most keenly alive. Not the least interesting feature of the book are the many illustrations by the author.

AN OUTLINE OF CAREERS. *A Practical Guide to Achievement.*
Edited by Edward L. Bernays.
The George H. Doran Company
$5 9½ x 6¼; 431 pp. *New York*

Thirty-eight chapters of advice to young men on the threshold of choosing a life career, written by many captains in their various fields. The only parts that are of any value are those by Dr. Wm. Allen Pusey and Roy W. Howard, on medicine and journalism respectively; the rest are all trash. Mr. R. H. Dupree, general sales manager of Procter & Gamble, in his dissertation on salesmanship, grows exultant over the "broadening" a traveling man's mind experiences. Mr. H. H. Ballard, a director in numerous electrical and machine corporations on the Coast, in his essay on public utilities, unbosoms himself of the following: "Service! Service to the public, service to your fellow man, and service to the world, is the keynote of success in the public utilities business as it exists today." But the most beautiful monograph in the whole book is that by the editor himself on "the new profession of public relations counsel." The ideal of the profession," says Mr. Bernays, who is one of its most talented practitioners, "is to take worthy minorities and place their case before the public."

Continued on page xii

Statesman? Movie Actor? Murderer?

Professor Gaetano Salvemini in his new book presents the evidence against Mussolini together with secret documents bearing Mussolini's signature

The Fascist DICTATORSHIP in Italy

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One Park Ave HENRY HOLT & COMPANY New York

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

SHOULD WE BE VACCINATED?
By Bernhard J. Stern. *Harper & Brothers*
$1.50 7¼ x 5; 146 pp. *New York*

An interesting and judicious account of the vaccination question in its scientific and historical aspects by an instructor in sociology at Columbia University. The author sets forth the arguments for and against vaccination and analyzes with equanimity the motives and factors involved in the opposition. An instructive and very readable book. It lacks an index and a formal bibliography, but a full citation of authorities is to be found in the many footnotes.

NEGRO LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES, 1850–1925. *A Study in American Economic History.*
By Charles H. Wesley. *The Vanguard Press*
50 cents 7 x 4¼; 343 pp. *New York*

A useful and comprehensive study of Negro labor in the United States from the period of slavery to the period of the entrance of Negroes in large numbers into industrial occupations. There are chapters on "The Economic Status of the Free Negro," "Negro Labor and the Civil War," "The Early Organization of Negro Labor," and "Organized Labor and the Negro." The author has apparently consulted all the primary source materials; there are reference notes at the end of each chapter, an excellent bibliography and an index.

WHITHER DEMOCRACY? *A Speculative Study.*
By N. J. Lennes. *Harper & Brothers*
$3 7¾ x 5¼; 370 pp. *New York*

"Does equalizing opportunity create hereditary social classes?" Mr. Lennes—a member of the faculty of the University of Montana—answers with an emphatic yes. "In proportion as the ideals of democracy are realized," he argues in his main conclusion on page 274, "in that proportion does society tend to become divided into occupational classes with hereditary membership." An interesting thesis, and he sustains it admirably throughout his very readable book. It is written for the layman, and no special acquaintance is necessary with any of the fields from which his principles and data are taken. There is a long bibliography and an index.

WHERE IS CIVILIZATION GOING?
By Scott Nearing. *The Vanguard Press*
50 cents 7¼ x 4½; 110 pp. *New York*

Dr. Nearing is a specialist in all future socio-political events: they are an open book to him. "Capitalist society is obviously failing," he tells us, and "the political state has lost prestige." A new order, with no capitalists in it, is in the offing. It has, indeed, begun to sprout in Russia under the blessed Bolsheviks. All this talk about the Soviet losing faith in their gospel is, of course, buncomb "The proletarian revolution is already a reality," says Dr. Nearing.

CAPITAL FOR LABOR.
By W. Francis Lloyd and Bertram Austin.
Dodd, Mead & Compa
$1.25 7½ x 5¼; 142 pp. *New Y*

An analysis of the industrial and commercial depre sion in Great Britain. The authors point out that th world is buying more and more from British compet tors, and that this state of affairs is working har ships on the Dominions and Colonies. They are n very definite about a remedy, but they are strongl against a wholesale reduction of wages or lengthenin of the hours of labor.

THAT'S NEW YORK!
By Morris Markey and Johan Bull. *Macy-Masi*
$2 9 x 5¾; 204 pp. *New Yo*

Twenty-six excellent sketches of New York, in cluding portraits of John Roach Straton, Peach Browning, Jack Dempsey, Uldine Utley and Bab Ruth. Mr. Markey writes with charm and distinctio

I, THE JEW.
By Maurice Samuel. *Harcourt, Brace & Compan*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5½; 275 pp. *New Yo*

The other side of the picture by the author of "Yo Gentiles," in which he seeks to demonstrate tha "the tyranny which science has established over th thought of our day is neither salutary nor rational. Mr. Samuel writes with some distinction; he is per suasive, but scarcely convincing, and, like most ex pounders of personal faiths, he grows sadly repetitious

OUR GENERATION.
By One of Us. *The Century Compan*
$1.50 8 x 5; 201 pp. *New Yor*

A series of sermons on the usual subjects of th younger generation—Romance, Marriage, the Moder Girl and Careers, among others—which reveal noth ing so much as the natural aptitude of the younge generation to become platitudinous when it attempt to be salutary and wise. Here are a few pearls: "Youth is young human nature slowly driven up the escalato of life by the sweeping forces of circumstance"; "Afte all, the most original line is to act naturally"; an "The French girl is shrewd, treacherous, and sensual the American gold-digger is childish, boisterous, an jazzy." Why should "one" be so anonymous about it

Continued on page xiv

CIRCUS PARADE

By Jim Tully

Author of Beggars of Life and Jarnegan

JIM TULLY'S circus wanderings are faithfully depicted in this book with the courage and realism of his autobiography, *Beggars of Life*. As the human side of circus life never before written, it turns a new and powerful light on life under the canvas tent. Full of irony, pity, and laughter, *Circus Parade* is Jim Tully at his best.

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by A. F. HEROLD

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Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xii

HOW RED IS AMERICA?
By Will Irwin. *J. H. Sears & Co*
$1.50 7¾ x 5¼; 219 pp. N

This is not a piece of research, despite the a boast that it is a pioneer work. Mr. Irwin re few well-known facts about the labor history United States, and comes to a conclusion that save a few frightened Babbitts agree on: that th are an insignificant portion of the national popul and that the free American people are more int in having their bellies full than in politico-ec theorizing.

THE YOUTH MOVEMENT.
By Tsi C. Wang. *The New R*
$1 7¼ x 4¾; 177 pp. Ne

A colorful and sympathetic survey of the C student movement, covering the activities of t foreign students, the Literary Revolution, the d stration against militarism, and the anti-re movements. Dr. Wang apparently left China May, 1925, and he barely touches upon the Sh conflict.

REFERENCE BOOKS

THE POCKET OXFORD DICTIONARY: *A Edition.*
Compiled by F. G. & H. W. Fowler.
The Oxford Universit
$2 6⅝ x 3⅞; 1029 pp. Ne

This is an abridged and reworked version well-known Concise Oxford Dictionary, perha best small dictionary ever published. The wo been admirably done, and the little book is ob of great value. The etymologies have been reduced, but the principle of the Concise Oxfor words are best defined by showing their sett phrases, has been retained. This American e has been competently edited by Prof. Georg Santvoord, of the University of Buffalo. Am spellings, as in the *-or* words, are given prefe and many Americanisms have been introduced *rubberneck, jitney, moron, squash* and *woodchuck.*

PIERRE KEY'S MUSIC YEAR-BOOK, 1926–
Edited by P. V. R. Key. *Pierre Ke*
$2.75 9¼ x 5⅞; 519 pp. Ne

This annual presumes to cover the whole There are lists of orchestras, ensembles, soloist companists, conservatories, agents, choral org tions, auditoriums, composers, dancers, opera-h musical publications, music critics, local ma ments, and prizes and scholarships. There is a

Continued on page xvi

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xiv

list of new works performed since October, 1925. The last 128 pages of the volume are given over to advertisements.

FRANCE ON TEN WORDS A DAY.
By H. McCarty Lee. *Simon & Schuster*
$1.75 7⅜ x 5; 196 pp. *New York*

Here, under the guise of humor, is an extremely useful book. Mr. Lee argues that the best way for a traveler to make himself understood in a foreign tongue is not to study its grammar, but to enter by way of its most common phrases and their accompanying gestures. The verbs, he believes, are almost unnecessary. The theory is revolutionary, but the author maintains it with great plausibility, and the chances are that a tourist mastering his book would be better in France than a survivor of two years of College French.

THE FINE ARTS

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN'S PIANOFORTE SONATAS.
By William Behrend. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7⅜ x 5¾; 200 pp. *New York*

An attempt to relate the Beethoven piano sonatas to the events of the composer's life. The author is Dane, and the present translation is by Ingeborg Lund. The volume will interest Beethoven enthusiasts, but there is little that is new in it, and the little is not very profound.

MODERN PAINTING.
By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. *Henry Holt & Company*
$6.50 8½ x 5¾; 385 pp. *New York*

Mr. Mather begins with the victory of the Académie Royale des Beaux-Arts in 1785, and brings the story down to the present day. He is extremely critical of the more extravagant Modernists, and in general shows a very correct and conventional spirit. The many illustrations are well chosen and admirably reproduced.

THE STORY OF MUSIC.
By Paul Bekker. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$3.50 9 x 5¾; 277 pp. *New York*

The subtitle, "An Historical Sketch of the Changes in Musical Form," indicates the character of the work. Mr. Bekker traces the history of the long conflict between polyphony and homophony with excellent skill, and shows an immense and profound knowledge of music. His book presupposes some musical knowledge in the reader: it is not for novices. The translation from the German is by M. D. Herter Norton and Alice Kortschak. There are many portraits of composers.

Continued on page xviii

Books and Scholarship.

THOSE whose time is spent mainly with books regard *The Times* (of London) Literary Supplement as indispensable. The wide knowledge, the literary charm, and the *complete impartiality* that characterize its reviews of new books give it a unique place among modern critical journals.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

EUTERPE, *or, The Future of Art.*
By Lionel R. McColvin. *E. P. Dutton & Co.*
$1 6¼ x 4½; 75 pp. *New*

Mr. McColvin has nothing to say. Art-appreciat he confides, is in a very low state in this country are stressing quantity and not quality; "artistic tentialities exist in all men;" education might h number of people who are now quite anæsthet beauty; there are some whom no education can music clubs are very good things; and so on and s

ESSAYS

MOLE PHILOSOPHY AND OTHER ESSAYS.
By Cassius J. Keyser. *E. P. Dutton & Com*
$3 8¼ x 5¾; 234 pp. *New*

Professor Keyser, the well-known Columbia m matician, does not shine when he strays from professional domain. In this collection of papers all manner of subjects, from love to Prohibit there are few very startling ideas.

ADVENTURES AND CONFESSIONS.
By William Lyon Phelps. *Charles Scribner's S*
$2 7⅜ x 5; 206 pp. *New*

Herein Dr. Phelps sets forth his amiable cr There are chapters on Adventure, Truth, Sin, De Salvation, Women and Science. The viewpoint is of a sincere but by no means orthodox Christian. book would be the better for an index.

TEXTBOOKS

COMPARATIVE EDUCATION.
Edited by Peter Sandiford. *E. P. Dutton & Com*
$3.50 8½ x 5½; 500 pp. *New*

The countries whose educational systems are scribed here by different specialists are the Uni States, Germany, England, France, Canada and D mark. Not all the chapters are comprehensive scope; in the case of the United States, for insta nothing is said about the colleges, and in the cas Germany only the Prussian school system is de with. Nevertheless, the book is full of valuable formation and should be of great help to the stud

PUBLIC WELFARE ADMINISTRATION. *Sel Documents.*
Edited by Sophonisba Preston Breckenridge.
The University of Chicago P
$4.50 9¼ x 6; 786 pp. *Chi*

These documents cover the entire history of soc welfare legislation and movements in the Uni States. They are made up of State statutes, reports charitable institutions and excerpts from stand books. There are many clarifying notes by the edit

Continued on page xx

The whole story of our Foreign Relations is told for the first time and by the ideal method in

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Edited by *Samuel Flagg Bemis*,* working with an advisory board composed of *J. Franklin Jameson, H. Barrett Learned*, and *James Brown Scott*

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Volume II

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Volume III

James Madison by Charles E. Hill. *Robert Smith* by Charles C. Tansill. *James Monroe* by Julius Pratt.

To be published in the Autumn:

Volumes IV–VI

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*The editor has been awarded the PULITZER PRIZE IN HISTORY *for his volume entitled* PINCKNEY'S TREATY: *A Study of America's Advantage from Europe's Distress, 1783-1800.* Johns Hopkins Press, 1926.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*, New York

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FORESTS AND FLOODS

BY WILLIS LUTHER MOORE

Do you believe that the turning of forest areas into cultivated fields, pasture lands, vineyards and orchards, and the subjugation of the wilderness to the needs of civilization have intensified floods, prolonged droughts, or otherwise harmfully affected the climate? I do not, and I have spent a half century in the study of these problems, daily watching changes in the weather, the fall of precipitation upon various catchment basins, the gathering of waters into tributary streams and their culmination as floods in main-stream arteries; and I have also studied these conditions as shown by the official records of foreign countries.

For years an extensive propaganda has been carried on in the United States for the purpose of inducing large public appropriations not only to protect the real forests of the nation, which every right-thinking person wishes to have protected and wisely conserved, but also millions of acres of bush lots and scrub timber that can never grow anything of value. The reason given by forest enthusiasts for such expenditures is that this otherwise worthless vegetation protects the water supply of great centers of population. But I know of no scientific reason to justify their claims. One needs only to consult the vegetable physiologists, who have measured the quantity of water taken up by trees and plants and exhaled to the air, to learn that the effect of a forest is not to protect and conserve the water supply, but actually to rob the soil of its moisture. Thus the current American policy of building thousands of miles of mountain roads, erecting numerous cabins, and patroling vast areas of bush lots with mounted men, may be likened unto that of the insane banker who hires armed guards to see that no harm comes to those engaged in stealing his treasures.

If the growing of vegetation on a watershed actually conserves the moisture in the soil and protects it from loss, then every orchardist, instead of cultivating the spaces between the rows of his trees, should allow these spaces to grow up and be covered with bushes, weeds and grass. But the man who is growing fruit listens to the voice of science instead of paying heed to the hysterical screams of interested office-holders. These office-holders wish only to retain their jobs of protecting worthless vegetation. They hope so to alarm honest people with forebodings of impending disaster that large grants of public money will be forthcoming to increase their personal emoluments and hire additional defenders. Many Americans, deceived by this propaganda, believe that unless vast areas are returned to forest conditions that part of the North Ameri-

can continent occupied by the United States will suffer floods and droughts of increasing intensity. But those who have spent their lives in the study of the science of the atmosphere do not believe this.

It has been argued that forests control the flow of streams, both in their high-water and in their low-water stages, and that the climate is so materially affected by cutting them away that the well-being of future generations is menaced. The public conscience has been aroused. Large appropriations of public money have been made for the purchase of water-sheds and reforestation, and plans have been laid that may lead to the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars more. But in our righteous indignation at the private monopolization, in the past, of much of the nation's wealth of land, of forests, of mine, and of water-power, and in our anxiety to formulate remedial plans and laws for the future, we have only too often accepted as truth the unsupported statements of honest but mistaken enthusiasts. The proving of our ground as we go along does not mean that we shall not progress; it means that we shall move in the right direction, instead of wasting time and money in following a policy based upon fallacious reasoning. The records contain much that will help us in reaching sound conclusions. Let us examine them.

There appears to be plenty of evidence that there were times in the remote past when the salt seas, both of Asia and of America, had surfaces of greater area than they have today. Likewise, it is likely that in certain regions trees once grew more abundantly than is now the case. But this must not be taken as proof that there has been a decrease in rainfall due to the destruction of forests. It is true that the forests have diminished—in some cases disappeared—and it is also true that the evidence strongly supports the assumption of a decrease in rainfall, and therefore, of course, of a greater or less change in climate, but this decrease in rainfall may better be regarded as the cause rather than as the result of the barren conditio of these soils. There is no evidence th the forests have ever been more extensi in Alaska and other high-latitude cou tries than they now are. Nevertheless, these countries too, just as in the arid r gions of the great continents, there evidence of the same slow, long-perio climatic change. Thus it cannot be due deforestation. The evidence of it consis of the slow, irregular retreat and dimin tion of the glaciers, which phenomena universal, regardless of latitude, of long tude, or of elevation, and appears to ha been in more or less steady progress sinc the culmination of the great Ice Age. fact, we may reasonably say that we a still in the Ice Age, a vanishing one, be sure, but one not wholly gone.

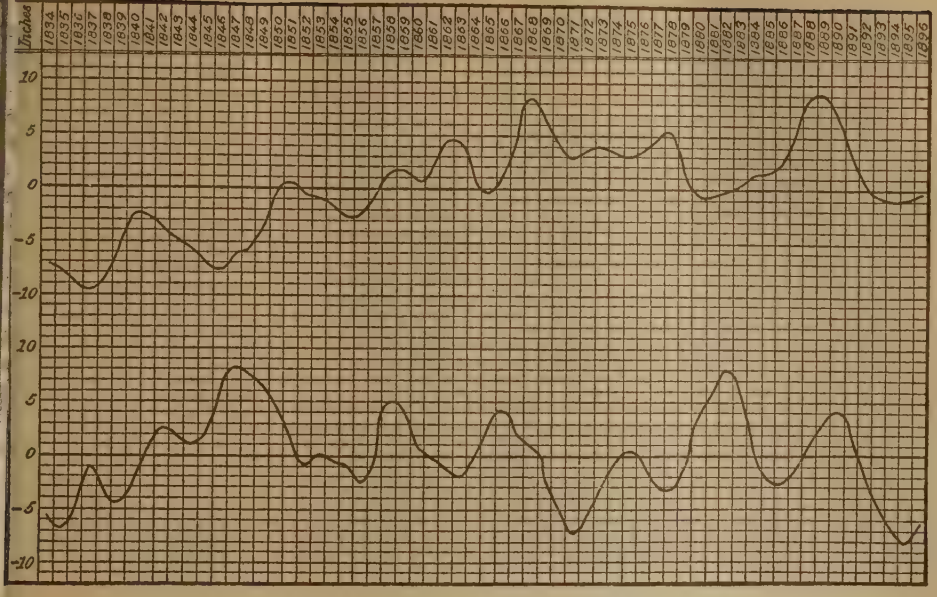
II

Professor W. J. Humphries, of the John Hopkins University, and for many yea professor of meteorological physics in th United States Weather Bureau, says:

> These universal, slow climatic changes, that for thousands of years have been modifying the glaciers and changing the inland seas, might very well have led to extensive forest destruction; but that it itself was the effect, and the destruction of the trees the cause, seems most unlikely.

Dr. Elsworth Huntington, of the De partment of Geography at Yale, who wa awarded the Gill Memorial by the Roya Geographic Society of London for his ex plorations and researches, has explored th Lop Basin in Chinese Turkestan. Its lengt is 1400 miles and its width from north t south is about 400 miles. Most of the basi is a desert. In an article in the *Monthl Weather Review* for November, 1908, Dr Huntington said of it:

> Poplar forests that once extended for scores of miles now form wastes of branchless, dead trunks, like gaunt, gray skeletons; and beds of dead reeds cover hundreds of square miles. It has often been asserted that the destruction of forests has been the cause of the diminution of rainfall. In the Lop Basin the opposite appears to have been the case; the supply of water has diminished and therefore the forests have died. The rainfall unquestionably controls forestation, but neither in the



FLUCTUATIONS IN RAINFALL, 1834–1896

The upper curve shows the fluctuations in New England, as determined by observations at Boston, Providence and New Bedford; the lower shows the fluctuations in the Ohio Valley, as determined by observations at Cincinnati, Portsmouth and Marietta.

Lop Basin nor in other parts of central and western Asia is there any good evidence that the forests have any appreciable effect on rainfall.

Another proof that forests are the effect and not the cause of rainfall was found by Huntington in the relation of the rivers of the Lop Basin to the desert of Taklamakan. On the sound side of the Basin he examined seventeen streams which were worthy of notice because of their size, or because they supported oases. With regard to four of these streams he said:

> At the lower end old channels are found lined with dead forests, which prove that the stream once extended from eight to twenty-five miles farther than is now the case before being finally swallowed up in the sand.

To confirm the conclusions of Huntington in China one need only refer to the fact that unmistakable evidence is found of the existence of extensive forests in Arizona and New Mexico, where only the trunks of petrified trees now remain. Certainly it cannot be said that man removed these trees and brought on the drought. The fact that such dead forests stand long after the streams have receded clearly proves that they are the last to disappear rather than the first, and therefore that their removal did not precede the drought, but that the forest ceased to exist when the rainfall became deficient. Great cities and teeming populations once covered the valley of the Jordan in the Holy Land, which is now barren. But the date palm, the vine and the fig tree would grow there just as luxuriantly today as in the old Biblical days if artificial watering were practiced as it was then.

Many have been deceived by the fact that rain gauges exposed just above the trees in forest areas catch more rain than similar gauges exposed at the same height over unforested areas in the same region; but this is due to the fact that trees restrict the flow of the wind, and gauges always catch more water with a given rainfall where the wind velocity is retarded. The

late Cleveland Abbe, senior professor of the U. S. Weather Bureau for over a half century, and a member of the National Academy of Sciences, says:

> It is easy to start false theories and to believe them, because they are generally simple and plausible, but long years of work are necessary before we get at the secrets of nature. In this day and generation, the idea that forests either increase or decrease the quantity of rain that falls from the clouds is not worthy to be entertained by rational, intelligent men.

The erection of a tent, a barn, a dwelling-house, or a village, or the growth of a great city, influences the local climate in proportion to the area covered. Likewise vegetation may have an appreciable local effect. The flooding of an area, the cutting away of a forest, erosion, or sanding may have either minute or larger effects on local climates in proportion to the magnitude of the areas affected. But this does not mean that there is any great difference in the climatic effect of a forest covering and one of bushes, or grass, or growing crops; and it does not signify that there can be sufficient change in the thermal conditions, due to the activities of man, to effect any appreciable difference in the temperature at an altitude of one or two hundred feet, or to affect the general climatic conditions, or to cause storms to be more frequent than formerly or of greater intensity, or to increase the amount of precipitation, most of which takes place several thousand feet above the earth. The air, even during the fall of rain, is almost never saturated near the ground, and so forests cannot exercise any appreciable influence in the stratum of air in which condensation actually takes place.

If the cutting of the forests has intensified droughts surely the effect will be apparent in the records of rainfall. One of the best, and the longest of these in the United States, is that of Samuel Rodman and his son, of New Bedford, Mass., covering the period from 1814 to nearly the present time. In no way does it bear out the contention of the foresters, or sustain the reckless statements now frequently appearing in the daily press about the planting of trees increasing the rainfall. For the first fifty years of the period observed by the Rodmans the average rainfall annually was forty-six inches, while during the succeeding forty-five years the average was forty-seven inches, showing that whatever change occurred during the time when much of the forests of New England were removed was a slight *gain* in precipitation.

In the upper part of the graph on page 259 I show the variation in the rainfall of New England for the period from 1834 to 1896, as determined officially by observations made daily at Boston, Providence and New Bedford; and in the lower part a similar curve for the Ohio Valley, based upon the records made at Cincinnati, Portsmouth and Marietta for the same period. In New England, where deforestation began early in our history and has been excessive, the mean in the fluctuations of the rain curve shows a steady rise since 1836 to a few years ago; and in the Ohio Valley, where the forest area has been greatly diminished, no decrease of rainfall is shown by the average of the fluctuations of the curve.

Only the size of the continents and the height and trend of their mountain ranges affect rainfall, not forests or other surface covering. So long as this continent remains at its present elevation and the oceans wash its shores, the rainfall will remain practically as it is now, with the exception of the slow mutation to which reference has been made. Well-meaning enthusiasts, subsidized scientists, and politicians catering to a mistaken public opinion may talk themselves hoarse, but Nature will continue to pursue the even tenor of her mighty ways.

Erosion is undoubtedly more rapid from cultivated and neglected fields than from forests, but this fact cannot be accepted as a justification for failing to clear wooded areas and grow food for a rapidly increasing population. Erosion, in fact, may be reduced by proper methods of cultivation, and by keeping the soil well supplied with

humus through a rational system of crop rotation. Professor D. W. Mead, of the University of Wisconsin, one of the leading hydraulic engineers of the West, and in fact of the world, has published an elaborate report on the rainfall and the run-off of the rivers of Wisconsin, where the lumber men have cut over large areas. He finds no increase in flood intensity.

Many believe that there has been an enormous increase in the floods of the Ohio Valley. I shall therefore ask the reader to follow me in an examination of actual conditions in that valley, and I shall draw upon no data that he himself cannot verify from the official records of the United States Weather Bureau. Cincinnati is a point well suited for the beginning of the investigation. Here is a table prepared by Professor H. C. Frankenfield under my direction when I was chief of the Weather Service at Washington, giving the actual mean monthly stage of the Ohio river at Cincinnati for every month of the period from 1871 to 1908. The average of these monthly means for the first half of the period is 17.3, as computed from the daily stages, and for the second half, 17.6—but .3 of a foot greater than for the first half. There was then computed the average rainfall for the period under investigation, as determined by four selected stations in the water-shed. It showed a gain of .5 of an inch for the last half of the period, which nicely agrees with the slightly greater run-off. It is apparent, then, that changing forest areas into cultivated fields had no appreciable effect on the flow of the Ohio river during a period of thirty-eight years.

I had Professor Frankenfield compile the high and low water data for the rivers of the Ohio catchment basin, the Tennessee, the Cumberland and the Ohio, for the 38-year period under discussion, and establish the average high water for the four wet months, January to April, and the average low water for the four dry months, July to October. It was clearly shown that the average high water was no higher and the average low water was no lower for the last half of the period than for the first half. The differences were slight, and what there was showed an improvement in stream flow as the forests were cut; the low waters were slightly higher and the high waters slightly lower. There were variations in the flow of the rivers that bore a proper relation to these variations in rainfall.

Thus it appears that the climate of the continent has not been injuriously affected as the cry of wild animals has been succeeded by the song of the husbandman, and the dreary wastes of prairie and tangled forest have thrilled with the hum of human industry, and been beautified with towns and cities. Everyone, indeed, but the ignorant victims of the falsehoods propagated by personally interested office-holders knows that the climate of this continent is actually determined by its size, the height and trend of its mountain systems, the prevailing direction of the winds, and the proximity of the oceans, and not by any puny efforts of man in scratching the surface of old Mother Earth.

III

Our next line of inquiry will be for the purpose of determining whether or not there has been an increase in the number of days that these rivers were at or above the flood stage. As the records of floods was not complete for the first ten years of the period we had selected, Professor Frankenfield took a period ten years less, beginning in 1879. We found that in the first fourteen years there were 2073 days that the Cumberland river at Nashville, the Ohio at Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville and Cairo, and the Tennessee at Chattanooga, Florence and Johnsonville, were at flood stages—that is, when they were bank full or overflowing. During the last fourteen years the number of such days was 1370, showing an excess in the first period of 703. We should not make the mistake of assuming that the

decrease in flood frequency here shown will be permanent. On the other hand, it is certain that no *increase* occurred, and that the dire forebodings of forest enthusiasts are not justified by the facts of history. The forests have largely decreased in the Ohio valley, but the floods have not increased.

When the Seine inundated Paris several years ago the American press almost unanimously ascribed the disaster to the deforestation of the valley of the river. But M. Belgrade and other French engineers, who had made the hydrology of this valley their special study, showed that quite the contrary was the case. From the published works of Belgrade we learn that accurate observations go back to 1615. This places at our disposal five half-century periods, and I have before me a table in which is given a figure for each period, obtained by adding together the readings of the highest water each year, as recorded at the bridge of La Tournelle, and dividing the sum by fifty. The figures are as follows: first period, 27.3 feet; second, 26.3; third, 25.3; fourth, 22.4; fifth, 21.2. M. Belgrade says:

> The continued decrease of the floods for each half-century is remarkable, and yet the trees have steadily and unceasingly been cut down, and the forest transformed into cultivated farms. What would we gain, then, in rewooding our fields?

Ernest Lauder, chief of the Hydrographic Bureau of the Austrian government, recently made an exhaustive study of and report on the history of the floods of the Danube, the great river of Central Europe, for 800 years, taking into account 125 different floods. His conclusions are that progressive deforestation of the country has had no effect in increasing the frequency of floods, or in augmenting their heights. He showed that the flood of 1899, which was a Summer flood, was severest where it came from the heavily wooded districts.

At the Tenth International Congress of Irrigation, held at Milan in 1905, papers were presented by representatives from France, Germany, Italy, Austria and Russia, in which the writers heartily favored the protection and cultivation of the forests. But these writers were unanimously of the opinion that forests exercise little influence on either the high water or the low water of rivers.

Brigadier-General H. M. Chittenden, of the Corps of Engineers of the Army (retired), for many years in charge of government works in the Yellowstone National Park, and on the Missouri, Ohio and other rivers, and of reservoir surveys in arid regions, and a member of the Engineer Commission on the control of the floods of the Sacramento river, has shown that in the Yellowstone National Park and similar regions the forests protect the snow from drifting, while in the open there is much drifting and in consequence an early Spring clearing up of the places well exposed to wind and sunshine. When warm rains come on, the melting of the snow in the forests, because of its even distribution and the greater surface exposed to the warm air, is far more rapid than it is in the open where it has drifted, and these conditions lead to higher freshets and a less enduring runoff from the mountain woodland.

Many honest investigators are deceived by the fact that when rainfall is light, dead leaves, moss and tangles of undergrowth in the forest may modify and restrict the flow and absorption of that which is precipitated, and rush to the conclusion that the forests restrain and minimize floods. But the fact is that when the rainfall is heavy and continuous, as it must be to cause noteworthy floods, there is practically no difference in the flow of water in the forest and in the open, for it can be shown that the runoff from a smooth surface and a rough one covered with débris is equal after the rough surface becomes well wetted. As it is only after all surfaces are saturated that flood conditions occur, the rain that falls before saturation has little or no influence on freshets.

The greater part of cleared land is broken at least once each year and cultivated several times, or else is occupied by vegetation that utilizes rainfall in much the same way that the forest does. Forests should be protected by the state and so used by this generation that they may produce for the generation that is to follow; but they should be protected for themselves alone, and not because of any supposed beneficial influence on climate or floods.

A flood in a stream is caused by the rain or snow that falls upon the watershed drained by that stream, or by waters led into the stream from some tributary that drains another watershed, but the area drained at the source of the stream and its tributaries is infinitesimal in comparison with the total areas that catch the flood waters. Bulletin E, 1897, of the Weather Bureau, published under my direction, gives the facts with regard to this important problem. The data are so presented in charted lithographs as to be quickly comprehended. Therefore, how absurd to plant trees at the headwaters of streams to restrain floods, when the waters that combine to make the floods almost entirely come from other parts of the catchment basin or basins!

Dr. B. F. Fernow, the real father of American forestry, and his associates performed a valuable service in organizing and developing a National Forest Service, and one must be an enemy to progress who would wish to see our forests pass back to private exploitation, but the time is passed when one may be anathematized and classed as an enemy to the state for raising one's voice in favor of a rational policy for the control of forests and floods, and for saving public money that would otherwise be wastefully expended. Forests should be conserved for the value of the timber that they may produce in the future, or not at all.

Instead of wasting public money in protecting bush-lots, let us expend it in the impounding of flood waters. The United States has shown its ability to do big things in a big way. It constructed the Panama Canal for the use of the world. It has done much for the American home-builder in the reclamation of arid lands, and now it should create a commission of the ablest engineers of the nation to work out a comprehensive plan for the control of the rivers and floods of this continent. There is no doubt that by the joint use of levees and impounding reservoirs the surplus waters that constitute devastating floods can be controlled, and our rivers utilized to do a vast amount of the work of the nation.

Water power would in that case be protected from monopolization and its energy given to the people at reasonable rates. In magnitude and expense it would be a work analogous to the Canal. The loss by floods in the United States in one decade would more than build two Panama Canals. Turn the skill and energy of another Goethals upon the problem of the floods, and in less time than it took to construct the Canal it will cease to be a problem, and the nation will be richer by hundreds of dollars for every one that is expended. Let us use the government money in the doing of something useful, instead of wasting it in the dredging out of rivers that never will be navigated, and in the protection of bush-lots whose only mission is to rob the mountain sides of their moisture and diminish the supply for the valleys below.

SALOON DAYS

BY JAMES STEVENS

At the bar, at the bar,
Where I smoked my first cigar.—*American folk song.*

In the late nineties of the last century all the evangelists in practice in the United States were picturing Hell as a place much like the American saloon. At the revivals in the small and very dry Iowa town where I had been born and brought up to the age of seven, I saw Hell many times as a room where the lost souls stood before a bar instead of a griddle and consumed rum instead of brimstone. Often I would catch myself longing to be in the scene the revivalist described, hearing the lost souls singing their sinful songs and telling their carnal tales until they stabbed one another or dropped dead of heart disease before they had a chance to get out of the saloon and repent; seeing angel-faced little girls pleading with their drunken fathers to come home with them now, and getting struck down by the bottles the lost souls were always throwing at one another. At the time of my conversion, at seven, I worried a great deal because it seemed likely I could never sympathize properly with these angel-faced little girls. I had never been able to like them, and so, no matter how hard I prayed, I couldn't pump up the right sentiments when one of them was hit with a bottle in the revivalist's pictures of the Saloon Hell. And I was always and forever catching myself in the wish that I could see one of these Saloon Hells myself.

This wish became powerful and bold after my backsliding at the age of nine. Up to that time I hadn't seen even the outside of a Saloon Hell, but now I was consorting with boys who had seen and entered the saloons in the coal-mining towns of a neighboring county. It appeared from their tales, however, that these saloons were not the real articles; a miner would just walk into one, drink a glass of beer or two, and then come out and go home. There was nothing to that; it was just like boys going into a drug-store with their nickels and gassing back and forth over bottles of pop. What I was looking for was a real Saloon Hell, such as the evangelists described. I had backslid now and was a lost soul anyway; I had been solemnly warned that if I kept on playing hookey and chewing tobacco I'd certainly come to a bad end; and that certainly meant being stabbed or dropping dead of heart disease in front of a bar, if the clergy knew anything about it. I didn't doubt them a particle, so I wished and yearned for the time when I might go into a Saloon Hell that was the real thing and be a real lost soul, not just an amateur piddling along with common sins like hookey-playing and tobacco-chewing.

I didn't know it, but my days in a temperance town were then near an end. Though I had been much dissatisfied, privately, with the poor quality of my wickedness, it was enough to get me sent as a tough and unruly young one to a bachelor uncle, an Idaho rancher. At first the news seemed too good to be true. I was going to the Wild West!—and there, as I had learned from dime novels and the *Diamond Dick Weekly*, the inhabitants were all lost souls, and continually shooting and stabbing one another. Out there Saloon Hells, the real ones, were thicker than churches in Iowa. Moreover, judging by the home

talk I'd heard about him, my uncle was a lost soul himself when he started for Idaho, and I knew that he couldn't have improved any in that wild country. So it looked like nothing but fine times ahead for me. Living in such a country and with such an uncle, I'd certainly get to be a train-robber in a very few years; in the end, constant practice in all the varieties of wickedness might even get me where I could hope to be a bartender. But that last hope, of course, seemed a shade too extravagant. To actually live and work in a Saloon Hell, to stand and pass out the liquor that would set the lost souls to shooting and stabbing—that seemed too much to think of just yet. I felt like I'd be doing as well as I could expect if, by the time I was twenty-one, I had achieved the station of a first-rate train-robber or cattle-rustler.

It was tremendously discouraging to find that the little Idaho valley where my uncle lived was inhabited from end to end by Methodists, Baptists, Adventists, and Campbellites. There was an Adventist church, and the other denominations held services in the valley school-houses. The lost souls of the neighborhood were silent, save when they journeyed to the town down on the railroad. That town was full of Saloon Hells, but I never got more than a glimpse of them until I had been three months in Idaho. I had to go to school again, and I couldn't play hookey, for there was no place to play it in in the Winter. I had to attend church and Sunday-school also: the church people saw to that. They pestered my uncle half to death. I found that he had been a lost soul when I came, but that the church women had determined that he should conduct himself so as to be a fit guardian for a poor innocent of a boy. He growled around that he was as bad off as a man with thirty-seven mothers-in-law; but he was afraid of the church women, and so he was strict. The only boy I could run with was Ern Saling, whose mother would whip him every time he used a "by" word. I had to do chores after I came home from school, I had to wash the dishes after supper, and I had to say the Lord's Prayer before I went to bed.

This life certainly ground me down, it was so different from what I'd expected. When the strangeness of the country began to wear off I got actively rebellious. I swiped some Star and Bull Durham from Mr. Saling's cattle-feeders, and I taught Ern to smoke and chew. He was fearfully sick, and Mrs. Saling ripped my uncle up one side and down the other. He took it humbly and meekly and never even offered to give me a licking. Instead, he let it out that he had sneaked a bottle home on his last trip from town; he thought I'd found it out and had only followed his bad example. He promised to set me a better one after that, but he promised in such a half-hearted way that I knew he was wishing to be a lost soul as bad as I was. Then I showed him my sympathy, and we got confidential. The upshot of our confab was that we agreed that he should keep a jug in his shack just as he used to do, and that I could keep a plug there and chew when no one else was around. But neither of us would practice our wickedness out in the open, where Mrs. Saling and the other church women would be sure to find us out.

After that my uncle and I got along finely until the time when he took me into one of the Saloon Hells of the ranch town.

II

It was a cold Saturday in February, and we were both shivering and sniffling after the twelve-mile drive to town. My uncle had to see his banker first, and he looked for him in vain until we passed a side window of the Old Judge Saloon. My uncle peered in.

"There's old Hard Cash at the bar," he said. Then he frowned down at me. "Reckon you can set in there by the stove, young 'un, while I talk about my note, and not go blabbin' it to the church folks?"

My heart gave a jump and thumped so

hard that I forgot my shivers and running nose. At last I was to see the inside of a Saloon Hell! At last I was to take the first real step down what the revivalists had always called the bright and flowery road of sin! I was speechless with joy.

"Well," said my uncle, "come on, young 'un. Mind you don't blab, now!"

As we stepped inside, my imagination was ablaze with all the Dantesque pictures of saloons that had been painted for me by the Iowa revivalists. The day was heavily clouded and the light in the bar-room was dim. Yet the great mirror shone gloriously, and at its base the glasses sparkled between the colored labels of stacked bottles. Never before had I seen such an array of glasses, or such vivid colors, or such a vast mirror, or such huge carved and polished pillars and beams, or such enormous vessels of brass as the spittoons. The bartender was sleek and shaven, he wore a snowy jacket and his black mustache was superbly curled, for the Old Judge was the high-toned saloon of the town. The banker and two other prosperous-looking citizens were talking quietly over mugs that steamed as if they held coffee. I felt my uncle's hand steering me toward a chair behind the stove.

"You set there and behave yourself till I get through talking with the banker," he said, and left me alone.

The Hell pictures had vanished, and I was feeling very small as I sat down. The heat from the big stove soon warmed me all over. The bar-room was strange and wonderful to look at, and even the smells were curious and pleasant to breathe. So for a good while I forgot to look for the shooting and stabbing to begin, and I forgot, too, the angel-faced little girl who was to come in and plead for her father to come home with her now. When I did come to think of these things, I found that I couldn't call to mind a single revival picture of a saloon in the daytime. I decided that that was the trouble. I had come at the wrong time. The events I was looking for always occurred at night.

A warm drowsiness got heavier on my mind, until it seemed like too much bother to think about anything at all. By and by I just slouched down deep in the chair and gazed through my eyelashes. That made it seem as if I was seeing the big bar-room in a dream, and I felt that this was the pleasantest way to enjoy myself—just to slouch down, feel drowsy and comfortable, and kind of dream about the bar-room of the Old Judge. Pretty soon the mirror seemed to widen away out, the pillars grew tall as trees, and the bartender and the men appeared no bigger than grasshoppers. Then everything dimmed away except the shine of the mirror; then it faded, too; and the next thing I knew my uncle was shaking me.

"Come along, young 'un. Can't leave you in this place. And I got to go trade."

I stumbled along to the door and didn't really wake up until the frosty wind nipped my face. Then the Old Judge just seemed like a big old comfortable place, and I kept wishing we were back there as we drove around to the hardware and feed stores and the grocery. That was the way I kept remembering and wishing as we drove home under the low gray clouds. I simply couldn't imagine a handsomer or more comfortable place than the Old Judge. The two rooms of the homestead shack looked mean and ugly by comparison, and so did the school-house and the Adventist church, though they had been handsome enough for me before.

I forgot to think what a wicked experience I'd gone through until I was talking with Ern Saling down at his place. Ern had lived in Idaho a year longer than I had, and he was always superior, with his deep knowledge of horses and cattle. My greater wickedness was the only advantage I had over him. I had won some leadership in the Star and Bull Durham business, and now I couldn't help bragging to him about my visit to a Saloon Hell. Ern, however, was contemptuous.

"Why, I'd just as soon ride a plow-horse to town as to drink in the Old

Judge," he declared. "Golly, even Elder Greenbury Barton, the Hardshell preacher, has been seen to take a drink there. They don't never have any fun in the Old Judge. I wouldn't drink in that saloon if they was to give it to me free. If you'd been in Idaho long as I have you'd know better'n to brag about that. Why, it's like braggin' you can milk. Why, it's almost as bad as braggin' you can herd sheep. Almost as bad. You betcha Bud Winkle and Russ Hicks don't never drink only in the Copper King, and I won't, neither. There's where they have fun. You go to the Copper King, and you'll *be* somebody. But drinkin' in the Old Judge—golly, that ain't nothin', no more'n milkin' a cow!"

I had a wretched feeling that Ern's scorn was justified, but I was too stubborn to admit that I hadn't been wicked. We got into a fast and furious argument on the subject. Ern's mother overheard us, and her horror proved Ern wrong. The victory was a bitter one, however, for my harried uncle was convinced that I had deliberately blabbed, and he deprived me of my plug for two weeks.

From then on my dreams of the future flowered around the Copper King. My great hope was to enter it, just as I had entered the Old Judge, that contemptible place where even Elder Greenbury Barton would take a drink. The Copper King was the one disreputable dive among the town's eleven saloons. Its outside appearance was that of a saloon in a *Diamond Dick Weekly*. There was a hitching rack before it, and usually cow horses were standing there, their cinches loosed, and chaps hanging from their saddle horns. The once yellow paint of the square front was faded and scaled. Over the dark door and windows were the square, black letters, THE COPPER KING. The terrific smells that poured from the bar-room had a rare aroma of mystery for me; passing by, I would breathe deeply and think of drying blood and dead men's bones. I hadn't heard of anyone being killed there for a long time, but I wasn't to be fooled. I had a good idea of the wickedness that went on behind those black windows. After sheep-shearing, the harvest and the roundup, the Copper King was always jammed; at such times whoops of hellish laughter sounded from it at night, and sometimes there were yells of awful wrath. That was more like the revival pictures than anything the Old Judge could offer. Beside, the two out-and-out wicked men of our valley, Bud Winkle and Russ Hicks, always drank in the Copper King. I began to cherish a bright hope that some day soon I'd get a start in real wickedness there with Bud and Russ.

They were two young independent ranchers and they could ride and gad about as they pleased, while their hands harvested their hay and tended their beef. The average hired cowboy of that region was often away from town for three months at a stretch, and sometimes he would get to the saloons only twice a year. But Russ and Bud rode to town nearly every Saturday. They rode magnificent horses, with hand-carved saddles and silver-mounted bridles. They galloped into town with whoops and yells, they bought drinks for everybody when they entered the Copper King, they took a mob along when they proceeded to Big Mag's place on the Island, and they shot up the scenery when they rode home to their ranches at dawn. They had never robbed and killed anybody, but they were the best heroes at hand, and I managed to get along with them very well for a long time. Ern Saling and I had some grand times pretending we were Russ and Bud riding to town to get drunk at the Copper King and performing so as to make all of the Baptists, Methodists and Adventists talk. Once Mrs. Saling caught us staggering all over the calf corral and cursing like sixty. We got a hearty sagebrushing for pretending to such a sinful state, and my uncle was warned that Ern wouldn't be allowed to run with me any more if I wasn't kept better in the way I should go.

My uncle and I had become quite sympathetic with each other by this time. He

had got so he would pour out a cupful of whisky after the evening chores were done and the supper dishes were washed, and then sit in a rocking chair and sup it and saw away on an old fiddle, or sing some blistery cowboy song the whole evening. I would sit and chew and listen and dream about the bright times ahead. My uncle still made me go to church and Sunday-school, for he declared it was easier to do so than to figure up excuses when the church women got after him. But we both looked forward to the time when I could go out on my own and, as he said, make something of myself or go to the dogs, whichever I pleased. He declared it didn't make a particle of difference to him which I did. I certainly liked him when he said that; he seemed the finest relative I had ever known.

The year I was thirteen a blizzard took most of his calves. The following Summer was so dry that the hay crop failed, and in the Fall the bank got his stock. My uncle had to go out and take a job, and he said I'd have to rustle for one myself, or else go to a boarding-school near the ranch town, where I could work my way. The Ladies' Aid of the valley decided that I should go to the school, as it was very pious, and would provide the religious training which my wicked uncle had failed to give me.

Well, it certainly was a religious school. We even had to pray before breakfast. The use of "by" words was against the rules, and any boy who was caught either swearing or chewing three times was expelled. The strict training double-cinched my determination to lead the life I had been planning for myself ever since my backsliding at the age of nine. It made me decide to go the full limit and become an actual bartender. I couldn't imagine anything less satisfying me after the training in piety that I was experiencing now.

It wasn't so long, of course, before I had been caught swearing and chewing often enough to be expelled. I knew better than to go back to the valley, for I realized that the Methodists, Baptists and Adventists would head me straight for the reform school. I knew that it would be a fairly wicked place, but somehow I didn't hanker for it. So I struck out and away from the town, to look for a job and begin my life of free wickedness.

III

But hunting jobs and holding them when I found them quickly became such a serious business that my memories of the Copper King and my fine plans to become a bartender, if possible, and a highway robber at the very least, were almost forgotten in the months that followed. At last, however, I ended three straight months as a flunky in a Snake River reclamation camp, and headed for the town of Shoshone, Idaho, with eighty-five dollars in my pocket. My purpose was to start my career of wickedness by performing in some Shoshone saloon as Bud Winkle and Russ Hicks used to do in the Copper King. I felt that would be the reasonable way to start; I realized that I couldn't expect to become a highway robber or a bartender all in a minute.

Shoshone was full of team-hands who had been working or were going to work on the reclamation project. A gang of them in the Horseshoe Saloon welcomed me as if I was an old friend, one of their kind. I was pleased with this start. The bartenders wouldn't allow me to drink anything but a few small beers myself, but they didn't object to me spending my money in the style of Russ and Bud as I set up the drinks for the team-hands. At the end of the second day I had a dollar left. I sat on a beer-keg—alone. The team-hands seemed to have forgotten their old friend. They were drinking with new live ones at the bar. I kept hoping they would call me up to have another small beer. But no one made any motion to do it for a long time, and so I sat on the beer-keg, feeling bluer every minute because my money was gone and all I'd got for it was

the discovery that beer stayed with one better than soda pop.

The August night was coming on and the light in the Horseshoe turned gray. I got to thinking dismaler thoughts every minute as I listened to the men along the bar, and, whenever the doors swung open, looked out over the splintery sidewalk and dusty street. The team-hands were talking loudly about all the big reclamation and railroad jobs they had ever worked on, and I began to wonder about that, for out at camp they talked about their great drunks and their performances with wicked women. This was my first big disappointment in my career in saloons: the talk was always so infernally educational. Cowboys, it appeared, would tell bawdy stories and sing ribald songs only when they were in camp. In the saloons they talked about horses and beef, and told how to handle them and bragged about how good they were at it. It was the same with team-hands, railroaders and loggers. I was learning the truth of the old Western saying that men did their best work in the saloons and their best drinking and women-chasing when they were out on the job. But I couldn't believe it yet. I sat on that beer-keg and hoped that some one would call me to the bar and give me some kind of a start in real wickedness.

The lamps had been lit and they shone brighter over the bar as the dark got thicker outside. The soft light over the slivered floor and the black old bar gave both a finer look. The whisky glowed in the bottles and glasses. The foamy mugs of beer appeared like blooms along the bar. The cracked mirror had a handsome shine. The ceiling wasn't so smeary now when I gazed up through the thin, curling drifts of pipe and cigarette smoke. The bartender, a chubby, bald-headed, red-faced man with a straggly mustache, set up the liquor and swabbed the bar with lazy motions. The old mirror was always a bright frame for him. The talk along the bar was a roaring hum, except when it was broken by laughs or bawls.

I must have dozed a little, for I didn't see Poker Tom Davis come in. The first I knew about it was when I heard yells from two team-hand walking bosses, Red Grabby and Burly Hughes. Then I saw Poker Tom's lean, tall figure looming between them and the other team-hands crowding around the three.

My heart gave a big thump and I came to life at once, for Poker Tom Davis was already a big hero to me. Out at the reclamation camp he had been the star figure in the Saturday night and Sunday poker games. And that wasn't all. Poker Tom had a mighty mysterious past. Anybody could tell, by the language he used and the way he shaved every night and took a bath so often, that he was an educated man. The team-hands were careful in their gossip about him, for he always packed a gun. For some mysterious reason he had turned from his educated life and become a Mississippi river gambler. For another mysterious reason, he had turned from that life and drifted West with the team-hands. I had thought about Poker Tom a lot when I was washing dishes in the camp, and imagined him proficient at the best kinds of wickedness. It had seemed wonderful to think that I was working in the same camp with such a famous man as Poker Tom Davis, and almost one of his friends.

Poker Tom always bore himself in a tremendously dignified and solemn style, and nobody but a walking boss dared to be familiar with him. I never did, certainly, though I was sure I would be as good and wicked as he was some day, if I could only get the chance. He had his solemn and dignified look now, as he stood very straight at the bar and gazed down on the team-hands. I was surprised when he suddenly began to talk a stream, as he had been a very quiet man in camp. How the words rolled out! I had never heard anybody, not even Senator Borah, talk so grandly before. Just as if he was making a political speech, Poker Tom told the gang how he had gone to Boise, stayed sober, played in a big solo game for a solid week, and come

out five hundred dollars to the good. Then, he said, he had discovered the most venerable and benignant Bourbon he had tasted since leaving the Mississippi river. The words he rolled out about that Bourbon! He called it a lot of high-sounding foreign names, and said more fine things about it than I'd ever heard Elder Greenbury Barton say about resting in Abraham's bosom. He declared that he was adumbrating about that Bourbon, and I agreed with him, for anybody could tell that it was a grand speech.

After that, Poker Tom spread out his hands and quoted some Scripture about being a Prodigal who must feed on husks, and said that now he must be satisfied to drink in the same style. Then he called the bartender a foreign name and ordered him to give everybody a drink. As the bartender set 'em up, Poker Tom turned and looked about the room. He stared at me with his most solemn and dignified stare. I couldn't help thinking that he appeared more like a minister than a gambler with a mysterious wicked past, and I expected every second for him to rebuke me and cast me out. So I just about fell off the beer-keg, I was so tickled, when he beckoned me with one long, slim finger, and said to the bartender:

"This lad is from Grant's camp. Let him have a small one."

Then he actually went to talking to me! I was all up in the air, my head jammed with a wild scramble of thoughts, as I saw myself being taken up by the famous and wicked Poker Tom and started off as a gambler, maybe this very night! I couldn't imagine anything more wonderful. I wasn't feeling quite up to becoming a highway robber for yet a while, and I knew that my chances for bartending were a long way off, but it seemed that I might become a gambler right away, once I had got a good start. And here was Poker Tom Davis, ignoring the other team-hands and talking straight to me! I was so excited I couldn't understand his talk; it was a lot of grand words about "the circumference and profundity of your capacity for the juice of the barley," and the like of that. The main thing was that Poker Tom Davis was certainly seeing a great future as a gambler for me, or else he wouldn't be talking straight to me in his grandest style.

When the drinks were set up Poker Tom seemed to feel that he shouldn't neglect the team-hands too much, so he went to talking to the gang generally. I calmed down then, and as I sipped my small beer I wished that Ern Saling could be there. I could imagine Ern trying to sneer that Poker Tom Davis looked like Elder Greenbury Barton; and it tickled me all through as I imagined Ern's eyes growing wider and wider as I told him how wicked a gambler Poker Tom really was, how his looks would fool the Old Nick himself; and I could see Ern looking just sick with envy as I left him and went back to Poker Tom Davis, who was going to make me his partner.

IV

The second small beer made my imaginings brighter and more enjoyable than ever, and I scarcely heard the talk that was going on. I imagined Ern Saling leaving the Horseshoe, going back to our valley, and getting home just as the Ladies' Aid was meeting. I could hear him telling the church women about how wicked I'd become, how I was absolutely a lost soul, being a gambler, and the partner of a man who was so brazenly wicked that he went by the name of Poker Tom Davis. I could see the whole Ladies' Aid thrown into a wild commotion by Ern's story and I could hear every old church woman there telling how she'd always known I'd come to a bad end. I had never imagined anything more charming in my life.

By and by the tickling fancy sort of petered out and I noticed it had been a long time since the last glass of beer. So I edged up until I was right against Poker Tom, where he couldn't help noticing me

when he ordered another round. But Poker Tom wasn't ordering now; he was orating away at full steam, his back turned to the bar. He was holding a full glass of whisky in his hand and he seemed to have forgotten the team-hands and everything around, for his eyes shone in a misty glow under half-shut lids, and they were gazing far over everybody, far out and away. He rolled his words out deep and slow, as if he was talking to somebody outside the saloon; and every so often there was a husky catch in his voice that made me agree with Red Grabby when he spoke low to Burly Hughes:

"Poker Tom's steamed up high as I ever saw him. He don't know where the Hell he is or ever was. Just listen now. This'll be a show."

I listened hard. And it certainly was a show as Poker Tom went on. I was puzzled for a while, but then I got on to the fact that he was telling in his grand style about a great war that seemed to have happened back in Bible times, a war between the country of Greece and the city of Troy. It was hard to understand him at first; but when I began to realize that the story was a wicked one I listened with eager interest. It seemed to be just the kind of story I'd always been warned against, and I was so anxious to hear it I forgot all about the beer, and how I was starting out now to be a gambler.

The way Poker Tom told it, the story was about how Paris, a son of the King of Troy, had stolen Helen, the wife of one of the main men of Greece, and carried her off over the sea. Then how the Greeks got together under a King, took to their ships, and sailed over the sea after Helen. The people of Troy were wicked and wouldn't give Helen back to her husband, so a war started. It dragged on for a good nine years before anything big happened; then the Greek King and his champion fell into a quarrel because the King stole one of the champion's women. So the champion quit fighting and declared he would lay up in his tent until the war was over, and the Trojans could kill and scalp the last Greek, for all he cared.

Well, the Trojans had a champion fighter, too, a regular bull of a man called Hector. Poker Tom went on at considerable length to tell how Hector and the Trojans battled the Greeks to their ships; and I got all on edge and could hardly stand it until I knew how the Greek champion was coaxed back into the war and made the Trojans bite the dust until their whole army was chased home to Troy. I knew that would happen somehow; it would have spoiled the whole story if the champion had just stayed on in his tent as he'd declared he would.

Sure enough, after a long spell of grand orating, Poker Tom came to where the champion began to edge around and inquire into how things were going with the Greeks. Then the champion gave in far enough to let his best friend go into the battle, and when the friend was killed, he roared out himself, licked the whole Trojan army, and killed Hector, just as I'd known all along it would happen.

What made the story more exciting and interesting than just a common battle story was the fact that all the heathen gods and goddesses were mixed up in it. I'd always been curious whenever I'd heard them mentioned at Sunday-school, but I'd never learned anything about them till now. They turned out to be nothing like the sober and serious beings I'd expected; they were more like actual humans than I could possibly have imagined, eating and drinking at regular times, taking sides in the war, quarreling and fighting among themselves, with Jupiter taking the Trojans' part and his wife taking the other side, as a human wife naturally would, and the two of them fussing and arguing about the war like any common married couple; and at the end of every argument Jupiter telling his wife to shut up, for she didn't have any sense, just as a regular husband would say it to his wife.

I grew mortally interested in the whole affair. When Poker Tom came to the end

and got Hector killed, I heaved a big sigh and wished I dared ask him a lot of questions. But Poker Tom was paying me no mind just then. He ordered another round of drinks, lifted his own glass, and said in a solemn voice:

"Gentlemen! Let us drink to Homer, the bard of heroes!"

The team-hands winked back and forth, but every man lifted his glass and drank as solemnly as Poker Tom did. I had another small beer and it gave me the courage to ask Poker Tom a question.

"Is that a story you just made up yourself, Poker Tom?"

He tucked his chin down, squinted his left eye shut, and looked me over with a wide one-eyed stare. Finally he started talking again, and this time it was straight down to me. It wasn't a story this time, but he told me actual facts about what the old-time country of Greece was like, how little the folks there knew about what the world actually was, but how well they got along, anyway. Poker Tom told about them building a wonderful city called Athens, in which there were the finest kinds of theatres and temples, beside the houses and stores. He told about the fine teachers there were in Athens, and said they held school in the groves and taught a lot of noble ideas. He told a lot about these ideas, too, but they have somehow slipped my mind. Then he told about the grand plays that were written for the theatres and how much pleasure the people of Athens got out of seeing them.

Poker Tom wouldn't allow me to drink any beer while he was talking, but every so often he would swallow another glass of whisky himself. I could see he was getting drunker all the time, though he showed amazing control. But at last he got to stopping, trying to remember what he had just been saying; and finally he realized he was about gone, and gave up. He shoved away the bottle, and then he made himself stand very solemn and straight. Only the slow blink of his eyelids showed how far gone he was as he turned very slowly, took the most deliberate step, and another one, and then stalked on a dead line through the door. You could tell that he wanted to go alone, and nobody dared to follow him. The barroom was quiet for a good minute after the doors had swung shut behind Poker Tom. Then there was a mighty clink of glasses, and the team-hands hollered and laughed over his grand story.

It was just another story to them, something like the ones they had lived through themselves, with all of its drinking and carousing, fighting and woman-stealing, rambling away from home, and so on. But I felt mightily shaken. It had stirred me all up inside. I felt as if I could listen to Poker Tom tell about the Greeks all night.

I left the saloon to see if Poker Tom was getting to his room all right. Up the street and in the light that came from the windows of the hotel I saw him easing along, keeping himself on his feet by propping his arm against the wall as he stepped. He turned in to the door. And then I remembered that I hadn't said a word to him about getting a start as a gambler. Well, I thought half-heartedly, the morning will do. I'll ask him about it then.

But in the morning Poker Tom was sober and sick. When I spoke to him he looked at me with his cold gambler's stare. When I asked him some more about the old Greeks he said, "Go to the books, young man. Read Homer." And that was all.

V

Then it was work again. A struggle to live until the Winter days. In my labor and in the team-hands' bunkhouse tales about their great drunks and performances with the women Poker Tom's mighty story grew dim in my mind. I remembered him mainly as a famous gambler, and that old dream came back. Finally, I sat in at a poker game and beginner's luck made me a big winner. But I was baffled in my attempt to be a professional gambler. It ap-

eared that I would never get over being ttended to and looked after, for an over- earing team-hand took me to Boise and ade me invest my winnings in room rent nd meal tickets for the Winter.

The law was strong in Boise in those ays, and I was still too young to be al- owed to hang around the city's saloons. t soon became mighty tiresome, just ramping the streets, eating and sleeping, with not another blessed thing to do. I'd ave gone to work again if I could have ound a job. I was even tempted to go to unday-school and prayer-meeting, just to ill time, but I knew the church folks would inquire about me and end up by ending me to the reform school. I'd peek hrough the side windows of the saloons nd I'd ache all over to be in the midst of the wicked scene, standing at the hand- ome shiny bar and talking about gambling o other lost souls as we drank our beer, neeting the real wicked characters of the own, and maybe hearing another grand tory like Poker Tom's.

Several times I did slip into a crowded saloon and managed to stay for a while before I was ordered out. But it was al- ways the wrong time. The crowd was al- ways talking about mining, or logging, or cow-punching, or mule-skinning when I slipped in, and I missed the real wicked- ness. I gave the saloons up finally and tried every place I could think of to find amuse- ment. And at last I got down to the library.

I had never been much of a hand for reading anything except the forbidden dime novels and nickel weeklies, and I didn't have much hope that any of the books in the library would interest me. But it was a blizzardy day, and the library was warm, so I kept looking around the shelves, and finally my heart jumped clear to my throat when I saw "Homer" on the back of a book. Right away Poker Tom's grand story flamed up in my mind and I could hear him rolling it out at the Horseshoe's bar. But I couldn't believe that this was the same Homer as I took the book down and opened it; certainly, I said to myself, they wouldn't allow such a wicked book in any library.

I opened it and started to read. And sure enough, by thunder, there it was, starting out about the Greek King stealing the champion's woman away from him, just as Poker Tom had told it! I was so pleased I didn't even sit down, but just stood and read for all I was worth. Some of the words were beyond me, but then I hadn't been able to understand all of Poker Tom's, either. But that wonderful wicked story was there, as plain as day.

All of a sudden I noticed that one of the library women had come up and was stand- ing beside me, looking at me and Homer. I dropped the book on a table as if it was a hot poker, for I was certain that here was a church woman again, and I thought I was sure to get the Old Nick for reading a sinful story about women-stealing, bloody killings and heathen gods. I hauled my wits together and started to ask her how such a wicked book had got into the library, but before I could do so she had patted me on the arm and said it was won- derful to see a boy like me taking such an interest in the classics. It showed I had a clean soul and a fine mind, she said. I knew right away that someone had been lying scandalously to her about Homer, and that she'd never had the time, prob- ably, to read the book herself. But I just scraped my shoe on the floor, looked down at it and grinned modestly, as I used to do in Sunday-school; and she went on to say she'd fix me a card and I could take Homer home and read him.

I didn't have any home, of course, but I took Homer to the rooming-house; and I did have a grand time sitting and read- ing; for I could smoke and chew there and imagine Poker Tom telling the story in the Horseshoe Saloon; and I could hardly have done it reading Homer in the library.

Well, when I got through with Homer, the innocent library woman let me take a history and a lot of the plays Poker Tom had spoken about; and in the end I had a mighty interesting Winter of it, reading

all about the wickedness of the old Greeks. It got tiresome, of course, when Spring came on, and I was glad to go to the reclamation camps again. By this time I felt I was old enough to go further in being like Poker Tom. It was no use, though. I got so I could tell the Greek stories pretty good, and I didn't have to be drunk to do it, either. But about a year of trying convinced me that I didn't have anywhere near Tom's knack for cards. So I had to give up the idea of being a gambler and set my mind on some other branch of wickedness.

But it was no use. It seemed that it was bound to be the same old story with everything I tried, and finally I got sick and discouraged. The Saloon Hells simply wouldn't pan out for me, as the Iowa revivalists had promised that they would.

VI

There was an old-time yegg, Farmer Fagan, who took quite a fancy to me when we met in the bar of the Umatilla House, an old hotel at the Dalles, Oregon. I thought for a while I would get to be a robber with him, but it wasn't to be. When he was drunk he wouldn't think or talk of robbery; he would get to telling of the time he was shot up in a Chicago gang fight and how he spent two years in the hospitals. He had learned all about science there, when he had had nothing to do but talk to the doctors and read. Farmer Fagan stood at the bar and orated about Evolution, and about Darwin and Huxley, who had proved through their science that Genesis was all wrong. When he was sober Farmer Fagan was a real yegg and would have nothing to do with a young teamhand. But when he was drunk there in the Umatilla House he talked so bright and friendly about science that he filled me with curiosity to read exactly how Genesis had been blasted into pieces, as he said. In Portland I bought the Darwin and Huxley books he bragged about, and packed them along in my bundle. So there it was again.

In the Thalia Dance Hall on San Francisco's Barbary Coast a boozy giant of a sailor sagged down into a chair at a table where I was drinking and announced that he was the original Wolf Larsen. I asked him curiously who Wolf Larsen was; and he swore at my ignorance; and then he lectured me about all the great sea writers and about all the other great writers of modern times, too. My curiosity was stirred again, and the next day I began to look up the books he had mentioned. They hauled me away from my ambitions for the third time.

The final blow to my weakened hopes was given by a bartender. He was a German, the head bartender of the night shift at the Harbor Bar, a teamsters' hangout in Los Angeles. He took quite a shine to me right from the first, and his friendliness stirred my old ambitions again. I was nearly twenty-one at that time, and all of my reading had pretty much discouraged me about a career of wickedness. I had come to suspect, and then to believe, that the old revivalists had never known what they were talking about. Reading science, my common sense had told me that they had let themselves be fooled by Genesis; and my experiences told me that they had let themselves be fooled about the Saloon Hells, too. A man who was a regular wicked rogue when he was sober would try to appear witty and wise, generous and kind, when he was drinking at the bar of a handsome, softly lighted, fine-smelling saloon, and talking to a sympathetic crowd. I had learned about books in the saloon. I had learned in the saloon, too, what was really going on in the world and how men did their work. It was out in the camps that I gambled, and from sober men that I got wicked ideas and heard dirty stories and sinful songs.

But the idea of the Saloon Hell had been pounded deep into my mind when I was a boy, and I couldn't get over a sneaking hope that maybe it was true and that I

night yet shine as the wicked hero of my ading dreams. My last hope was to be- ome a bartender. That trade still glittered nd smoked for me with the flames of Hell. So I made myself as agreeable to the ead bartender of the Harbor as I knew ow. At last we got very confidential— nd then what did he do but begin to de- iver beery lectures on Bach and Händel, Beethoven and Wagner! One night he laid ff and took me to a concert! The band layed the grand piece called the Eroica. After the concert the head bartender cried nto his beer as he told me how he had lways wanted to play the flute in an or- hestra, and here he was, just a hired man n a cheap saloon. He went to moaning nd swearing in German; and I listened to im and felt sick as I began to realize that, ctually, bartending was just a common ob, too, just as common as dirt. Certainly a man wasn't wicked who cried because he couldn't play the flute. . . .

The last hope was gone.

So I gave up at last and took the saloon for what it actually was: a handsome, comfortable, fine-smelling place, where a man could drink liquors that would inspire him to show his fellows how wise and noble and eloquent he was, and where the best in him would be brought forth and paraded for the inspiration and instruction of his fellowmen.

Instead of proving to be a Hell, the saloon was a fine school for me. But I wasn't wanting an education, and it makes me feel sad now sometimes to think how I got it in spite of myself. It is nothing like so grand and thrilling as the dreams I had when I was staggering with Ern Saling around his father's calf corral.

FOOD FADS AND NUTRITION NONSENSE

BY ARTHUR J. CRAMP

If the deductions of many food faddists accepted as facts, were really operative, it would be difficult to explain how the human race has survived. —*U. S. Department of Agriculture Bulletin.*

THE growth of therapeutic nihilism among the masses is, probably, a revolt from the Victorian concept that anything could be cured by a nauseous draught from a bottle or the swallowing of gargantuan pills. The present popularity of systems of so-called drugless healing is a swing of the pendulum of popular belief from our grandparents' unreasoning belief in the magic efficacy of drugs. The prevailing fashion in the medical field has brought with it similar excess in the field of nutrition. The differences are only those of *métier*. Competing with such medical mountebanks as the chiropractors and the naturopaths are the charlatans and magicians who would have you believe that corns are caused by—or may be cured by—eating corn-flakes, and that syphilis can be cured by fasting, followed by a milk diet.

To a public that is profoundly ignorant of the most elementary facts of the science of nutrition, the food enthusiast with a theory and the food quack with a scheme make a not unprofitable appeal. While most of the advocates of freak dietary systems are obvious shysters, there is a sprinkling of fanatics who impress one as believing in their own wizardry. To those whose knowledge of the chemistry of food is limited to the elementary superficialities of the teachings of the secondary schools, the food faddist can talk glibly of carbohydrates, proteins, fats, mineral salts and, most wonderful of all, vitamins, and his pronouncements, however preposterous, are eagerly swallowed. As a result, there is a veritable plague of "diet experts," who, at best, dispense vast quantities of platitudes and piffle on the subject of nutrition, and, at the worst, give information that may be as mischievous as it is misleading.

II

Who that makes a study of the advertising to be found in the magazines for morons but has seen the pronouncements of Eugene Christian, F.S.D.? Mr. Christian has been a man of multitudinous interests. He has at various times been in the hotel business, a maker of fad foods, a salesman for oil-well stock and for a new automobile engine, and the titular head of a mail-order temple of learning. To the uninitiated, it should be said that the mystic letters following Mr. Christian's name indicate that he holds the degree of Doctor of Food Science. This academic honor appears to have been a gift bestowed exclusively by the Eugene Christian School of Applied Food Chemistry. What shall it profit a man who operates an academic institution if he cannot confer on himself a degree *honoris causa* or even *cum laude?*

Mr. Christian advertised that his degree, F.S.D., gave its recipient "the right to practice the Science of Curative Feeding," which sounded important and meant nothing. Not the least of the many advantages of Mr. Christian's seminary was that to drink deep of its Pierian spring did not call for personal attendance. It was as close as one's post-office. The cost of tuition varied; there was a sliding scale of fees ranging from $100 to those who nibbled at the first bait, to $10 to those who

owed greater hesitancy. Matriculation in e School of Applied Food Chemistry re- ired neither a knowledge of chemistry r any outstanding education. To master e course, said Mr. Christian, "requires ly common sense." Only!

At a later period, Mr. Christian was sell- g a Course in Scientific Eating, which ould give persons who were totally ig- orant of the human body or its processes struction in the treatment of disease by dietetic "system." The course contained any things that were more interesting han accurate. The pupil learned, for in- tance, that "autointoxication is so called ecause the decomposing foods generate al- ohol"—obviously violating the most sac- osanct of all constitutional amendments. ne learned, too, that calcium phosphate s "the principal element of starch" and hat acidulous fruits, if taken at any time xcept in the hottest weather, "results in rystallization of the starch atom," pro- lucing, among other things, rheumatism, rteriosclerosis and premature old age! hat there is no calcium phosphate in tarch, that no starch atom exists, and that t is no more possible to crystallize starch han it is to make Haig and Haig out of adiator anti-freeze, mattered not at all to hose whose ignorance was so profound as o lead them to adopt Mr. Christian as a nentor.

Some other gems of dietetic wisdom put orth in his lessons were:

> The pancreas . . . secretes a fluid called pancreatic juice which, like the gastric juice, is slightly acidulous.
>
> Acetanilide, . . . of all the alkaloid group, is one of the most remarkable in its physiologic effects.
>
> The active principle in all these beverages [liquor, wine, beer] is chemically known as alkaloid.
>
> A certain amount of hydrochloric acid is necessary to digestion. Its principal purpose is to dissolve or digest carbohydrates.

It seems almost unkind to point out that he pancreatic juice, instead of being acid, s alkaline; that acetanilide is a coal-tar roduct and not an alkaloid; that if there s any active principle in liquor, wine and eer other than alcohol, it is not an alkaloid, and that the alkaline secretions of the mouth and intestines are the ones that act on the carbohydrates instead of the hydrochloric acid of the gastric juice.

It is of incidental interest to record that those who purchased Mr. Christian's Course in Scientific Eating, and were thus enrolled on his sucker list, were given an opportunity a year or two later to get in on the ground floor in the Griswold Oil Company of Wichita Falls, Texas—the checks to be made out to the company but sent to Mr. Christian. Still later, the same noble army of potential easy-marks were solicited to purchase Vita-Pep, which was sherry wine (alcohol: 16%) with certain innocuous additions to lend color to the fiction that the stuff was a medicament and not a drink. One was urged to buy Vita-Pep by the case (twelve pints) and special discounts were offered to those who would buy a half-dozen cases.

Still later—in August, 1926, to be exact —Mr. Christian appealed to his clientele once more for capital. This time it was to develop a new type of automobile engine, that will run from 6,000 to 8,000 revolutions a minute, develop about 250 horsepower and weigh about 100 pounds! The Automotive Royalties Corporation was being organized under the laws of Delaware, with a capitalization of 50,000 common shares without par value. A check for $100 was requested, which would be payment in full for four of the common shares. All of which indicates the wide ramifications of the science of nutrition.

III

Next to Mr. Christian, the most prominent figure in the history of contemporary diet quackery is G. H. Brinkler, who, for years, has modestly described himself as a food expert and food specialist. Mr. Brinkler, while not a physician, a pharmacist or a chemist, has not hesitated to express opinions on medicine, pharmacy and chemistry. In the Brinkler system of pathology, there seems to be but one factor—catarrh.

Consumption (according to Brinkler) is chronic catarrh of the lungs; pyorrhea is catarrh of the gums; appendicitis is catarrh of the appendix; pneumonia is acute catarrh of the lungs! The catarrh, we learn further, is due to haphazard eating, which produces a glue, or, as Mr. Brinkler puts it:

> In the interstitial spaces of the body of a haphazard eater, there is stored mucus or "glue." This condition is known as catarrh.

The cause of this glue, in the Brinkler theory, is the wrong selection, proportion, combination or sequence of foods, *ergo:*

> The means of restoring health is by correcting the selection, combination and proportion of foods to suit the individual's varying needs, according to rules of the natural system of eating, namely, the Brinkler System.

The Brinkler System is generally referred to in the advertising matter as the New Brainy Diet System. Just what a brainy diet is, a rather careful study of Mr. Brinkler's literature does not disclose. Disease, in the Brinklerian philosophy, is the result of malassimilation of foods. Through his extensive studies, Mr. Brinkler has learned "which foods chiefly affect the liver—the stomach—the brain and nerves, etc." He has, by experiment, produced in himself "the symptoms of all the common disorders—rheumatism, catarrh, sore throat, tonsilitis, constipation, double chin, swollen glands, dandruff," etc. All of these, it appears, are caused by eating wrong combinations and quantities of foods, and he was able to cure himself in a short time by changing to a proper diet. According to Mr. Brinkler:

> Gallstones are dissolved and expelled by correct foods without an operation.
>
> Sexual Disorders are cured by a proper diet of digestible nerve-nourishing, non-irritating foods.
>
> Appendicitis . . . is permanently cured by proper foods, without an operation.
>
> Coughing, Expectoration, Catarrh and Tuberculosis . . . are cured by eliminating from the dietary those foods which produce mucus.
>
> Cancer . . . is dissolved, dispersed and expelled downwards through the excretory organs by curative foods.

In 1914, a fraud order was issued against G. H. Brinkler, and his course in the brainy diet system was debarred from the United States mails. At that time, he was doing business from Washington, D. C. In the latter part of 1916, the government prosecuted him on the charge of the criminal use of the mails, but the jury, after being out twenty hours, returned a verdict of not guilty. The fraud order, however, continued to stand. Today, from New York City, Mr. Brinkler uses the United States mails to sell a Course of Personal Instruction and Guidance in his peculiar system of nutrition. "The charge is $50, prepaid."

Mr. Brinkler refrains from calling himself a doctor and insists that the persons he treats are "pupils," not patients. In spite of this, the Court of Special Sessions in New York City recently held that his avoidance of the words patient, prescription, diagnosis and cure did not absolve him from the charge of violating the State medical practice act so long as he held himself out as being able to cure disease. As a result of this decision, Mr. Brinkler was recently fined $500, which he paid. Of course, he has appealed.

IV

One of the most picturesque of the modern Merlins in the field of dietetics is Milo Erskine Yergin, A.M., M.D., D.O., N.D., D.I.N., Ph.C., Ph.N. The meaning of some of these degrees seems as obscure as their source. Possibly, the M.D. does not stand for Doctor of Medicine, but, as is claimed by one ingenious quack who uses it, for Master Diagnostician. Certain it is that the official records of the American Medical Association fail to show that Mr. Yergin was ever graduated by a reputable medical school or was ever licensed to practice medicine in any State in the Union. But we have it on no less authority than his own statement that he has spent fully fourteen years in postgraduate work in medicine—six of these years he claims to have devoted to the "allopathic or regular schools," and several years, variously, in homœopathic, eclectic, physio-medical and

chiropractic schools. He has further broadened his vision in his chosen field by having been a vegetarian chef, a teacher of telegraphy and typewriting in a business college, and a faculty member and part owner of a school of chiropractic. Also: "Dr. Yergin is well versed in hydrotherapy" and "has a practical knowledge of osteopathy and spondylotherapy."

With such a groundwork, one is not surprised to learn that Mr. Yergin founded the National Health League Sanitarium, with such subsidiaries as the National Health League Institute and the National Health League Food Plant. Later he organized an Institute of Reactive Therapeutics, whose chief function seems to have been to distribute the Yergin Home Study Course of Structural Dietetics. This same course also was advertised for a while from a little village in Missouri known as Kidder—suggestive name!

Coming down to more recent times, Mr. Yergin was president of a common law concern known as the Coöperative Food Company, which sold such intriguingly interesting products as Earth Food Table Salt, Food Iodine, Cinnamon Food Oil, Memory Salts, Cold Food, and Sea Food Baths. Then there was an accessory known as Dr. Yergin's Pus and Pain Chart, which enabled one, "with the simple foods of nature," to control and completely obliterate, in from fifteen minutes to fifteen hours, any kind of pain and all pus conditions. It sold for the ridiculously small sum of $10. The Coöperative Food Company later had its name changed to the National Health School Food Plant.

Next came Mr. Yergin's Natural Health School, which was an alluring combination of religious fanaticism and dieto-mysticism. The school had an official organ, the *Natural Health School Journal*. The issue published in the Autumn of 1922 was devoted mainly to the startling thesis that the world would come to an end within the next two years. Mr. Yergin gave a most glowing description of the world to come and, to lend an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing tale, published a picture portraying the wall around the New Jerusalem, said to be "of pure jasper." An inset of the Equitable Life Building gave ocular demonstration of the fact that the wall is as high as the New York skyscraper! So convinced was Mr. Yergin of the impending dissipation of the cosmos that he declared that he would take no subscriptions to his journal after September 1, 1922. Yet, in the same issue of the *Natural Health School Journal*, he urged his followers to buy stock in the Natural Health School. The stock was a non-interest-bearing affair, which, as Mr. Yergin frankly admitted, "pays no dividends after the manner of this world." For each share of stock Mr. Yergin wanted $100 cash—after the manner of this world!

Some of the Yerginian dieto-therapeutic principles are:

> Lemon juice prevents smallpox if exposed; quickly cures it if already developed; prevents pitting; and perfectly immunizes against it.
>
> Lemon juice is a perfect preventive of measles and chickenpox and a quick, safe cure in developed cases.
>
> Food iodine is the natural hair-grower. All bald persons are short of iodine; and the food usage of iodine causes the hair to grow in without any special attention to the hair or scalp.
>
> By taking in with the food the Memory Salts, lost memory becomes quickly restored.
>
> To get rid of cancer once and forever, it is only necessary to get the impurities out of the system.
>
> This school instructs how to obliterate tuberculosis in twenty-four to forty-eight hours and restore sound health.

But by far the greatest achievement made by Mr. Yergin in his excursions into the art of curative dietetics is his True Musical Therapy. He has discovered that, with the aid of a piano, it is possible to produce vibration rates corresponding to the chemical elements; thus:

> Take, for instance, mercury and chlorine and strike the keys on a well-tuned piano, corresponding to these chemicals on the Key Chart—D in octavo two, and B in octavo seven as marked—and after a few seconds, a sensitive person will respond with a noticeable flow of saliva in the mouth. Keep the keys sounding for a few moments and it will start a bowel action.

Recognizing that but few of us can become virtuosos, Yergin comes to our aid:

> It is the plan of the writer, as soon as he is at liberty to do so—free from other duties sufficiently—to write out true therapeutical music, and have it perforated on rolls, so that those who wish to have musical healing and health restoring effects accomplished upon themselves, can do so by placing these rolls in a good player-piano.

So far, Mr. Yergin does not seem to have gone into the mechanical piano-player business, nor has he attempted to give concerts by radio. For such sensitive souls as respond to the Yergin Musical Therapy, this is just as well.

V

Another prophet, who would—for a consideration—lead the people from the wilderness of dietetic ignorance into the promised land of nutritional knowledge, is "Dr." Charles B. McFerrin, whose advertising posters describe him as a Food Scientist, Diet Specialist, Humorist. Mr. McFerrin's doctorate was not conferred by a medical college; he says frankly: "I am an N.D. (Nutritional Doctor)." He also admits that he is a Naturopath and a Specialist in Rehabilitation and Corrective Dietetic Science. He scatters his pearls of dietetic wisdom via the lecture platform and the *McFerrin Health Bulletin*. He dispenses such accessories as a Corrective Dietary List at $5 and Special Diet for the Unborn for $10, not to mention Dr. McFerrin's Kitchen and Dining Room Chart, which, as it comes in two colors, cannot be called expensive at $2.50. Then there is the Atonement Dietary Service with its two-page questionnaire, which prospective patients fill out and send with $5. The diets suggested are said to range in price from $5 to $500. As Mr. McFerrin says, logically enough: "Even the highest price is cheaper than a single operation or a funeral."

One *opus minor* is "Nature's Herbs and Roots; An Explanation of Their Healing Properties," a forty-eight page booklet that divides one's interest about equally between the vast amount of misinformation it contains and its slovenly typography. As a specimen of printing, it is reminiscent of the Deadwood Gulch school of journalism. Mr. McFerrin "affectionately dedicates" this "absorbing little volume" to "all those who have about given up all hope of ever feeling real well again," and who are willing to pay sixty cents for a hodge-podge of cacography and fallacy. Some of the McFerrinese postulates are:

> The combining of stewed tomatoes and creamed or mashed potatoes has a strong tendency to tear up the mucus lining of the stomach and intestines.
>
> Starches do not digest in the presence of caffeine. [From an editorial recommending a caffeine-free coffee.]
>
> Certain foods form mucus and pus in the tonsils, kidneys and teeth.
>
> Sickness generally means too much carbon in the body.
>
> Epsom salts water applied externally as a sponge bath has a wonderful affinity for carbon, fairly pulling it out of the body.

While Mr. McFerrin has various means of reaching his clientele, his chief method is that of giving lectures on Food Science before women's organizations. The first one or two lectures are free, and the local women's clubs that avail themselves of this opportunity for educational enlightenment naturally furnish Mr. McFerrin with good audiences. The follow-up is an invitation to each woman in the audience to pay $15 as tuition for a "grand course in Rational Health Building." To stimulate contributions, McFerrin uses the old scare stuff trick of the medical quack. "Is it worth," he asks, "three five-dollar bills to know what foods tend toward cancer formation?" Should you be a little short of cash, "that will be all right, my dear," says McFerrin chummily. "Just hand me your check dated in the future, when it will be convenient to you. . . . Don't let me get out of town without helping you." One of the free talks is described as "his celebrated lecture 'What's the Matter with Everybody?'" but equally renowned is his lecture on what would seem to be a painful subject: "Foods That Explode in the Intestines, to Women Only." As a contri-

ution to the science of explosives, this hould have interesting possibilities. Mr. McFerrin reduces pathology to a simple ormula:

> Instead of there being six hundred diseases as we are told, there is only one, and that is MAL-NUTRITION.

Like many men who ride pseudo-medical obbies, Mr. McFerrin holds that microrganisms have no causal relationship to lisease. In his world, the tubercle bacillus does not cause tuberculosis, nor the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus diphtheria, nor the *Bacillus typhosus* typhoid. All these diseases are due to errors in diet! As it would be hard to deny the evidence of the senses, Mr. McFerrin admits that there are such things as germs, but insists that when found in certain pathologic states they are merely scavengers. As he puts it:

> When an animal dies in the open, buzzards gather about. Did the buzzards cause the death of the animal? Quite the reverse. The dead animal caused the gathering of the buzzards. In the human body the germs are the buzzards and they gather to dispose of the carrion—they don't cause the carrion.

When people in the Twentieth Century can be persuaded to pay for information of this sort, is it any wonder that the Christians, Brinklers, Yergins and McFerrins find easy picking? The beauty and strength of pseudo-science is its simplicity. Its exponents are successful to the extent in which they are able to reduce the complex factors that exist in fact to a simple common denominator of their own creation.

AND GUINEVERE . . .

BY JOAN DARETH PROSPER

A silence fell . . . and lifted . . . and he said,
"Strange! I thought that Guinevere was dead,
Until just now her throat gleamed when you turned,
And underneath your lashes her eyes burned."

. . . Guinevere, Guinevere—and those others,
Iseult . . . Heloïse . . . Dierdre . . .
Dead?

Then, of this satin body, O my lover,
That sings its hymn of joy along your own,
Have you not wondered ever what strange atoms,
What lips forgotten, what warm breasts unknown
Once slipped away to dust, that it might blossom
This hour before its petals, too, have blown?

O you who have been silence of my singing,
Night of my stars, flame of my ecstasy,—
O you whose hands lift up my fallen dreaming—
Who know the tears, the faith, the breath of me,
If *you* discern me not, then am I lonely
Beyond all thought—forsaken utterly.

Even as I am one, I am all women;
Their depths I bring you and their burning heights,
And what I never knew, yet I remember,
Of Almesbury—slow vigils—holy rites,
And all the wistful wisdom love has gathered
Throughout unending lovers' days and nights.

. . . Mad thoughts crying to be free . . .
Mad words I must not utter . . .
Guinevere?

I curved my lips that he might think they smiled,
And spoke as calmly as a little child:
"These are strange fancies playing in your head,
So many, many years she has been dead!"

A BANKRUPTCY FIRE-SALE

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

THE European debt question is still with us and promises to be with us for many a day. The very mention of it rings bells around the world and stirs emotions as deep as the Paleozoic Age. Bold, indeed, is the person who can say that he has solved Archimedes' problem and found an immovable fulcrum for his lever. Hence a little humor and some dubiety ought to mark all discussions of this thorny issue. Did not the stern logician, John Marshall, once warn mankind that "the judgment is so influenced by the wishes, affections, and the general theories that a contrariety of opinion . . . ought to excite no surprise?" What wishes, what affections, what general theories are involved in any decision with respect to Europe's obligations to America? Still more pertinent, whose wishes, whose affections, whose general theories? Unless Marshall was wrong, a little analysis of emotional sources ought to help clarify this vexatious problem in international finance. First of all, who have substantial reasons for wishing to curtail or cancel these mountainous debts?

At the head of the list are the American banking houses engaged in floating the bonds of European governments, cities, corporations and other enterprises, and selling them to the citizens of the United States. This is a legitimate and honorable business—and highly profitable. Whether these new loans are really useful to the countries that borrow is a debatable question. Whether they do not sow the seeds of new bitterness and wars is equally open to debate. But the business is legitimate and honorable—and highly profitable. If American bankers could secure a gentleman's repudiation of the total amount owed to the government and people of the United States by the Associated and Allied Powers, then it would be easier for them to garner more commissions on new loans made to the debtor countries and their nationals. There is no mystery about that—except to the yokelry among the sophisticates that knows not what its right hand is doing.

In the same class with the bankers are the manufacturers of goods heavily protected against European competition by high tariffs. Since the aforesaid debts and all new debts must be paid sooner or later —if ever paid at all—in commodities, it is inevitable that a clamor will arise for a reduction of the tariff to allow these commodities to flow more freely into the United States. Now, that is just what the beneficiaries of Republican paternal benevolence do not want. Hence if they can make the people of America pay what the debtor countries owe and then keep the tariff up, yielding more and better profits, they will count themselves fortunate in purse and generous in patriotism. No obscurity hangs over this scene in the drama.

And it will hardly be denied that the influence of these two classes in American politics is somewhat out of proportion to their numerical strength. Doubtless, the cry-baby terms granted by the Coolidge administration to France, Italy, and certain other countries are largely due to the favorable intercession of these two respectable parties in interest.

After cash comes blood. Nothing could be more natural than the support given to

cancellation by the British, Canadians, Italians, French, and other races and nationalities represented in the polyglot population of the United States. Though as residents of this great commonwealth their taxes might be increased slightly by a remission of the debts, their love of their kind overcomes their pecuniary passions. For, following the law of the chromosomes, they are not to be condemned—or praised. Who sings hymns to the embattled righteousness of the tides?

Aligned with these heroic spokesmen of the former Allied and Associated powers are the German-Americans, though it must be confessed that they are at present confused in their councils. Soft voices are heard among them urging a cancellation of the debts—on the secret wish that some of the Reich's stupendous "reparations" bill may be forgiven if its former enemies escape scot-free. Since Germany never produced a Voltaire, a Shaw, or a Swift, but is given to Hegels and Spenglers, the humorous view of the issue as seen beyond the Rhine is not known, but it may be surmised that Fritz and Heinie, laughing up their sleeves, would regard it as the best *Scherz* in the wide world if the whole bill for the War for Democracy were shifted to the stalwart yeomanry in President Wilson's legions of holiness. And in a way, it would be a *Spass* if not a *Scherz*. But perhaps the aforesaid yeomanry may not be as simple as Fritz and Heinie imagine.

In a group apart are the Pilgrims—those ubiquitous, globe-trotting Americans who are always currying favor abroad at the expense of their countrymen at home. They are pained to read and hear the terrible things which the Very Best People attached unto and belonging to the former Associated and Allied Powers emit about American crassness, ignorance, selfishness—this in spite of the table manners shown by certain Holy Men in Versailles when they swept in the stakes of the game—ships, oil, colonies, and cash—in sacred trust for mankind. If the debts were forgiven, the Pilgrims could travel with more comfort to Stratford or along the Riviera. But even they may be mistaken, for it is doubtful whether Publius Babbittianus, civis Romanus, would be more loved in the rôle of a largess-dispenser than in that of a bill-collector. Still, the Pilgrims must be reckoned with in the making of Public Opinion. He and she are Persons of Importance in New York, Emporia, Little Rock, Back Bay, Seattle, and El Paso.

II

More praiseworthy in the defence of forgiveness are the Poignant Intellectuals, who are never happy except when doing good, especially at little cost to themselves. This party of the sixth part carries little weight in the State Department, but it is facile with the pen and can raise a big dust storm on ten minutes' notice. It is not to be ignored in the calculation of probabilities. Unrelenting Purity has great power—when backed by such substantial parties as those of the first and second part in this schedule.

Akin in spirit to the Poignant Intellectuals are the lovers of international peace, among whom must be reckoned the writer of this bull against the comet. They seem to suppose that the relations of the United States to the European Powers in the matter of oil, trade, open doors and the other desiderata of imperialism would be more pleasant in case these debts were forgiven with a magnanimous gesture—even now, after every effort has been made to squeeze them out of the beneficiaries. By just what process of logic and lucubration they arrive at the conclusion that nations now feverishly arming for the next war with all the energies they can command will grow soft at the mention of cancellation and oblivion does not appear in the bond. In any event, it seems just as reasonable to assume that, freed from the necessity of paying these honest bills, they will spend the garnered pelf in guns, airplanes, submarines, and poison gas; whereas if they have to get down to work and pay

what they owe, they may be less bellicose for a decade or two. Judging from the flight of birds and other auspices, one chance is as good as another.

Lower in batting average, but not without vocal organs, are those who crave affection. They cling to the hope that America would become the Beloved Crœsus if the whole account were gloriously sponged. They are pained when they hear that French hotel-keepers raise their prices on Pilgrims and that dry goods clerks make wry faces and say nasty things behind the back of Madam Babbittianus when she goes to Worth's or Jenny's to buy a gown wherewith to make the eyes start out of the sockets of the sartorial bezonians and gaberlunzies of the hinterland at home. A cloud of uncertainty also rests on this aspiration. There is an old French proverb to the effect that there is no enemy like a forgiven debtor; and it is difficult to think of any French mottos of long standing that are altogether false and fleeting.

Touched by no anguishes above enumerated but clear of eye and hard of heart are the apostles of cancellation who base their emotions and logical patterns on the firm belief that the cash is gone and will never be recovered, no matter what turns and twists are made by the Hon. Andrew Mellon. With a kind of Celtic humor, Mr. J. N. Rosenberg, a prominent New York lawyer, of long experience in winding up bankrupt corporations, a man who can sing to a harp all the threnodous wails of debtors caught *in flagrante delicto*, proposes that the debts should not be forgiven or cancelled. His suggestion, derived of deep experience, is that President Coolidge should simply say, with the bland smile of which he is master and in his soft New England voice: "I appreciate the difficulties under which you labor and the high sense of honor which always actuates you in pecuniary matters; hence I will make no demands upon you for cash now or at any definite date, but will wait your pleasure and convenience." When the paint is rubbed off this diplomatic language, it means that the cake may be both kept and eaten. The sacred honor of the debtors will be preserved intact but they will not have to pay. It seems reasonable to assume that more affection may be gathered in by this gesture than by any other; that is, on the hypothesis that zero added to nothing equals triumph.

Finally there are the defenders of grace, remission, absolution, and oblivion, at home and abroad, who rest their case on the mythology of the Red, Green, Orange, Yellow, and other rainbow books issued by the Entente belligerents, containing as we know now falsified and garbled dispatches, for the purpose of gulling gudgeons. According to this argument, which may spring from abstract ethics or the emotions above catalogued, the Germans were solely responsible for starting the war and the Entente Allies were really defending the United States from the beginning. Mr. Wilson's government, instead of springing heroically to the defence of American rights in August, 1914, delayed nearly three years, causing great damage, suffering, and distress to the defendants in this debt case; and therefore, Q. E. D., any part of the bill paid by the United States would fall far short of justice. In other words, runs this plea, the debts should be cancelled in full and with a contrite heart.

If the major premiss of this contention be granted, the conclusion is inexorable; but the major premiss is now shot so full of holes by horny-handed historical scholarship that it looks more like a scarecrow than a Greek statue. Can anyone read the writings of Gooch, Fay, Fabre-Luce, and a host of American, French, and English scholars, to say nothing of Mr. Barnes' powerful book (in spite of its argumentative tone), and then stand up in court and declare on oath that the Entente war mythology deserves the credence of intelligent men and women? The advocate of debt cancellation, foreign and domestic, might as well learn once for all that the American people are not all boobs in mat-

ters of European history; that in magazines, newspapers, scholastic journals, class-rooms, shops, railway trains, and fields the question of war responsibility is being debated with understanding and zeal; that while some lean one way and some another, no one can revive the stinking corpse of War Propaganda; that nobody who has read the new diplomatic materials believes that England, France, and Russia were innocent in the long preparations which led up to this war or in the negotiations which precipitated it; that the names of the parties who grabbed the spoils at the council table at Versailles are well known; that to ask the United States to pay one penny more on the score of sacrificial obligation is nothing short of laughable.

Now, this is no argument against the entrance of the United States into the war. It may be argued, and the present writer is of this opinion, that irrespective of the origins of the war, the perils inherent in the possible triumph of a single imperial bloc under German dominion, after the fire started, were so great that President Wilson had no other choice. Yet it must be admitted that this is a conjecture, well-founded, let us say, but still a conjecture. On the other side it has been contended that the wise policy for the United States to follow would have been to join Germany early in the war, smash the British Empire, abandon the provincial status, and win the deep respect of the Mother Country through the vigorous use of the instrument by which she commands it in India, China, and Africa. The present writer does not subscribe to this view, but the French, English, Italians, etc., who are wailing about the outcome of the war and the payment of bills, would do well to reflect upon it.

The truth is that all the powers of Europe had been cooking up the great brew of 1914 for many years. They had all been engaged in land-grabbing and trade-chasing operations with the feverish zeal of a lunatic. They had all been piling up armaments as fast as they could and in quantities only limited by their capacity to borrow and tax. They had all been engrossed in secret negotiations contemplating war. France and Russia were certainly as guilty of the business as Germany and Austria, and English statesmen on their own confession backed up France and Russia without knowing what was going on and with a full understanding that their coöperation in a war on the Central Powers was as certain as fate. The German governing class and the rulers of Austria were working at the same game. Italy was watching for the most favorable opportunity to get what she could get. None of them ever had any American interests at heart and the only possible interest America could have in the matter was to prevent any one combination of militarists from ruling the earth. And America has paid well for the benefits, if any, received.

III

Now that the War for Democracy is over, the situation is not essentially changed. More money is spent for munitions in Europe today than in 1914. For every one of the old hatreds another has appeared. Gentlemen of the same old mental and moral outlook govern the powers of the Old World. Another storm is brewing—and without respectful reference to the sensibilities of American Pilgrims and Poignants. Nobody pretends that the United States will benefit from the next calamity any more than it did from the last, and it is highly probable that, given the same dangers to the balance of power, America will be drawn into the new bloody shambles as into the latest adventure in madness.

Such being the circumstances for the consideration of the indebtedness of our late Associates, why should the people of this country pay one penny more on a war which they did not start, and from which they took no imperial loot? Why should they pay the German reparations? Why

should they transfer money from their pockets to the treasuries of European governments for disbursement in the next excursion in lunacy? If it is true that the debts cannot be paid, then let the nations which default stand honorably confessed of decent repudiation. If Italy can borrow money through Morgan's house, pay 7% on it, and spend cash for imperial undertakings headed in the direction of another war, then why under Heaven should Italy appear at the back door of the United States as a beggar asking for and receiving from the pliant administration in Washington a reduction of what she owes from $2,150,150,000 to $528,192,000? Just why the taxpayers of America should relieve the cheering Black Shirts of the New Rome passes the understanding of denizens of the fresh water districts.

In this relation it ought to be said that the government of Great Britain, without any whimpering and childish nonsense, has honorably faced the tune called by the wise men who steered that country into the World War, hoping no doubt that, with poetic justice, a handsome differential may sometime be gathered in the form of a surprofit on oil and rubber. Indeed, Great Britain has every reason for cherishing some grudges on account of the favoritism shown to France and Italy. Moreover, it is a matter for regret that during the negotiations over the debt settlement, the British commissioner did not publicly suggest that in the adjustment of accounts the debts owed to British subjects, long ago repudiated by certain States in this glorious Union, with compound interest, should be deducted from the bill of self-determination damages.

Undoubtedly things are in a mess. After backing and filling, in a fashion that would do credit to the commander-in-chief of a bankruptcy fire-sale, the administration in Washington has granted one kind of terms to one debtor and another kind to another until neither rhyme, reason, nor justice appears anywhere in the bond. Hence any sort of straightforward policy is today impossible. But one thing is certain: a European conference on "adjustment," no matter under what auspices or with what tears opened, could have only one end, namely, relieving Uncle Sam of his vest and suspenders as well as his coat. If the outcome is to be humorous, as it promises to be, then by all means let the Allied and Associated debtors take their place with the Bolsheviki in the chamber for impenitent confiscators or in the charity ward. On no reckoning do they deserve a place in the upper rooms with the paying guests.

EDITORIAL

That the life of man is a struggle and an agony was remarked by the Brisbanes and Dr. Frank Cranes of remote antiquity. The earliest philosophers busied themselves with the fact, and so did the earliest poets. It runs like a *Leitmotif* through the literature of the Greeks and the Jews alike. "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "vanity of vanities; all is vanity." "O ye deathward-going tribes of men," chants Sophocles, "what do your lives mean except that they go to nothingness?" But not placidly, not unresistingly, not without horrible groans and gurgles. Man is never honestly the fatalist, nor even the stoic. He fights his fate, often desperately. He is forever entering bold exceptions to the rulings of the bench of gods. This fighting makes for beauty, for man tries to escape from a hopeless and intolerable world by creating a more lovely one of his own. Poetry, as everyone knows, is a means to that end—facile, and hence popular. The aim of poetry is to give a high and voluptuous plausibility to what is palpably not true. I offer the Twenty-third Psalm as an example: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." It is immensely esteemed by the inmates of almshouses, and gentlemen waiting to be hanged. I have to limit my own reading of it, avoiding soft and yielding moods, for I too, in my way, am a gentleman waiting to be hanged, as you are. If the air were impregnated with poetry, as it is with alcohol in Hoboken and incense in Boston, the world would be a more comfortable and caressing place, but the service of the truth would be neglected. The truth is served by prose. The aim of prose is not to conceal the facts, but to display them. It is thus apt to be harsh and painful. All that the philosophers and metaphysicians of the world have accomplished, grinding away in their damp cells since man became cryptococcygeal, is to prove that *Homo sapiens* and *Equus asinus* are brothers under their skins. As for the more imaginative *prosateurs*, they have pretty well confined themselves, since the earliest beginnings of their craft, to the lugubrious chronicle of man's struggle and defeat. I know of no first-rate novel that hasn't this theme. In all of them, from "Don Quixote" to "The Brothers Karamazov," we are made privy to the agonies of a man resisting his destiny, and getting badly beaten.

The struggle is always the same, but in its details it differs in different ages. There was a time, I believe, when it was mainly a combat between the natural instincts of the individual and his yearning to get into Heaven. That was an unhealthy time, for throttling the instincts is almost as deleterious as breathing bad air: it makes for an unpleasant clamminess. The Age of Faith, seen in retrospect, looks somehow pale and puffy: one admires its saints and anchorites without being conscious of any very active desire to shake hands with them and smell them. Today the yearning to get into Heaven is in abeyance, at least among the vast majority of humankind, and so the ancient struggle takes a new form. In the main, it is a struggle of man with society—a conflict between his desire to be respected and his impulse to follow his own bent. It seems to me that society usually wins. There are, to be sure, free spirits in the world, but their freedom, in the last analysis, is not much greater than that of a canary in a cage. They may leap from perch to perch; they may bathe and guzzle at their will; they may flap their wings and sing. But they are still in the cage, and soon or late it conquers them.

hat was once a great itch for long flights
id the open spaces is gradually converted
to a memory, sometimes stimulating but
ore often merely blushful. The free man
converted into a Freudian case.

Such Freudian cases swarm in modern
ociety; they are hidden in all sorts of
nexpected places. Observing a Congress-
an, one sees only a gross and revolting
iape, with dull eyes and prehensile hands.
ut under that preposterous mask there
ay be yearnings, and some of them may
e of high voltage and laudable delicacy.
here are Congressmen, I have no doubt,
ho regret their lost honor, as women
ften do in the films. Tossing in their beds
n hot, sticky Washington nights, their
izzards devoured by bad liquor, they may
ament the ruin that the service of Demos
as brought to their souls. For Congress-
en, at bottom, are exactly like the rest
f us, and respond to the same biogenetic
aws. In infancy they go to Sunday-school.
assing through adolescence, they are ideal-
sts, and dream of saving the world. Come
o young manhood, they suffer the puri-
ying pangs of love. The impulse to seek
olitical preferment, when it arises in
hem, is not always, nor primarily, an
mpulse to grab something. Even Penrose
nd Roosevelt started out as altruists and
eformers. But the rules of the game run
ne way and common decency runs another.
There comes a time when the candidate
nust surrender either his principles or his
spirations. If he is in Congress it is a sign
hat he has preserved the latter.

II

Democracy produces swarms of such men, in politics and on other planes, and their secret shames and sorrows, I believe, are largely responsible for the generally depressing tone of democratic society. Old Freud, living in a more urbane and civilized world, gave too little heed to that sort of repression. He assumed that what was repressed was nearly always something intrinsically discreditable, or, at all events, anti-social—for example, the natural impulse to neck a pretty woman, regardless of her husband's protests. But under democracy that is only half the story. The democrat not only must repress all the common varieties of natural wickedness; he must also repress most of the varieties of natural decency. His impulse to speak his mind freely, to tell the truth as he sees it, to be his own man, comes into early and painful collision with the democratic dogma that such things are not nice—that the most worthy and laudable citizen is that one who is most like all the rest. In youth, as everyone knows, this dogma is often challenged, but the rebellion, taking one case with another, is not of long duration. The campus Nietzsche, at thirty, begins to feel the suction of Rotary; at forty-five he is a sound Mellon man.

But his early yearning for freedom and its natural concomitants is still not dead; it is merely imprisoned in the depths of his unconscious. Down there it lives on, protesting silently but relentlessly against its durance. We know, by Dr. Freud's appalling evidence, what the suppression of the common wickednesses can do to the individual—how they can shake his reason on its throne, and even give him such things as gastritis, migraine and angina pectoris. Every Sunday-school in the land is full of such wrecks; they recruit the endless brigades of lady policemen and male wowsers. A vice-crusader is simply an unfortunate who goes about with a brothel in his cellar; a Prohibitionist is one who has buried rum, but would have been safer drinking it. All this is now a commonplace of knowledge to every school-girl. The wowsers themselves give the facts a universal dispersion by trying to suppress them. But so far no psychoanalyst has done a tome on the complexes that issue out of moral struggles against common decency, though, as I have said, they are probably commoner under democracy than the other kind, and infinitely more ferocious. A man who has throttled a bad

impulse has at least some consolation in his agonies, but a man who has throttled a good one is in a bad way indeed. Yet this great Republic swarms with such men, and their sufferings are under every eye. We have more of them, perhaps, than all the rest of Christendom, with heathendom thrown in to make it unanimous.

I marvel that no corn-fed Freud or Adler has ever investigated the case of the learned judges among us, and especially those of the Federal rite. Prohibition, I suspect, has filled them with such repressions that even a psychoanalyst, plowing into the matter, would be shocked. Enforcing its savage and anti-social mandates, with fanatics pulling them and blacklegs pushing them, has obviously compelled them to make away with many of the pruderies that are natural to men of their class and condition. There may be individuals among them, to be sure, who were born without any such pruderies and hence do not suffer, just as there are individuals who were born without any capacity for affection and hence show no trace of the Œdipus complex, but such men must be very rare, even among lawyers. The average judge, I take it, is much like the rest of us. When he is free to do it, he does the decent thing. His natural impulse is to speak the truth as he sees it, to challenge error and imposture, to frown upon fraud. What, now, if his high and solemn duties compel him to treat fraud as if it were divine revelation? What if he must spend his days prospering rogues and oppressing honest men? What if his oath wars horribly with his conscience? No Freud is needed to argue that the effect upon him must be very evil. He cannot perform his work without assassinating his inner integrity. Putting on his black gown, he must simultaneously cram his unconscious with all the sound impulses and natural decencies that make him the noble fellow he is.

The clinical effects are certainly not occult. One hears constantly of judges coming down with symptoms which, in ordinary men, would be accepted as proofs of inner turmoils, insusceptible to correc tion by the pharmacopœia. They breal into hysterical tirades from the bench they speak in unintelligible language; they deliver judgments that upset the norma course of logic; they complain of buzzing in the ears, flashes before the eyes, an vague bellyaches. Two Federal judges, o late, have committed suicide. One climbed a high mountain in his motor-car, and then leaped it into space: a monstrous act, an no doubt of plain significance to a Freudian adept. The other left a note saying frankly that Prohibition had wrecked him. The faculty has at such disturbances of the psyche by hunting for focal infections and pulling teeth: the whole judiciary tends to become toothless. But it would be easier and cheaper and more effective, I am convinced, to send for a psychoanalyst. The stricken judge would come out of the room cured, and the psychoanalyst would come out with a new outfit of complexes.

III

I speak of the judges because their suf ferings are palpable. But there must be swarms of other victims in this eminent free nation. Every one of us has been under the steam-roller; every one of us, in this way or that, conforms unwillingly, and has the corpse of a good impulse below-stairs. There are probably no exceptions. Psychoanalyze a Methodist bishop, and you'll probably find him stuffed with good impulses, all of them repressed. On blue afternoons, perhaps, there sneaks out of his unconscious a civilized yearning for a decent drink; in the dark watches of the night he remembers a Catholic girl of his youth, and weeps that she was so fair; he may even, passing a public library, feel a sudden, goatish inclination to go in and read a good book. Suppressed, such appetites make him uncomfortable, unhappy, desperate, an enemy to society. Dredged up by some super-Freud, and dissipated in the sunlight, they would leave him an honest and a happy man.

H. L. M.

ELIJAH THE THIRD

BY JAMES L. DWYER

Before he had achieved the dignity of pantaloons John Alexander Dowie began his long war against the devil. In later years he was wont to dazzle multitudes with the tale of how, at the age of six, he canvassed his neighborhood in Edinburgh with a temperance petition concealed under his pinafore. Engaged on his pious mission, he one day rang the door-bell of a Mr. McDonald.

"Well, Mr. McDonald," I said, "my father has a petition which every householder is to be asked to sign. Now, Mr. McDonald, sign it . . . because it is right."

"What do you know about right?" he asked.

I said, "The Kingdom of God, Mr. McDonald, is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit. . . . [This petition] is going, if the House of Commons passes the bill, to shut up all the public-houses on Sunday, and all the back doors and dark boxes."

Mr. McDonald signed. On another occasion the diapered young saint spent his weekly tuppence on taffy balls and approached a crowd of gamins playing in the gutter. "Laddies," quoth he, "will you not come to St. David's Lancastrian School and join the British League for Juvenile Abstainers?" Plied with taffy balls, they would; he led them off to Better Things. And he would weep into his pinafore and pray over drunkards in the street.

Do not laugh! The child had already discovered the portentous auguries of his name and was simply trying to live up to them—for does not John signify "by the grace of God," and Alexander "a helper of men?" How thoroughly these omens were fulfilled is now history. Young John Alexander was destined to launch the most fantastic evangelical scheme of recent times; he was to extract millions of dollars from his followers on the strength of their belief in him as the reincarnation of not one but two Biblical prophets; he was to build a town and found a church, and to rule both with an absolutism almost beyond credence. John Alexander Dowie, Messenger of the Covenant, Elijah III, First Apostle of the Lord and General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion, has been dead twenty years, but he has left as his heritage and monument a thriving outpost of Heaven under the very shadow of Chicago's serried battlements of sin.

Dowie was born in 1847. At thirteen he was shipped to Australia, whence, seven years later, he returned to his native Edinburgh to study for holy orders. His schooling completed, he again sailed for the Antipodes, and in 1873 received a Congregational pastorate at Newtown, N. S. W. Here his qualities of leadership became apparent: he entered politics, led a reform group, and did much to bring about compulsory free education in New South Wales. Here, also, he performed his first miracle, when, during an epidemic, he was called to the bedside of a young girl.

"Oh," I thought, "for some sharp sword of Heaven, tempered keen to slay the cruel foe who is strangling that lovely maiden like an invisible serpent, tightening his deadly coils for a final victory." In a strange way it came to pass: I found the sword I needed was in my hands.

He prayed loud and long, placed his hands on the lovely maiden, and effected an almost immediate cure. Years before, himself a sickly youth, he had decided that his piety deserved at least good health and delivered a daring ultimatum: "Now, Lord, I pray that Thou wilt heal me, or I

will never believe You again." Thus threatened, the Lord quickly yielded. But it was the Newtown miracle which revealed to him the possibilities of the laying on of hands—the foundation of his cult and, incidentally, of his fortune. Several years elapsed, however, before he entered fully into his ministry of healing. Meanwhile, he decided that it was wrong for a man of God to accept a salary and thenceforth depended solely on free-will offerings—a decision not only high-minded but judicious, for he was soon able to build a large tabernacle in Melbourne, where he held forth as a free-lance preacher.

From then on he devoted himself to faith healing, an ancient shamanism which needs no comment here. Let it suffice to say that he laid hands on many thousands, of whom the majority were satisfied; those unresponsive to treatment or stubborn enough to die could always be accounted for by God's inscrutable will, their own imperfect faith, or other influences beyond the medicine man's control. It was a good graft and soon brought him a considerable reputation, which he helped along by noisy crusades against rum, tobacco, Masonry and the medical profession. His success in Australasia filled him with dreams of a world-wide cult, and in 1888 he embarked for San Francisco with his wife, son and daughter.

It was his evident intention to circle the globe, but he had not reckoned on the alluring possibilities of this, our native land, ever the happy-hunting-ground of messiahs, archangels and avatars; he had not known the enormous capacity of the American sucker for just the sort of side-show theology he ballyhooed. He was not long in finding out—indeed, so abundant was the harvest that his first two years were spent entirely on the coast. During this period his sorcery attracted less attention than his homiletics. He had a vicious tongue. Destitute of logic, of discursive skill, and often of coherence, he relied altogether on the unbounded scurrility which he directed at those who presumed to question him in any way. At first various pastors offered him the use of their churches, but when they found themselves reviled from their own pulpits, these courtesies ceased and the whole clergy rose against him. Dowie, however, never lacked a hall or an audience; cripples, physical and mental, thronged to his miracles, left their offerings, and acclaimed his torrential abuse as the fire of God.

II

In 1890 he journeyed inland and from headquarters in Evanston, Ill., worked the Central States. Then, three years later, came the Chicago World's Fair, the opportunity of his lifetime. Joining the vast army of cranks, fakirs and bunco-steerers which that great show naturally attracted, he built a wooden tabernacle opposite Jackson Park and set about drawing trade from the hoochee-coochee palaces of the Midway. To his advantage in this game was his excellent front. He looked like a Doré patriarch. Less than fifty, one might have taken him for seventy. A full gray beard, piercing eyes, and a high-domed brow were his assets, and although his rotundity, shortness and rather bandy legs suggested Santa Claus, the effect on the whole was impressively Mosaic.

The peasants from the steppes of the Wheat Belt, flocking to the Fair at cut rates, were easy prey. Saturated with rural evangelism and ready, therefore, to be kicked about and dragged into Heaven much as drunks are hauled to the lockup, they recognized in the ferocious little Scotchman a virtuoso in the holy art of damnation. The following extracts, from stenographic reports published by Dowie himself, are typical of the oratory that thus won thousands to God:

> The majority of men in Chicago can be smelled several yards off. They stink of nicotine and tobacco and all kinds of medical muck. Ugh! you dirty dogs! [*Laughter*] who chew your tobacco and puff your smoke! The sun dries it up, that dirty catarrh and cancer in your throats which you expectorate in the streets . . . and good

> women and some clean men are forced to breathe your disease-breeding filth. Ugh! you dirty dogs! [*Laughter*] How can a man be a Christian whose throat is an open sepulchre and whose stomach is a dirty cess-pit? Ugh! you dirty dogs! . . .
>
> Doctors, as a profession, are directly inspired by the devil. . . . Do you know of any demoralization greater than taking the young man, fresh from school, fresh from his mother's side, pure and virtuous, and putting him in a dissection room? He is horrified to find that he sees there naked bodies of men and women who are scarcely dead in some cases. . . . [Dissections] accustom the youths to the atmosphere of profanity, as they hear the filthy and unclean remarks which are made as they stand over the dead bodies and handle the sacred secrecies of humanity, and laugh with diabolical glee over the consequences of a poor woman's fall, or of a degraded youth's syphilitic body. . . .
>
> Dr. Gray is one of the dirtiest spewing buzzards of this town. His mouth is a tobacco churn all day long. While he is talking to you he is churning it. . . . It is positively horrible to see the tobacco liquid running down his beard all the time. [*Laughter*] He is a dirty stinkpot! I will tell you more. . . . He spends many of his Sabbaths riding the bicycle. . . .
>
> From this time henceforward Dr. P. S. Henson, of the First Baptist Church, stands before the world as a grinning clown, a fool who is neither a theologian, a Christian nor a gentleman, but is an infernal liar . . . [and whose supporters are] formalists and hypocrites, stinking goats and dirty wolves!

Captivated by this hearty Christian loquence, and by his miracles and his whiskers, the rustic revival-addicts joyfully submitted their heads and pocketbooks to the laying on of hands. Money poured in. The wizard hired the Central Music Hall, and soon graduated from it to the huge Auditorium; in addition, he bought a church and established branch boss-houses throughout the city. Other money-makers were his Homes for Divine Healing. These hostels, three in number before they gave way to one large seven-story building, housed cure-seekers who had come from near and far. No charge was made for healing, but the guests paid adequately for bed and board, and since, unfortunately, the cures were seldom up to Biblical records for speed, the Homes were a steady source of revenue.

Various deaths occurring in these places to aroused the authorities that in 1895 Dowie was arrested on nearly one hundred charges of illegally practicing medicine, but a decisive victory crowned him when an ordinance which had been his chief stumbling-block was held unconstitutional by the higher courts, and the advertising he received was well worth the $20,000 he had paid out in lawyers' fees. He rode gaily on a sea of newspaper ridicule, knowing that his followers' zeal was unaffected. He defied the press daily and shot at newspaper men on sight.

> I said some time ago to a number of reporters who called upon me: "Gentlemen, there is not one of you who has said your prayers this morning, have you?" Apparently they had not. I said to them: "Gentlemen, you are stinking now of the liquor you drank last night. You are stinking like the whore-shops some of you were in. The mothers that bore you would be ashamed to think of the way you spent last night, boys." One said: "Let us get out of here." And they got.

Early in 1896 he took a most important step—the formation of the Christian Catholic (later Apostolic) Church in Zion, a religio-commercial undertaking with ownership and authority vested in the leader alone. Under him as general overseer were overseers and lesser officers; Mrs. Dowie, the only woman to rise above the rank of a deaconess, was ordained an overseer. Theoretically, even the humblest had a voice in the government; actually, any difference of opinion with the ambassador of God meant expulsion. The tenets of the sect, embodied in a hodge-podge of Biblical texts, forbade the use of alcohol, tobacco, pork, oysters and medical remedies, while baptism by triune immersion—a complete ducking for each member of the Trinity—was obligatory. Beside responding to frequent levies, each member paid a tithe, one-tenth of his income, to Dowie, who was bound by no restrictions as to its disposal other than his promise to use it in the Lord's work; in fact, it became his boast that he alone knew the exact state of Zion's finances.

Soon the headquarters of the Lord's work extended for several blocks along Michigan avenue, later additions consisting of the Zion Bank, the Land and Investment Association, the College, the Publishing House, and the Home of Hope for

Erring Women. The bank—like everything else in Zion, Dowie's personal property—did a flourishing business; the Land Association received copious subscriptions for the purchase of a community site. Students from many foreign lands sought education in the College. Beside its output of tracts, the function of the Publishing House was the dissemination of *Leaves of Healing*, the official organ of the church, edited by John Alexander himself. This weekly, lovingly nicknamed the Little White Dove, was chiefly given over to reports of the tabernacle jamborees embellished by photographs of the editor; another feature was testimonials from the cured. The general run of testimonials would have furnished good copy for Lydia Pinkham and the modern advertisers of yeast; not a few claimed recovery from everything short of decapitation and *rigor mortis*. Two of the mildest and more credible specimens follow:

> God was present in mighty power in delivering our baby. No midwife or doctor was present, only a good Zion lady, and we took everything to God in prayer. I had no after pains and only three real hard pains, and after that baby was born. . . .
>
> My little girl fell and knocked a tooth out of her jaw. I was going to pick the tooth off, but she said, "Oh, mamma, don't pick that off. Put it back and the Lord will heal it in." I put it back and she said, "Dear Lord, grant the child's wish, for Jesus' sake. Amen." The next day she ate candy and popcorn balls on that tooth, and the tooth stayed in a year.

The *Leaves* banned secular advertising with this announcement:

> If we cannot send forth our Little White Dove without soiling its wings with the smoke of the factory and the dirt of the wrangling marketplace or compelling it to utter the screaming cries of business vultures in the ears of our readers, then we will keep our Dove at home.

But the Dove cooed its head off in an effort to interest the public in Zion City securities, and sought business for the bank with a revised version of Luke, XIX, 23: "Wherefore then gavest not thou my money into the bank?" The rest of the question: "That at my coming I might have required mine own with usury?" was for some reason omitted.

III

The prophet's march towards apotheosis began late in 1899, when he informed the gasping faithful that he was the messenger foretold in Malachi III, 1. The divine message was delivered with becoming assurance:

> I have the right to stand here and say in Zion that you have to do what I tell you. Oh! the whole church? Yes, the whole church—Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Episcopal. . . . The time has come: I tell the church universal everywhere you have to do what I tell you! Do you hear! You have to do what I tell you because I am the Messenger of God's Covenant!

The host gulped this down with fervent amens. Why not? It was what they had been paying for. A mob of half-wits, hysterical by nature and keyed up by a daily parade of wonders, they lusted for the fulfillment of prophecy so long withheld, for the tangible appearance of characters too long confined to a tantalizing book; their fingers itched for harps whereon they might strum Baptist serenades for the further discomfiture of the damned. There was, moreover, another factor in their ready acceptance. The Messenger had wisely timed his revelation to accompany news of the Promised Land; at a reputed cost of $1,250,000, he had acquired 6,500 acres on the lake shore some forty miles north of Chicago, which awaited the building of God's capital.

Having thus used the purchase of the site as an aid to his Covenant hocus-pocus, he worked the same dodge when the land was ready for occupancy. Two months before the formal opening of Zion City he transmitted these tidings from Heaven:

> Of Elijah's final manifestation all the Scriptures have said that the physical, psychical and spiritual embodiment of Elijah must take the form of a prophet, priest and ruler of men. By the grace of God I am, and shall be, that.

He went on to say, between outbursts of vilification of his enemies, that the Elijah of the Old Testament had been Elijah the Destroyer, and John the Baptist had been Elijah II, the Preparer. He, Dowie, was now Elijah III, the Restorer of All Things,

nt to complete the work of his two previ-
is incarnations. He explained that he had
ot sought these divine commissions; they
ad been forced on him. To a conference of
vo hundred and fifty-four of his officers
d catchpolls he further made it clear that
y doubts they entertained about the
atter would necessitate their withdrawal
om the Church, for did not Amos ask:
Shall two walk together except they have
greed?" The money they had invested,
ne glowing pictures of the dream city they
ere to build, and their natural reluctance
o jump off the merrily rolling bandwagon
ll helped to produce the desired result:
o more than five dissenting votes gave
vidence of as many belated tricklings of
eason through the skulls of the saved.
nyway, few could find any argument
gainst his final convincing statement:
'Had we been deceived in this matter, then
God would have deceived us. This is an
mpossibility."

Nothing now barred Zion's opening.
With a good, healthy location on valuable
and, it deserved the shrewd promotion
vhich it received. In July, 1901, the mem-
ers of the Church were finally admitted
nd all available lots were quickly dis-
osed of at a great profit and on perpetual
eases, the titles thus remaining in Dowie.
Houses appeared as fast as they could be
uilt. The coming of Winter saw a bustling
oom town.

Soon after his Elijah announcement the
rophet set out on a missionary tour,
lighting at the Grand Central Station,
New York, with a huge retinue, fifty-one
ieces of baggage and, according to the
Times, resplendent in light gray tweeds, a
edora hat, russet shoes and a pearl stud.
Two barouches conveyed his personal
uite the fifty yards to the Murray Hill
Hotel. The love of luxury and pomp here
ndicated was made manifest again upon
is return to Zion City. Shiloh House, his
Vatican, was valued with its stable and
urnishings at $200,000. Near Montague,
Mich., he maintained a vast Summer
state, while carriages, launches, pedi-
greed dogs, blooded horses, an army of servants, and his wife's and his own sartorial splendor offered further proof that he was achieving spiritual perfection by different methods than those employed during his two previous appearances on earth.

The holy citadel over which he presided resembled nothing so much as a feudal state. From a history published by Wilbur Glenn Voliva, the present ruler of Zion:

> He dictated all policies. He ordained all officers. He dismissed all delinquents. He fixed all salaries or allowances. . . . Every block or two had a captain. . . . Every family was to be visited and notes to be taken as to their conduct, etc., whether they attended meetings and paid the tithes, etc. A large staff of officers and clerks were paid to look after these details, and very strict supervision was kept over every man, woman and child. . . . The young people were held to a very strict account of . . . their relations with the opposite sex, etc. . . . In many cases, especially among his officers, he made the matches.

The Scriptures furnished names for the streets, parks and public buildings. Daily at 9 A.M. a whistle blew and all activity halted two minutes for prayer. Ominous signs warned the visitor against smoking and profanity; spies followed him around. No loitering was allowed on Sunday. By Elijah's order the ordinary greetings of speech gave way to "Peace to thee," with its response, "Peace to thee be multiplied." The Zion Guard, at one time numbering eight hundred men, appeared in dark-hued military uniforms, a dove and the word "patience" in gold on their caps, and Bibles strapped to their belts.

The barn-like tabernacle seated 7,000 (about the height of Zion City's population under Dowie, although his following elsewhere may have reached 35,000). An amphitheatre of choir seats converged on a spacious rostrum. High above the heads of the choir one observed a curious exhibition of trophies wrested from Satan. On one wall were nailed braces, crutches and similar relics of former sufferers; on another pill-boxes and patent medicine bottles made a graceful pattern. Vice was represented by even more dubious bottles—

whose contents, perhaps, had stimulated conversion—and by smokers' paraphernalia forming the letters S P, symbols of "stinkpot," the shibboleth of Zion. A design of rosaries, scapulars and medals, the relics of converts from Rome, completed the collection. There were no hams or oyster-shells. Services began with the appearance of the famous white-robed choir, three hundred strong. Chanting, garbed in white surplices, black stoles and mortarboards, and arranged by height, beginning with young toddlers, they marched slowly to their seats. Next came the higher dignitaries of the Church, in garments reminiscent of Ph.D.'s at a college commencement. Last of all stalked God's great gift, wound up for his customary four hours of abuse, and arrayed in a get-up suggesting an Anglican bishop not quite orthodox.

Among these comic opera surroundings arose the Zion industries—the lace factory, the candy factory, the soap works and the bakery, to name the most important. Financially they were sound enough in conception, as time and the present efficient lord of Zion have since shown. The lace factory in particular promised well. Machinery and worker-converts were imported from Nottingham, England, and housed in an immense up-to-date plant; a tax of 60% on English lace and the backwardness of American manufacture greatly reduced competition. The subsequent collapse of this and the whole Zionistic scheme was due to Dowie himself, who, though an able promoter in the evangelical field, was a hopeless business administrator on account of his prodigality, his negligence and his dishonesty, to say nothing, coming to his later years, of his increasing mental decay.

With regard to the last, it is clear that the great majority of his detractors in branding him a mere humbug stated only a part of the truth. Granting that the line between advanced fanaticism and madness is not clearly drawn, there is still no doubt as to where Dowie stood. The familiar vulgarity of the ordinary militant evangelist was not his vulgarity; he was no folksy toastmaster at a bucolic love-feast, but a cruel, driving, half-frantic bully. His was not the hollow gibberish so dear to travelers of the sawdust trail; his was a savage bombardment of slime and filth that could have issued only from a mind deep in the shadows. Back of the lies, the hypocrisy and the swindling lay the diseased brain which made him his own most pitiful dupe. His unshakeable faith in himself was revealed when his daughter Esther, a buxom girl of perhaps twenty, received fatal burns from an alcohol lamp upon which she was heating some curling-irons. His genuine grief rendered him fairly human for a while, but he lost little time in attributing her death to her disobedience of his law against alcohol. (The Zionists present at the tragedy—Dowie was away—summoned a doctor and medical lotions were applied.)

With the opening of the new century he fell victim to one delusion after another—plots against his life, bullets whizzing by his ear, pitfalls dug for him, and weights hung in trees. His egoism reached the skies. "Sometimes," he said, "people say that they adore me." And sometimes, he related in the *Leaves*, a Spartan lady of Zion would thus address her husband:

> I am glad you are in the Guard. If the general overseer should be in danger and you can see that a bullet is coming, stand between him and the bullet; for if you die God will protect me and the children, and I will never forget you and will always love you, but we cannot lose the general overseer.

Declaring that the Devil was a Methodist, he offered up prayers for the archfiend's conversion, and his fierce tracts directed at the humble pig and oyster might have led one to imagine that these modest fauna were also adherents of the Rev. John Wesley. He promised death and Hell to his critics:

> I have lived to see every one of my enemies who fought me in 1895 dead or driven out of their places. Where is Joseph Medill, editor of the *Tribune*? He is dead. . . . Washington Hessing, editor of the *Staats-Zeitung*, cursed me. . . . I do not know what part of Hell he is in. He is dead.

> Hutton and Scott, of the Chicago *Herald;* where are they? They are dead. Where are Joseph Dunlop and the *Dispatch?* Did I not prophesy that the paper would die and rot and be buried, and was not my prophecy fulfilled?

Although it is the immemorial professional privilege of the cloth to threaten the ungodly with eternal torments and even to mention names, the process seldom goes beyond simple prediction. Not so with Elijah III. On Christmas Day, 1903, he called a meeting of his overseers and settled once and for all the cases of two eminent New York Methodists. These unfortunates had dared not only to doubt his heavenly affiliations, but had put forth evidence to show that in certain earthly dealings he was a liar. They got the maximum sentence:

> In the name of the Most High God I deliver James M. Buckley and Stephen Merritt unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh. . . . Let Satan have them and their bodies be destroyed if they do not repent and their spirits be saved on the Day of the Lord Jesus. For His Sake, Amen.

"Amen!" echoed the admiring overseers—and this on the feast-day of peace and good will.

IV

New York was the scene of Dowie's greatest disaster. He had always cast lascivious eyes upon the Devil's stronghold, and in 1903 felt that the time was ripe for an attack. So, in the Fall of that year Zion bustled with preparation for a fortnight's campaign. Twenty tons of pious literature were printed for distribution by an army of 3,000 volunteers; the choir and band practiced feverishly; the Guard went into training. An advance force was sent to reserve Elijah's suite at the Plaza and the less sybaritic quarters of the rank and file, to dig a baptismal tank in Madison Square Garden for the dousing of the thousands of expected converts, and to see that the royal carriage and prancing steeds were safely transported. At last, on Oct. 14, the valiant host piled into eight special trains and headed for the modern Sodom, shepherded by their master in a glittering private car. On arrival a little difficulty ensued, some of the elect finding themselves billeted in Raines Law hotels and other abodes of sin, but this was quickly adjusted and both sides awaited the opening gun.

On Sunday afternoon, Oct. 18, Madison Square Garden was jammed, with several thousands clamoring outside. The Zion musicians entertained the hosts of Hell while the choir assembled for its march to the platform. Suddenly there was silence. Then the singing, white-clad procession slowly advanced, with Elijah in his usual climatic position. The choir, still in song, spread itself fanwise in the tiered seats, the officers occupying the stage in front. It was all very stately, and even impressive. Obviously stirred by the hundreds of voices and the pageantry, the beholders, who had come to scoff, might have succumbed to any evangelical bull-roarer discreet enough to keep somewhere within the bounds of common decency. "It looked," as the *American* reporter observed, "as if the man was going to win."

But it was not to be. Ten minutes later the man was in a transport of worked-up rage, belching a wild, incoherent farrago of self-praise, squalid vituperation and snarling epithets. The spell was broken; the audience laughed—and then felt the need of air. People rose by the hundred and stalked out. This was something new to the tyrant of Zion, who immediately lost all control of himself, and screamed at the police to stop the rush to the doors. The cops naturally paying no heed, the Zion Guard bravely blocked the way, but these Bible-armed veterans were swept aside and the departing crowds gained the street pursued by the yells and curses of Elijah.

He was so thoroughly beaten that he almost realized it himself. A week of chaos followed. Mobs stormed the Garden, not to bring offerings or shout hallelujahs, but to watch the funny little man perform. They were rarely disappointed. He gave imitations—of a sheep, of a sinner smoking a cigar, of a ballet dancer, pirouetting and cavorting with his vestments raised. A loyal sister testified that she had been

healed of ten cancers in three days. The Zionists roared in answer to his constant demands for approbation. Delegations of atheistic and ribald Columbia students added their college yells to the bedlam. The newspapers devoted columns to the show. They lampooned Dowie's pomposity and the servility of his slaves, enumerated his endless variations of "stinkpot" and "dog," chronicled his every little meanness and absurdity. He summoned the editors to meet at his hotel, but none showed up, and so the press seats in the Garden were abolished. The *World* unearthed letters exposing his shabby treatment of his father, to which he replied with a most preposterous tale, disowning his parent and claiming illegitimate descent from an English duke, dead and unnamed, whose title he had refused. The Manhattan divines jumped into the fray, and much Holy Writ was quoted back and forth. A lugubrious open letter from the Rev. Charles Parkhurst, the celebrated wowser, deplored Dowie's lack of ministerial dignity; Dowie retorted that old Charlie was not worth the powder it would take to kill him.

It was a grand, gaudy show—for a week, and then the city, suddenly wearying of its visitor, forgot him. The press turned to the mayoralty campaign and the Russo-Japanese war; only small occasional notices marked the presence of the prophet. Many of the host retreated during the first week, and the crusade dwindled and died, leaving the mourners a bill of $300,000. The heaviness of this blow may be inferred from the rather agitated pastoral message, addressed to all believers outside Zion City, which appeared on Nov. 14 in the *Leaves:* "Realize by immediate sale the cash proceeds of all your properties . . . and come with all your house to Zion City. This is not my advice to you whom God has committed to my care—it is my COMMAND, as God's Messenger and your leader."

At home again in his tabernacle, his ears soothed by the antiphonal responses of the saved, Elijah was even crowing over his "victory" and planning a return with 10,000 followers. This was to be made in 1905 and, strange to say, by water. "Would it not be a glorious thing?" he asked. "Ten large steamers out there in the lake, a Zion flag at the mast of each, and I in a little steamer sailing around you!" The joy of the tithe-payers knew no bounds. But he never came back.

Soon afterward he spent $50,000 on his Around-the-World Visitation, returning with sixteen volumes of photographs, apparently the sole material benefit of this jaunt. He was not empty-handed, however, for another promotion had been bestowed by Heaven—he was now the First Apostle. In September, 1904, he arose before a full tabernacle and announced his saintship, dressed in raiment "designed by God Himself":

> On his head was a mitre of white, gold and purple. The robe that came to his feet was of pure white. A sleeveless tunic of purple, with a fringe of gold, came to the knees. Over that, and covering the trunk of the body, was a sleeveless coat of white, richly embroidered with gold, scarlet and purple in geometric designs. The robes were the majestic robes of glory. . . . They befitted him as did the holy offices which they symbolized.

The attitude of the Zionists toward this new revelation may be summed up in the flattering words of Elder Tindall: "It seems to me you are not only an apostle but more than an apostle." Meanwhile, as poor Dowie's spirit, like that of Dunsany's Thomas Shapp, was advancing rapidly on the heavenly plane, his mortal frame was heading with equal speed for the bed of a psychopathic. But he still had a year and a half to go, and to his people he was the First Apostle, before whose flashing eye and violent tongue they quailed with fear. He could still lash the money out of them with words like the following:

> I have a list of all persons in Zion who have made no deposits since I sent out my first command, and I tell you we have no use for them. If they don't show down tomorrow they will be expelled from Zion. . . .

It was not until these poor wretches had been squeezed absolutely dry that they lost their faith.

V

The year 1905 marked Zion's nadir. The industries were at a standstill, the bank tottering. Sickness and hunger were rife. Yet none dared oppose the old man. He shrieked his loudest for tithes and offerings and spent what funds were left on trips to the West Indies for his health. For, despite his doctrine that illness signified a victory by the Devil, he was by now suffering from recurrent paralysis. Early in 1906 he called Wilbur Glenn Voliva, overseer of the work in Australia, and placed him in full charge. He then set out for Monterey, Mexico, to negotiate the purchase of vast areas for the building of his Paradise Plantations, a lush, exotic model of Zion City—notwithstanding the empty treasury at home.

On April 2, 1906, the heavens fell. A long-winded telegram from Voliva and other officers reached him in Mexico, accusing him of "extravagance, hypocrisy, misrepresentations, exaggerations, tyranny and injustice," and expelling him for "polygamous teachings and other grave charges." It also advised him to "quietly retire," on pain of complete exposure. While his retirement was the exact opposite of quiet, the complete exposure was unnecessary, for he was quickly removed by the secular courts and stripped of his titles to all the Zion properties. The mob, true to form, turned on him viciously when he fell. Voliva, Tindall and the others who had smothered him with praises now declaimed that they had known his faults for years.

He was allowed to live in Shiloh House. There he lingered for a year, rapidly failing, but able for a few months to don his mitre and robes and harangue a score or so who, unable to shake off the enchantment, visited him from time to time. Delirium possessed him frequently towards the end. When he died on March 9, 1907, he thought he was "Jerry," an officer leading troops in battle.

It was found that he had driven every industry to the wall and wrecked the bank; about $2,500,000 had been diverted to his own private use. And although the rebels were able to keep the more gruesome skeletons safely in the Zion closets, certain of the "grave charges" were indicated. A feature of Paradise Plantations, it appeared, was to be a seraglio; the First Apostle had secretly approached several likely prospects, much to the dismay of Mrs. Dowie, who waxed loud in denunciation of her husband after his downfall. Burning letters were produced. Moreover, various fair ones of the flock hinted that certain layings on of hands had been less apostolic than amorous. And the library of Shiloh House, worth by various estimates from $12,000 to $40,000, was found to consist largely of rare and very expensive curiosa—an illustrated copy of "Gil Blas," priced at $600, among the items. Finally, there was Voliva's strange discovery:

> It may surprise you to learn that in Shiloh House was the most curious room in America. The Czar of Russia may have one and need one, but who would think there was one in the peaceful city of Zion? We knew there was a room always kept locked and into which Dowie himself went seldom. We entered it today, but to do so we had to batter through two iron doors. The room was like a vault. Light came into the room through a bull's-eye window, the outside of which was protected by heavy iron shutters. Air was admitted through a funnel. There was a bed inside, a bed so curious I cannot attempt to describe it.

A sad, sad business, and no longer mentioned in Zion City. Voliva now rules the town, and by his remarkable managerial efficiency has brought it to prosperity. The cult is again a one-man affair: Voliva has gradually acquired ownership of the Zion properties and businesses. It is said that he is the world's richest holy man—, that the skyrocketing of land values around Zion City has sent his yearly income into the millions.

He teaches that the world is flat, that the sun is less than fifty miles distant, and that the force of gravity is a myth. He also goes in for prophecies of doom, based on the Book of Revelation, but is careful to keep his predictions conveniently hazy. So he may be said to be upholding the best Zion traditions.

PITTSBURGH PEEPS AT THE STARS

BY GEORGE SEIBEL

WHY is it that the pilgrim visiting Pittsburgh, when he takes his pen in hand to record the event, always thinks first of Hell and so covers his pages with infernal synonyms? James Parton started the habit back in 1868, and his libelous "Hell with the lid taken off" was printed in the *Atlantic*. Parton stood on the Bluff, looking over toward the South Side, then known as Birmingham and no doubt very like Gehenna to one who hailed from Canterbury. But exactly thirty-eight years later, in the Summer of 1906, O. Henry was riding with me through the Mt. Washington tunnel in a trolley-car, and as we entered the cool shaft he mopped his forehead and said, "This is the pleasantest place I've struck between El Paso and Hell!" Thus, while the meridian had shifted a trifle, the sulphurous association remained. Perhaps it dates back to the old Scotch-Irish settlers of the region, who brought in the Presbyterian creed and paid off their pastors with firewater.

But the Smoky City has gradually damped its fires and doffed its turban of soot. Rising taxes have had something to do with it, driving foundries and factories to cheaper ground, but the discovery of natural gas did most. Pittsburgh lies in a tract that is an American Baku; puncture the rind of the earth, apply a match, and one may witness a gorgeous display of fireworks. Thus most of the murky clouds generated by soft coal were early banished. But Pittsburgh also lies in a geological ditch, scooped by its two rivers in ages past, and in this ditch the fumes and fogs, from whatever source, linger like a fundamentalist miasma in a paleolithic skull, long after the winds have swept the hills. So the smoke myth still clings to the city's name, and many Pittsburghers are even proud of it; if at all apologetic, they will say that the smoke spells prosperity.

It has spelled prosperity in the past—a prosperity that reveled in tonnage and bank clearings, put the protective tariff among the Beatitudes, and ranked Andrew Carnegie ahead of Emerson. Busy for nearly a century in making millionaires—coal millionaires, steel millionaires, oil millionaires, railroad millionaires—both time and raw materials were lacking for Pittsburgh to turn out art or artists. There is a tradition that Edwin Booth used to be averse to playing in the town's theater for what he called "the red-shirt fraternity"; other players and singers came only reluctantly to reap the harvest of dollars, and scurried away to save their complexions and linen. Did any artist achieve fame who had come from Pittsburgh, the supercilious world sneered that it was a good place to come *from*.

Mais nous avons changé tout cela. At the same time that Pittsburgh was becoming cleaner, her crop of millionaires was ripening, and then came a frantic rush to discover and embrace beauty. The life of a community, in this respect, is exactly like that of a family. Three generations are needed to bring forth an artist. The first generation must lay the firm physical foundation—healthy body and clear head; the second must accumulate wealth, which alone can purchase leisure; in the third generation the artist may be born. The principle is valid despite Chatterton and Harry Thaw, and it is the same in the case

of cities. After an age of pioneering comes financiering, and then beauty. The Medici were warriors and bankers before they became patrons of art.

Pittsburgh has now entered on her third era, like Florence; but instead of Lorenzo the Magnificent she has had only Andrew the Munificent. A city of 2500 mills and factories, a city boasting that its rail and river commerce exceeds London's, can hardly be expected to develop over night into a metropolis of art. Thus Pittsburgh's æsthetic aspirations are still green and in the bud. But they *do* exist. They'll grow bigger by and by, till they reach the dimensions deemed respectable by the Mæcenases who think in tons and dollars. When the Carnegie Institute was dedicated, one of the foreign guests became ill. A colored attendant was sent to bring some whiskey as a restorative. "Get a pint of Large whiskey," he was told. Rushing to the nearest bar—this was in ancient, happy days—, excited and under the spell of superlatives and magnitudes, he called for "a pint ob de largest whiskey you got."

Now Pittsburgh *has* an art, and Pittsburgh *has* a soul. True, to make a great impression, these things must be paraded as the fire department was once shown to a touring Grand Duke from the balcony of his hotel. As the alarm sounded, one after another a dozen engines dashed around the corner from by-streets where they had been waiting for hours. "You have the promptest and most magnificent fire department in the country," said His Serene Highness with the stop-watch.

II

In some such manner Pittsburgh might make an impressive display of her literary lights and artistic aristocracy. She counts Richard Realf and Margaret Deland among her poets, Willa Cather and Mary Roberts Rinehart among her novelists, Stephen C. Foster and Ethelbert Nevin among her musicians, John W. Alexander and C. S. Reinhart among her artists, and Bartley Campbell among her dramatists. But these, after all, were accidents of geography. Pittsburgh, in the past, has not been any too hospitable to the Muses. The habit of hard work was fastened early and incurably upon the founders of her great fortunes. "There's only one of that crew earning his pay," said a visitor in the yard of an iron-foundry, as a dozen men were skidding a heavy casting, "—that old codger at the end." "That," replied the guide, "is Mr. Z——, the principal owner of the mill. He's worth six millions. He was passing through the yard, and gave the men a lift."

Such was the old school of Pittsburgh's plutocracy, but the men of more recent days are differently constituted. Under the tutelage of aspiring wives and ascendant daughters, they have become connoisseurs and patrons. There are still a few who would proclaim from an opera-box, during the Waldweben, that Wagner is damned rot, but they are awed into silence when sober. The most aggressive form their philistinism takes is to snore through a Brahms symphony. The wives and daughters appreciate art, though they may not understand it; in a timid way they endeavor to be doers, not merely hearers. Not many years ago all the music pupils of the town were impelled by purely commercial motives: the singers had unanimous yearnings after church-choir jobs, every patient piano-thumper intended to teach others, and those learning portable instruments sought careers in parade bands and dance orchestras. Today the embryo Pittsburgh musician, at his worst, practices from purely sadistic motives.

There is, of course, often a touch of humor to these cultural yearnings; quick results are always looked for. One proud mamma was telling of her daughter's amazing achievements. Only three lessons at the Art School, and behold this *lovely* fruitpiece! Upon a background of jaundiced gray a disk of sickly yellow. "It's an orange," explained Mater. "Very like an orange," bubbled Polonius in diplo-

matic rapture. He had been wondering whether it was a sunset or a full moon.

But music, perhaps, affords the best barometer of a community's artistic soul. The thousands that throng to the annual flower shows at the Phipps Conservatories might be drawn in equal numbers by a display of prize pumpkins. A chrysanthemum is only a bowdlerized cabbage; a lily but a metaphysical onion. The crowds surrounding Abbey's "Penance of Queen Eleanor" or Bouguereau's "Supper at Emmaus" in the Carnegie Art Gallery may be only manicures wondering what the story is, or Methodists admiring the Saviour's benign expression. Music tells no story, and is more "remote from the physical impulse" than any other of the arts.

By this criterion Pittsburgh's æsthetic growth has been amazing. A quarter century ago the town was still a musical desert. A concert without the Anvil Chorus by the city firemen was doomed to failure. There was one enthusiastic musician, still remembered by the epigoni as Uncle Joe, to whom Pittsburgh owes an incomputable debt. By heroic toil and thrift he would scrape together a few hundred dollars; then he would bring Tamagno, Joseffy, or some other famous and expensive artist, to give a concert before vacant tiers in Old City Hall, a magnified barn. After the concert the artist would depart with a heavy purse, and Uncle Joe would remain with a heavy heart to begin a new hoard.

Years later, when the musical conscience of the city was beginning to stir, some musicians resolved to atone for the sacrifices of this musical Curtius by a benefit concert. A handsome sum was turned over to the beneficiary—and a few days later he contracted to bring in another voracious songbird! The deficit of the second concert swallowed up the proceeds of the first, and left him several hundred dollars in debt. But Uncle Joe's sacrifices have not been all in vain: today there are in Pittsburgh not less than ten thousand people who go to concerts and appreciate the best in music.

III

Many influences worked together to edu cate this very respectable audience. A Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, organ ized in 1895, did valiant service under th baton of Frederic Archer, then of Victo Herbert, finally of Emil Paur. Though dis banded years ago, because the union labe was a nuisance, it can be revived whenev the evangelical clergy of the town wi permit Beethoven on Sunday evenings. Th preachers still have a say as to wha Pittsburghers may listen to on Sundays To safeguard their flocks against the insid ious lure of Mozart and Mendelssohn the had the sponsors of a recent concert pu under arrest. As a result, what may tur out to be another Scopes trial is ahead. I the choral realm, the Mozart Club, with two hundred singers, was organized i 1878, but languished because oratori ceased to be popular, if ever it was. Bu the Pittsburgh-Apollo Male Chorus, num bering about a hundred singers, and th Mendelssohn Choir, with nearly two hun dred, are still flourishing. The Art Society since 1873, has done much for the city b its concerts and exhibitions of pictures And the free organ recitals in Carnegi Music-hall, though the organ *per se* i probably a corrupter of musical taste, hav contributed greatly to elevate the loca taste through the playing of such organ ists as Frederic Archer, Edwin H. Lemare and, during twenty years past, Charle Heinroth. These concerts, twice a week are attended by audiences that averag fifteen hundred and run the gamut fro the school-girl to the mill-worker.

Such concerts are among the few diver sions permitted on the Sabbath day by th Pittsburgh theocracy. That they survive is due to the liberality and liberalism o Andrew Carnegie, who once gave a hun dred dollars to celebrate the birthday o Thomas Paine, and who would never give a church anything but an organ, because "he couldn't agree with what the preache might say, but he could agree with any-

thing the organ said." The Phipps greenhouses also are open on Sundays because Henry Phipps attached that stipulation to his gift of them to the city. How many souls have been damned by gazing on dahlias and rhododendrons on Sunday instead of stained-glass saints and seraphs, only the imagination of a Cotton Mather could conceive.

Returning to Carnegie Music-hall, this citadel of the musical art in Pittsburgh was long its weakest point. The hall will not seat more than two thousand. That imposed prohibitive prices when the programme presented an acquisitive artist like Paderewski or Chaliapin. The Soldiers' Memorial Hall was more spacious, but acoustically it was better suited for the incantations of a swami, and its decorations resemble those of an Egyptian ratskeller. Now there is a Syria Mosque, with ample accommodations for large audiences.

The most important factor in the musical education of the masses hitherto was the Pittsburgh Exposition, a glorified county fair. During the forty days of its annual season, four concerts were given daily by Damrosch's and other symphony orchestras. Classic Night and Symphony Night always drew the largest crowds. Sousa and ragtime did not rouse as much enthusiasm as was shown for the symphonies of Tschaikowsky and Dvořák. It is now orthodox and safe in Pittsburgh to applaud Wagner, and a reputation for musical up-to-dateness can be gained by smacking your lips over Debussy or Richard Strauss. But when an audience could be stirred by César Franck's symphony, first introduced to Pittsburgh at the Exposition concerts, the enthusiasm could certainly not be ascribed to the instinct of conformity nor to musical hypocrisy. Nor could it be traced to the infection of fashion or the itch for display, which are probably the real reason why grand opera is popular.

Everywhere, in those experimental years, the leaven of culture was working. Even church music reached a higher plane. Several churches installed organs that surpass the $30,000 instrument in Carnegie Hall. But this was less significant than the advance in congregational singing; forty years ago Baumbach's old anthem book, with two or three doleful tunes, made the Sabbath day monotonous; nowadays deafness is not necessary to make piety less than a penance. The whole history of Pittsburgh's musical development, indeed, shows that the impulse came from below, rather than from above. J. P. McCollum, conductor and soul of the Mozart Club during a third of a century, was a printer when he founded that organization, and it was founded on the South Side, in the midst of the iron-mills and glass-houses.

Pittsburgh even may boast of a notable array of composers. Beside Stephen C. Foster and Ethelbert Nevin, whose "Swanee River" and "Rosary" are sung everywhere, there may be named Adolph M. Foerster, Arthur Nevin, Harvey B. Gaul, Richard Kountz, T. Carl Whitmer, Vick O'Brien, and Charles Wakefield Cadman. The *Musical Courier* has published weekly tables of American songs appearing on concert programmes all over the land, and those tables have frequently shown more songs by Pittsburgh composers than from all the rest of the country,—mainly because of the popularity of Foster, Nevin, and Cadman, and usually Cadman's name has led all the rest. Twenty years ago this slender lad was writing music critiques for the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, and stringing together melodies that left you wondering how many beefsteaks would make him a Beethoven.

IV

Just as this musical life has been born amid the whir and clang of the workshops, so there is now emerging the promise of a respectable art, like a sunrise out of the quondam smoke and murk. The city had an Art Association over half a century ago, which held its first loan exhibition in 1859 —among the canvases being two Van Dycks, one of which it was deemed advis-

able to label "well authenticated," the other "undoubted." Old Pittsburgh had her artists too, for that embryo salon showed the names of half a dozen, but none of pronounced individuality except David Blythe, whose grotesque cartoons exquisitely colored entitle him to be called both the Hogarth and the Whistler of Pittsburgh.

To a somewhat later era belong George Hetzel, a pleasing landscapist who might be called the Homer of the Cow, and Albert S. Wall, whom fame has passed by in the most unaccountable fashion. Wall died about twenty-five years ago, little known and little appreciated; probably not one of his pictures has gone outside of Pittsburgh; yet I believe that some day he will be ranked as one of the ablest landscape artists of America. His best things will compare with almost anything by Diaz or Rousseau. John W. Alexander, one of the foremost Pittsburgh portraitists, and C. S. Reinhart among illustrators, achieved reputations national, even international. Henry Ossawa Tanner, the Boecklin of the African race, was born in Pittsburgh. Mary Cassatt, whom a French critic has put next to Whistler, was born in Pittsburgh. Martin B. Leisser has painted the portrait of Eugene V. Debs with revelatory genius. Jasper Lawman, A. Bryan Wall, Eugene A. Poole, Arthur Sparks, George Sotter and others have done excellent work. Then there is a coterie of younger men, both painters and sculptors—some at home, some in Paris or Munich—in whose promise the city's future art seems to find an assured hope. One of these young men, Malcolm Parcell, may be the Keats of American painters.

It takes less time to buy pictures than to paint them, and so, considering the brief years since Pittsburgh has emerged from the obloquy of Parton's fuliginous libel, the city has accumulated quite a catalogue of art treasures. I know of seven Corots and five Gainsboroughs, two Van Dycks and two Rembrandts. Fine collections have been made by A. M. Byers, H. C. Frick, Charles Lockhart, J. M. Schoonmaker, I T. Watson, H. K. Porter, L. C. Phipp Charles Donnelly, Mrs. William Tha J. J. Vandergrift, John Caldwell, Herbe Dupuy, George and H. H. Westinghou and others. There are in Pittsburgh hu dreds of canvases by Millet, Murillo, R bens, Turner, Dupré, Breton, Rousseau Cazin, Frans Hals, Constable, Rosa Bo heur, Constant, Daubigny, Raeburn, D taille, Abbey, Diaz, Gérôme, Jacque, Lan seer, Alma-Tadema, Lenbach, Troyo Bouguereau and Vibert. The permane collection of the Carnegie Art Gallery a ready numbers about three hundred pain ings. The gallery was visited by 300,0 last year, more than the Metropolitan the Boston Museum. When some of th Pittsburgh millionaires are translated b yond this realm of moth and rust, th Carnegie Gallery may profit much.

Undeniably there is a certain savor the *nouveau riche* about the city's artist pretensions. Some startling *coup* was r quired to make the incredulous world b lieve the incredible—that this iron cau dron would belch a challenge to Mila and Munich. Carnegie with his millio made that *coup* possible. In 1895 Pittsburg opened the first really international a exhibition in America. A few paintings b foreign artists had been exhibited in Phila delphia and St. Louis salons, but no con sistent and determined effort had been pu forth to secure an international participa tion of the world's artists. Carnegie emissary invaded Naples, Rome, Florence Venice, Milan, Vienna, Munich, Dresden Berlin, Paris, the Hague, Amsterdam, Lon don, Glasgow and Edinburgh. Unluckily the creation of foreign advisory commit tees, and the election of the internationa juries by the competing artists, has re sulted in the selection of prize-winner that every year lead the enlightened lay man to wonder why and what next. Bu the aberrations of art juries are them selves educational, and every art collec tion ought to have one picture by Osca Kokoschka as an awful example. Pitts

urgh's artistic impulses have been vivi-ed and vitalized even by the ugliest statue n America, that of Edward M. Bigelow n Schenley Park. He was its Father.

In the city's architecture there is yet vident that hankering after the largest whiskey which now moves the town uni-ersity to plan a Cathedral of Learning hat will make the Tower of Babel look ike a Ford garage. Still, wealth has en-isted the service of beauty in many ways, even in office hives. The Union Trust Building has a haunting air of the Gothic. Frank D. Millet actually painted a Grecian Harvest Festival among the lunettes for he Bank of Pittsburgh, or was it Edwin H. Blashfield? For the stained-glass win-low of the palatial Frick Building, La Farge designed Progress, that decorously decorative lady who is own sister to Prosperity. Their children, by various li-aisons, are in the homes of many wealthy Pittsburghers; for Pittsburgh is not merely what one sees from the windows of a Pullman, nor the pathetic scrapings of a social survey, nor the slag-pile of Vulcan's smithy. There are immortal stirrings per-ceptible to the ear of hope.

V

Literature, less ostensive, has hardly kept pace with music and painting, though the gradual growth of the reading habit, as a result of the Carnegie Library system, with its ten or twelve branches and an annual circulation of more than a million vol-umes, is gradually developing a writing habit, especially among the second genera-tion of Russian and Italian invaders hated by true Kleagles. There may be a Heine in this Ghetto or a Petrarch hawking ba-nanas. But great writers have been few in Pittsburgh's past. Richard Realf might have been a renowned poet: his life was as tragical, his verse as melodious, as Poe's—but he went west and his sun set. Jane Grey Swisshelm had greater genius and zeal than Harriet Beecher Stowe: she might have written "Uncle Tom's Cabin" better, but she wrote too soon. Yet three names eminent in fiction have risen in Pittsburgh—those of Margaret Deland, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Willa Cather.

Mrs. Rinehart put humanity and humor into the metallic mechanism of the mys-tery story. Mrs. Deland transfigured the rigor of old-fashioned Calvinism in char-acters like John Ward and Doctor Laven-dar. And Willa Cather, whom Colonel McClure lured from her English classes in the Pittsburgh high-school, sheds a mild retrospective radiance upon the city where she began as telegraph editor on the old *Leader*. If Miss Cather has usurped the throne of Edith Wharton, and is the most consummate prose artist in our America, she learned that magic rite in Pittsburgh, in a little cenacle that used to plow through Balzac, Gautier, Daudet, France, Bourget, Rostand, Verlaine, even dipping into turbid tarns like Hauptmann and Nietzsche. As Miss Cather has attained the most significant artistic success in recent American literature, so that other Pitts-burgher, Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, has tapped the most prolific reservoirs of cash. Her annual income would make Babe Ruth throw away his bat.

There have been, there are, other Pitts-burgh authors. The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady was a most industrious producer of thrilling adventure, as a side-line to his less thrilling sermons. Arthur Stanwood Pier, beside fiction for old and young, wrote essays of true Stevensonian urbanity. John Reed Scott almost beat Anthony Hope to imaginary lands of peril and ladies passing fair. Henry Russell Miller wrote novels of the strenuous uplift. Wil-liam Kountz in "Billy Baxter's Letters" showed George Ade the way to fame. Samu-el Harden Church has written a "Life of Cromwell" that has passed through seven or eight editions. Henry Jones Ford wrote his "Rise and Growth of American Poli-tics" in Pittsburgh; William Milligan Sloane began his "Napoleon" there. Wal-ter McClintock's "Old North Trail" is the best book about the American Indian since

Grinnell; and Hervey Allen in his "Israfel" has done for Edgar Allan Poe what Amy Lowell did for John Keats.

In the theatre, Bartley Campbell was the Belasco and Sophocles of his day; plays like "The White Slave" and "My Partner" still tap lachrymal torrents in the hinterland. Edward Locke was a glass-blower, and Allan Davis is a lawyer, but both have produced plays of performance and promise. Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman are Pittsburgh expatriates, so are Fred Jackson and Ida Vera Simonton; all may be claimed for Pittsburgh, just as Shakespeare belongs to Stratford.

W. J. Holland, author of a "Butterfly Book" and a "Moth Book," would be accounted a scientist rather than a literary man; so would Samuel Pierpont Langley, who wrote his "New Astronomy" in Pittsburgh just before he went as secretary to the Smithsonian Institution; but few will question the literary claims, such as they are, of the Book of Mormon, which Sydney Rigdon and Prophet Joe Smith are supposed to have cooked up from the Rev. Solomon Spaulding's archeological romance, perhaps in Patterson's old printing-office. That was in the days of Nephilim, Millerites, and Alexander Campbell; Pittsburgh must have something in common with Patmos, for here Pastor Russell also sat in his watch tower and descried the new advent of the Messiah, who is still supposed to be in hiding somewhere.

He may start forth from Pittsburgh, for Pittsburgh is a fine starting-place. Audubon started on his wedding-trip from there, floating down the Ohio in an open keelboat. Nicolaus Lenau, the unhappy German poet, started from there after the bitter Winter of 1832, to found a home in the Ohio wilderness, but stayed in America only long enough to write a poem about Niagara. Old Pittsburgh must have been an attractive place, as Bayard Taylor liked to lecture there, and Emerson, on a similar mission in the 60's, in contempt of the almanac came a week too soon, a like a true philosopher put in the wh week seeing the sights. There were sig even later; Robert Louis Stevenson, i restaurant near the Union Station, saw first Negro. From the days of Fort D quesne to the days of Fort Frick, there h been abundant romantic interest in t town, which authors from elsewhere ha recognized. Gwendolen Overton's "C tains of the World" revolved around t Homestead strike, and Meredith Nich son's "Lords of High Decision" was to an allegory of Pittsburgh's regeneratio But what would a Dumas have made the Biddle Boys, who eloped from j with the warden's wife; and what wou Scott have drawn from the Whiskey Ins rection—the one of 1794?

Judge Brackenridge, Pittsburgh's H rodotus, writing in the *Gazette* duri 1781, had an ecstatic vision of the city future. "When the poet comes," he e claimed on Herr's Island, "with his c chanting song, to pour his magic numbe on this scene, this little island may asp to live with those in the Ægean Sea, wh the song of Homer drew the image delight."

This little island is now the site stockyards, where squealing pigs are bor to the slaughter on an endless chain; y hope might still cling to Brackenridge vision, if only he had selected some oth Delos. A day may come when Pittsburg will send forth an epic of industrialism- soot and smoke translated into life a beauty. Before that day comes the o Pittsburgh may be gone, with its trad tions of grime and hustle, its reflectio and reverberations of Hell, and in its ge graphical niche may be a new Pittsburg a city of leisure and beauty, where Be thoven has triumphed over John Kno and where the children of mill-worker a millionaire together enjoy the harvest dreams sown in bitterness and long d ferred.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

LUGUBRIOUS reflection of Pastor E. G. Byrd, of the Simpson Methodist Church of Birmingham, as reported by the eminent *Post* of that great city:

> We churches are spending so much money on foreign missions that we are peopling Heaven with the Chinese and Africans, leaving Hell to be populated by Americans.

SINISTER public notice in the eminent Florence *Times-News:*

> NOTICE!
>
> Some skunk in human form, with the morals of a crocodile and the conscience of an alligator, has been cutting my auto tires with a knife. I will pay a reward of $100 for his name or the name of the one who is responsible. I don't ask his arrest or conviction. All I wish is the name and reasonable proof.
>
> E. B. MARSHALL

ARIZONA

DR. WILLIAM J. TUCKER, professor of English at the State university, as reported by the Tucson *Citizen:*

> Bryan was one of the greatest men ever produced.

CALIFORNIA

THE HON. FRANK WALLER ALLEN, speaking in the Church of the "Truth," of Pasadena, as reported by the *Star-News:*

> He [Jesus] was the world's supreme salesman.

THE worship of God in Los Angeles the damned, as revealed by an ecclesiastical announcement in the eminent *Times:*

BOB SHULER BOTH HOURS

TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH
(Corner 12th and Flower)
Services Broadcast Over KGEF, 516.9 Meters,

11 A.M.—"Deadly Poison on the Printed Page"
7:30 P.M.—"Harvesting Souls in Los Angeles"

PRELUDE:

A. The Secrets of a Baby Farm.
B. Should the Sale of Certain Rubber Goods to High-school Students Be Prohibited by Law?
C. Are Our High-school Boys Carrying Flasks on Their Hips?
D. What is the Secret of This Sudden Swing toward Depravity?
E. What is the Remedy?

WANT AD in the San Francisco *Examiner:*

> FOUND—K. K. K. emblem; valuable. Apply Monsignor Rogers, St. Patrick's Church.

THE HON. CARLOS G. WHITE, of Oakland, international governor of extension of the Loyal Knights of the Round Table:

> The development of the luncheon-friendship club movement is the most notable and significant social advancement of the Twentieth Century.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FROM the advertising columns of the Washington *Herald:*

> Spend $1.00 for complete copy of the testimony on Spiritualism, by the late
>
> HARRY HOUDINI
>
> Also the full views of Remigius Weiss, Dr. Jane B. Coates, H. P. Strack, Rose Mackenburg, the Duncan C. Fletcher, Albert H. Terry and many other Spiritualists
>
> ROOM 201, 1405 I ST., N.W.
>
> HEATING PLUMBING ROOFING

FLORIDA

WANT AD in the St. Augustine *Evening Record:*

> WANTED—Colored dishwasher, must be thin. Benbow Tavern, 33 Aviles st.

GEORGIA

SCIENTIFIC circular distributed in Atlanta, the cultural capital of the South:

LOOK WHO IS HERE!!

DR. SHELLY

WHO IS CALLED TO THE CITY BY SPECIAL REQUEST

The Man of a Thousand Wonders. He was born in America; educated in Occult Mysteries.

He brings never-failing help in all affairs of human life, such as Business, Love, Marriage, Divorce, Law Suits, Losses, Exchanges, Speculations, Investments, Deeds, Wills, Stocks,

Bonds, and Journeys. He gives advice in Oil Mining and Mineral Claims on lands thousands of miles away. He never fails to control the thought, mind and attention of any one, no matter how far away they may be. He never fails to bring about Speedy Marriage with the One of Your Choice.

He also Discovers the Earth's Lost Treasures. You may live in a mansion, or it may be in a hut, you may have every luxury that gold can buy, but you seek peace, love, happiness, and contentment—the very things intended for you.

Remember, you can come to him with trouble that you cannot carry to father, mother, brother, sister, or friends. Why not know the truth? Dr. Shelly guarantees to heal all kinds of Sickness, remove Evil Influences, cast off Spells, remove your Enemies, change the condition of your entire life so that you can make money faster than ever before.

Why worry, as worry makes you old and unattractive, and takes away your personal charm? It shortens your life and wrecks your health! If you are worried, troubled or discouraged in any affairs of human life, consult the great Clairvoyant.

NOTICE!

Prof. Shelly guarantees to cure all forms of diseases without knife or drug. He guarantees a complete cure and satisfaction to all who visit him. Remember, he was born in America and was educated in India Occult School of Mysteries. He has cured many cases of Cancer, Tuberculosis of the Lungs and Bones, Tumor, and thousands of other diseases which bring on instant death.

DR. SHELLY

204 VINE ST. NEAR ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

ILLINOIS

SCIENTIFIC advertisement in the Chicago *Tribune:*

FOR SALE—A book that deals with the evolution of the ape family up to the time that the apes become as perfect as man; the book is interesting to read; 35c a copy. 542 N. State-st.

ANNOUNCEMENT of a new science in the same journal:

Here is a wonderful opportunity for you. G. E. Marchand, said to be the highest paid business coach in America, the man who has shown thousands of ambitious men and women how to turn their ability into cash, is in Chicago for a limited time and will tell you about the scientific way to get a better position and a bigger income through

"Eye Drinking"

the newly discovered principle that is helping thousands of men and women to wealth, power and happiness. In his Free Lectures, Mr. Marchand will explain how his short course of paid classes will show you the practical way to get

Advancement at once—
The one scientific secret that makes men rich
How to express yourself to win
How to get others to help you succeed
How to get a better position
How to get ten times more results with no extra effort
How to have 100% confidence in yourself
How to get in a paying business for yourself
How to be a leader and successful salesman
How to increase your income
How to become popular and powerful
How to protect your money-making ideas
How to make your box-office pay

The broad road from the eye to the brain is 22 times as large as the path from the ear. If you want to make progress at once—if you are impatient with drudgery and slow pay—see the demonstration of this amazing "Eye Drinking" principle. It will multiply your learning power 22 times. It will open your eyes and mind to a new world. Mr. Marchand will show you how you can get the proved secrets of success 22 times faster than by the ordinary, slow "in-one-ear-and-out-the-other" method. There is nothing mysterious about "Eye Drinking" once you know its secret. It is so simple that you can put it to work for you the very day you see it. And you will begin to profit at once.

FROM a reader of the *Daily Northwestern* the university journal:

Chairman Editorial Board:

DEAR SIR:

You are being quoted with reference to cigarette smoking girls at your university. I do not know what your attitude is. But any cigarette smoking female is either a prostitute in fact or a potential prostitute, and is so looked upon by people of sense anywhere.

I know all about colleges and universities, particularly several very large institutions; also, I know the product that they turn out. And this public is going to wake up some day to the colossal fake and hypocritical pretense of it, and simply pull them down.

The massing of large numbers of boys or girls, or both, for alleged educational purposes, under a lot of pussy-footing, money-making, intellectual and moral crooks and nincompoops, is a fatal failure in every sense; except the teaching of dissolute habits.

The boys and girls who stay around these corrupting places any length of time come through the most ill-mannered, cheeky, good-for-nothing specimens of moral and intellectual, often financial, crookedness that it is possible to find on American soil.

Cigarette smoking girls should get the soft edge of a bed-slat back in the woodshed. The elders who humor, condone or encourage such dissolutions should be put in stocks where every kind who runs can spit on them the rest of their lives.

C. W. SMYTH

SUGGESTION for a new slavery by an eminent constitutional student of Evanston, as reported by the Chicago *American:*

> If Mrs. Ella A. Boole, of Evanston, national president of the W. C. T. U., has her way American travelers abroad will be compelled to observe the Volstead law. She intends to demand of the authorities at Washington that they refuse to grant passports to persons who refuse to subscribe to an obligation to observe the American Prohibition law while abroad. Her argument is this: The dry law is part of the Constitution of the United States; persons obtaining passports must swear to support the Constitution; *ergo*, if they drink while abroad, they violate the oath of allegiance and therefore are not entitled to travel privileges. Mrs. Boole recently stated that virtually complete enforcement of the dry law had been attained in the United States, notwithstanding reports to the contrary.

FROM the bulletin of courses of the Summer session at the State university:

> *S10a. Baseball Theory.*—Lectures on the theory of batting; base-running; proper methods of fielding each position; team-work and coaching methods; study of the rules; and general study of fundamentals. TTS, 1. (1.)
>
> Professor LUNDGREN
>
> *S12a. Basketball Theory.*—Instruction will be given in basketball with the idea of fitting men to coach. The course will cover passing, goal-throwing, dribbling, team-play, conditioning a team, and the different styles of play used by the leading coaches. MFW, 10. (1.)
>
> Mr. RUBY
>
> *S13a. Football Theory.*—The theoretical work will take up the rules from the standpoint of coaches, players, and officials; the several styles of offense and defense with consideration of their special strengths and weaknesses; generalship and strategy; training; conditioning, and player's equipment. MWF, 8, 9. (2.)
>
> Mr. OLANDER

IOWA

WHAT it means to be a schoolma'am in the rising town of Paton:

> School teachers in the consolidated school here must attend church at least once each Sunday, and must remain in town on two Sundays of each month of the school year, the Board of Education has decreed.

KANSAS

PROGRESS of jurisprudential science in Wichita, as related by an Associated Press dispatch from that flourishing metropolis:

> Conversation between a dog and his mistress was admitted as evidence in an arson trial in District Court here Friday.
>
> Mrs. Blanche Craig, whose barn southwest of Furley, Kan., was burned, in describing how she was informed of the fire, said: "I was awakened by the dog fussing in the yard. I went to the door and he told me to come on. He said to hurry up; that there was something wrong. I argued with him. I said there was nothing to be excited about, but he kept on insisting that I come out. Finally, he got awfully excited and said that if I did not come quickly it would be too late. Then, I went to the barn and found it afire."
>
> In spite of strenuous objections Judge I. N. Williams admitted the testimony.

KENTUCKY

FROM the catalogue of studies of Bethel College, the pride and glory of Russellville:

> *Missions 23.* . . . It is hoped that this course will beget or deepen the impression that the missionary enterprise is the biggest business in the world. Spring term, five hours.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals scores a triumph in Lynn, as revealed by the celebrated Boston *Transcript:*

> Mayor Ralph S. Bauer of Lynn today announced that he will not permit any vaudeville act or any theater entertainment which makes light of the Volstead Act or of any other State or Federal regulation. The announcement was made as the result of complaint of a skit at a Lynn theater entitled "Senator Murphy" in which fun was poked at the Prohibition laws. The management complied with a request from the mayor's office that the act be withdrawn.

MICHIGAN

HYMENEAL news from the eminent Stephenson *Journal:*

> The groom was faultlessly apparelled in a blue-serge suit with trousers and vest to match, a starched shirt with pleated bosom and a striped red and blue tie, while his only ornaments were plain gold cuff-buttons and a gold watch chain with a charm. Under his right arm he carried a natty straw hat of the latest style and weave with a marine blue hat-band. He was clean-shaven and recently trimmed, while his features reflected deep thought. His feet were clad in well-polished Florsheims, which just merely showed black silk Holeproofs. A solitary carnation with fern spray background lent the finishing touch to the correctness of the groom's ensemble.

LITERARY news item from Kalamazoo:

> A special election at which time the people will vote on a proposal to approve an ordinance giving William Shakespeare, Jr., a franchise to use the streets and alleys of the City of Kalama-

200 for pipes and conduits of a central heating plant, will be held Tuesday.

MINNESOTA

THE REV. ALVIN J. LEE, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Mankato, as reported by the *Free Press* of that town:

Our Master spent much time in recreation. Christ Jesus was an expert recreator.

PIOUS hope of a Solid Citizen of Springfield, as expressed in an advertisement in the *Feed Bag*, published in Milwaukee:

WHEN I DIE—

Let Them Cut These Words on My Monument:

"HE DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO MAKING WHITE SWAN FLOUR AND FEED SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS."

F. A. RUENITZ, *President*,
SPRINGFIELD MILLING COMPANY, INC.
Springfield, Minnesota

MISSISSIPPI

NEWS item in the *Greene County Herald*, published at Peakesville:

Friends of Little Billy McLeod, (son of B. W. McLeod) is very ill with bhronicle phnemonia; and they all wish him a seedy recovery.

MISSOURI

MIRACLE reported in the *Vincentian*, published by the Vincentian Fathers of St. Louis:

On the tenth of this month I was taken sick with an attack of gall-bladder trouble. I tried many remedies without getting any relief; in the meantime I had pinned my Miraculous Medal where the pain was and in a couple of hours I fell asleep without having to get a doctor. I trust this will encourage others to petition Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal.

MRS. J. P.

NEBRASKA

THE progress of theological scholarship in Omaha:

With the aid of stereopticon slides and the citation of recent scientific discoveries, the Rev. O. G. Bellah, of the Memorial Seventh Day Adventist Church here, hopes to prove conclusively that Jonah actually lived three days and three nights inside a whale. He has billed his lecture as "Jonah's Modern Apartment Inside the Whale." "It was not necessarily a whale," he explains. "It might have been a sea monster many times the size of a whale. I have slides to prove that it is possible that Jonah was able to stand up and walk around inside the whale. There was plenty of room. Of course, it was dark, and he had no food and no water, even though he did have a soft bed and plenty of fresh air."

WANT AD in the Lincoln *Journal:*

WANTED—A quiet girl for five or six forenoons per week at 35c per hour. Work consists of about an hour's typing daily (simple letter writing without stenography, billing, etc.). The remaining work consists of labeling microscopic slides and aiding in their production. Applicant must have the following qualifications: a liking for handwork and fairly nimble fingers; neatness and willingness to take pains; good eyesight and some previous experience in hand employments such as needlework, drawing, scientific laboratory work, or the like. Some proof of ability must be submitted—a piece of hand sewing or fancy work, or perhaps a scientific notebook. We also suggest the following. Take several sheets of unruled paper. Without the use of ruler lay them off in squares about one inch across. With the finest pen you have, write your name, address and phone number in six of the squares. We wish to see if you can take pains. In the other squares draw, free hand, any kind of diagrams, squares, triangles, etc., etc. We are not after artistic ability but just the use of hand and eye. All work submitted will be returned within one week. The following people should not apply. Those who "do not really need the work"; those "just curious to see what it is like"; those "just wanting a little work for a few weeks." We are looking for as permanent a helper as we can get provided the person is really adapted to the work. Finally, those should not trouble us who are addicted to habitual conversation. We are friendly at the laboratory, and other cultivated workers are always present, but conversation is incompatible with delicate work. This ad will run several days. Address, Powers & Powers, 2751 Garfield st., Lincoln, Neb.

NEW JERSEY

THE HON. JAMES W. HICKEY, an eminen labor leader of Atlantic City, writes to th *Daily Press* of that sinful town:

The bricklayers cannot be overpaid. . . . The bricklayers are engaged in a most noble work (the building of homes), and their contribution to society is just as great as. if not greater than, that of the business or professional men.

WORDS of a duet sung from the pulpit o the Church of the Redeemer, Broad an Hill streets, Newark, by Mary and Mar garet Gibbs, Siamese twins:

Don't feel sorry for us, don't give us your sympathy.
We have a mother and a kind, loving God, too;
We're cared for, they love us both true.
We pity the blind, the sick and the lame and so many folk we hear are in pain.
Believe us, we're happy, content as can be.
We'll just tell you why and hope you'll agree.

Chorus

There's a reason for everything living. There's
a reason why everything dies.
There's a reason why God up in Heaven
watches all of us under His skies,
And that same God who piles up the moun-
tains, that same God who dug out the seas,
Had a very good reason for sending us here,
watching our health and giving us cheer.
So smile, be our friend, because in the end
There's a reason for everything here.

NEW YORK

How the centenary of Beethoven's death was celebrated at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, as described by Richard L. Stokes, in the *Evening World:*

The andante of the Fifth Symphony was utilized as an offertory and its melodies were punctuated by the clink of coins in the plate. . . . A resolute effort was made to enlist Beethoven among the saints, despite the known fact of the malady which caused his deafness. A clergyman of the diocese, in a preliminary address, held up as a model for present-day novelists and dramatists the circumstance that Beethoven's music had no traffic with sex in its erotic phase. The speaker mentioned the two prayers, copied from unknown sources, which were found in the composer's handwriting among his effects after his death. Bishop Manning pronounced one of these prayers from the altar and, unless these ears were deceived, interpolated the name of Jesus—a personage unmentioned by Beethoven.

The Rev. L. C. Hofer, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, of Poughkeepsie, as reported by the *Eagle-News:*

Mr. Hofer characterized the accomplishment of the Eighteenth Amendment as the greatest event of the Twentieth Century and compared it to the discovery of America by Columbus, to the Reformation, to the American Revolution and to the freeing of the slaves.

Patriotic work of a Greenpoint, L. I., divine, as disclosed by the eminent *Herald-Tribune:*

In a comprehensive movement to rejuvenate the animal husbandry of Greece, a shipment of prize pigs was sent to Greece yesterday on the steamship *Coeur d' Alène*. The shipment was blessed by Father Lazaris, of the Greek Orthodox Church, of Greenpoint.

NORTH CAROLINA

Specimen of lush Neo-Confederate Prose from the laboratory of the dean of the editorial corps at Wilson:

The elegant home of the sparkling little jewel, Miss Elsie Moore, who is as pretty as a picture and as bright as an icicle and as pure as a dewdrop and as sweet as a flower, was a sparkling scene of radiant loveliness last night, for this beautiful little maiden and her handsome and magnificently-formed sister had invited a number of their friends to assemble in honor of the beautiful and bewitching Miss Neda Taylor and the charming and fascinating Miss Rosalie Setzer, who are now dispensing their charms and witcheries in Wilson and making so many hearts ache with their intoxicating graces. And we fancy that as our handsome and gallant young lads looked down into the radiant deeps of such sparkling eyes—eyes whose faintest glimmer would make the glistening skies of blooming midnight pale with envy, turn and no more let their feeble torches burn—yes, we fancy that these young boys felt that Cupid had come to their young hearts on a mission as sweet as odors come when vernal breezes and passionate sunbeams woo and kiss the budding flowers and make them breathe the fragrance of Springtime's richest bowers.

NORTH DAKOTA

Business advertisement in the Columbus *Reporter:*

YOUNG PEOPLE—TAKE NOTICE

I, the undersigned, have secured a limited number of cook-books, containing about 700 recipies for cooking, baking, canning and candy-making. Published by the most experienced cooks in the State of North Dakota.

Any couple that I marry after this will receive one of said books as a present, as long as the supply will last.

J. L. Finke,
County Judge.

OHIO

Medical advertisement in the *Times-Recorder*, of Zanesville:

EVANGELIST R. BROWNING,
Salvation and Healing Campaign

Appendicitis, goitre, fits and other diseases healed in Zanesville by the Lord Jesus, through the ministry of the evangelist. Bring the sick and suffering. Every night this month at 7:30 p. m., Church of Jesus, Spring and Monroe.

Medical news sent to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* by its Mansfield correspondent:

In a tiny office in a corner of a small farm on the outskirts of Mansfield, Edward Sorgen ministers to the afflicted, who come in flivvers and luxurious limousines from near and far. The office is too small to hold but a fraction of the scores and often hundreds who line up to await his treatment. Sometimes there are so many that he has to pass out numbered slips to insure that all take their turns.

He told how he cured ruptures. The patient is taken into a woods to a hard oak, which is certain not to be cut down until the cure is ac-

complished. The patient is then placed on the north side of the tree, Sorgen on the east and a disinterested person on the west. All join hands, with the healer and the third person grasping the tree. After a few words, the rupture is bared, and everything is prepared for the mystical rites. First, a square of the bark of the tree is cut with a chisel. Then several hairs from the patient's head are cut off. The bark is moved quickly from the tree and touched rapidly to the rupture; then the hairs are inserted between the trunk of the tree and the piece of bark, which is placed exactly where it came from the tree. All is nailed fast with three nails. If the tree is not struck by lightning or cut down before the cure is completed, the patient gets well in due time, Sorgen asserts. This depends somewhat on the way in which the rupture was caused, he explained. A rupture caused by a wrench is more easily cured than one caused by lifting a heavy object, he believes.

OKLAHOMA

THE HON. RALPH W. EVERETT, chairman of the Christian Science committee on publication for Oklahoma, in the celebrated Muskogee *Phoenix:*

Christian Science appeals to the mind. It teaches one to think.

PENNSYLVANIA

WANT AD in the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

WANTED—Position, consecrated Christian, plumber, general mechanic, middle-aged. Prot.; Christ'n institu'n and surr'gs rather than high wages. H. W. J., 111 E. Chelten av.

REPORT of a miracle in Hazleton:

Ten thousand persons, it was estimated, visited the home of Angelo Greco today, to see the miracle that has appeared on a widow-shade in the kitchen of the home. Members of the Greco family state it is a manifestation of the divine hearing of prayers for a sick member of the household. The figure is on the inside of the curtain. The rays of the sun illuminate the picture, which appears in the form of the accepted figure of the Redeemer. The facial expression is perfect, the eyes can be seen, the beard, long locks of hair and robes flowing to the feet are to be discerned, while at the breast there is a darker spot shaped like a heart. The Rev. Fr. Catino, curate of the Roman Catholic Church of the Most Precious Blood, expressed the thought that it was a "miracle in nature." He blessed the curtain.

TENNESSEE

NEWS of the sacerdotal life in Nashville, as reported by the illustrious *Tennesseean:*

Unable to provide for his family on the funds he received from preaching the Gospel, Morgan Hayes, who claims to be a Baptist circuit minister from the Jingo vicinity, in Williamson county, took up the profession of making white corn whisky, he told Federal officers late Friday, who arrested him with two others in a raid on a wildcat still.

"I have been a preacher for several years, but it does not pay, and for that reason I started making whisky," Hayes told the officers. "My family could not live on the money I received as a minister of the Gospel."

TEXAS

NEWS of the Texas learned world, fro the *Alcade*, published by the alumni the State university:

Dr. J. A. Fitzgerald, professor of business administration, has become a Rotarian.

LITERARY labors of an eminent jurist this great Christian State:

RAY SCRUGGS

JUDGE COUNTY COURT AT LAW NO. 2
HARRIS COUNTY

Houston, Tex

DEAR SIR:

Having been frequently called upon to make public addresses, after-dinner speeches, and otherwise, I fully realize the desirability of an appropriate story to fit the occasion.

I have compiled an assortment of select after-dinner stories and jokes, many of them applicable to your profession. Considerable time has been spent and much reading done, in order to select the very best and most amusing stories out of thousands. The book is entitled "Five Hundred Laughs."

If you are called upon at any time to speak, I believe you will find this assortment of value. Aside from its utility in this respect it would be well worth your while to have these stories for the amusement of yourself and friends.

The book contains a comprehensive CLASSIFIED INDEX, and the arrangement is such that you can locate the desired material in the least possible time and without the necessity of reading the entire book, as is usually the case with after-dinner story books, every time you desire to pick out a story to fit your requirement.

The book is being printed on HIGH CLASS PAPER, bound in BEAUTIFUL LOADSTONE COVER, and will be off the press and ready for distribution within a few days.

Use the enclosed order blank and return envelope, with remittance of $1.00 in currency, money order or personal check, and the book will be mailed you postpaid.

Sincerely yours,
RAY SCRUGGS.

UTAH

ETHICO-LEGAL pronunciamento by the di tinguished *Deseret News:*

Any writer who directly or indirectly encourages the use of cigarettes is a menace and should be barred from the public prints.

PRISONER OF WAR NO. 3598

BY ERICH POSSELT

On July 17, 1918, I wrote a poem. It wasn't a very good poem and it was decidedly not for publication—just a few verses for my own amusement, satirizing an institution dear to the 100% Americans of the time. Two days later I was arrested. The Department of Justice, making its twelfth visit to my home in the course of twelve months, discovered the dangerous scrap of paper, and found it sufficient reason to put me into solitary confinement at the Raymond Street Jail in Brooklyn, as an enemy alien and "potentially dangerous."

After eleven days I was transferred to the Mercer County Jail at Trenton, N. J. where, in the company of a dozen others, I was housed in a cellar—four large, damp, vaulted rooms, officially known as a detention camp. Two months afterwards I was called to New York for a hearing; but when I arrived, shackled to a deputy sheriff, I was informed that a hearing was not necessary, and was returned to Trenton. Another month passed, and word came from Washington that I was to be released. Instead, the next morning the warden arrived with a paper announcing that six of us—among them I—were to be transferred to the War Prison Barracks No. 2 at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., "for the duration of the war."

Two days later I was on my way South and, after a long and weary train-ride arrived at Chattanooga. Trolleys carried us through Chickamauga Park, and when dusk came we found ourselves in Fort Oglethorpe. The next morning showed us the camp—the barren streets which turned into groundless morasses when it rained, the drab, gloomy barracks, and the hundreds of prisoners milling around. We were led inside the double wire-fence, lined up before the office, breakfasted, inoculated, finger-printed, counted, examined, inoculated again, and so made pleasantly aware of the fact that we were P.O.W.'s and had no rights in either law or equity.

After these formalities were over, I took a walk and soon encountered my good friend Hanns Heinz Ewers, the well-known German poet and story-teller. He was clad in the conventional camp-garb—BVD's, a pair of shoes, and (in his case) a monocle. He led me out to the farthest corner of the campus, and close to the dead-line he stopped before a hole in the ground from which two sticks protruded. Solemnly he stirred the contents of the hole with the two sticks, raised his hands, palms outward, before his eyes, bowed deeply and blinked into the sun. He repeated this ceremony a few times, hushing me every time I asked him what it was all about. Then he knelt down, spat into the hole, and folded his hands as if in prayer. He paid no more attention to the crowd which, meanwhile, had gathered around him than he did to me. I felt the horrible conviction creep over me that poor Ewers had gone mad.

After about five minutes of this strange devotion, he picked up his monocle, which he had deposited on the ground, thrust it into his eye, made a last deep bow and joined the ring-a-rosy of prisoners plodding around the camp. In a whisper he then explained to me that the hole contained a dead toad, and that if one prayed

to it every day one would be released soon. He admonished me earnestly to do so if I actually wanted to return home.

This was my first intimation of the effects of life in a prison camp upon even the most civilized and rational internes.

II

The War Prison Camp of Fort Oglethorpe consisted of a huge, somewhat hilly plot of land approximately a mile square. The entire area was surrounded by two barbed-wire fences, about ten feet high. Every other post to which the wire was fastened carried an electric lamp. Outside the camp, at an approximate distance from each other of one hundred feet, were tripod watch-towers, double the height of the fence itself. Each of these towers held a search-light, a telephone, a machine-gun and a soldier. At stated intervals during the entire day and night the telephone rang, much to the distress of those prisoners who slept lightly; at intervals of two hours each the soldiers were relieved; when it was foggy, which occurred not infrequently, a board-walk connecting the various watch-towers was patrolled, round and round. And when—as again happened quite often—the electric lights went out, a detachment of soldiers came running from their barracks surrounding the camp, and began rushing around it in both directions to prevent escapes.

Inside the wire there were really two camps. One, the smaller and more exclusive, was Camp A, the "millionaires' camp," with three barracks, subdivided into small rooms, and a small mess-hall. Here the wealthier prisoners, who paid for their own upkeep, had their own servants and cooks, recruited from among the German ships' stewards and sailors interned with us, and led a life of leisure and comparative comfort. The other camp, much bigger of course, was known as Camp B; it contained thirty-odd barracks, not divided into rooms inside, and housing from thirty to a hundred men, bed by bed. Both these camps within the main can were themselves surrounded by barbe wire fences, and while, during the day, t gates were kept open, so that the inmat of the two could freely intermingle and a had access to the huge campus in the re of Camp B, they were closed before 6 P.M But when motion pictures were shown night in Camp B, or one of our theatric groups gave an entertainment, or there wa a concert, those inmates of Camp A wh cared to attend were led over to Camp B and back again, always heavily guarded

In the middle of Camp B was an immens mess-hall divided into two almost equa halves—one for the civilian internes, th other for the sailors taken from Germa merchant ships in American waters whe the war broke out. An executive office, on barrack set aside for the "university," canteen—like a little country store—an a few bath-houses completed the settle ment, which to the sailors, to whom Ogle thorpe was a tongue-twister, was know as Orgelsdorf.

At the time of my arrival the cam housed about four thousand persons. Orig inally the German marines from the raider *Eitel Friedrich*, *Kronprinz Wilhelm* and *Appa* had been in the camp, while the merchan marines were interned at Hot Springs, Va But the naval men were later transferre to Fort McPherson, while an epidemic o typhoid fever and an overwhelming inva sion of bed-bugs at Hot Springs drove th merchant sailors to Fort Oglethorpe. Only three more transports arrived after I ha taken up my involuntary residence i Oglethorpe. The last one was in March 1919, months after the armistice had beer signed.

Strange and varied were the reasons fo interning men whose ill fortune it was to have been born under the black-white-and-red of the Fatherland or the black-and-yel-low flag of Franz Joseph I. I myself, locked up two years for writing a poem, by no means presented the strangest case. I re-member one half-wit who had painted a red-white-and-blue pencil black-white-and-

ed, and who was sent to Fort Oglethorpe for it, and kept there two years. In many cases, business rivalry, jealousy and spite played an important part. I recall, of cases not generally known, the one of the brothers Forstner who, in Providence, R. I., had started a business as makers of watch chains, etc. For this purpose they had imported from their home town, Pforzheim, not only a group of skilled, peaceful laborers, but also a patented machine. Naturally, they prospered, and just as naturally they aroused the jealousy of their 100% American competitors. So these competitors denounced the brothers Forstner and all of their German workmen, who were summarily arrested and interned for the duration of the war.

Hundreds of such cases could be related. Some of them got into the newspapers—for example, the chemical patents steal, and the Beyer Company case. But there were others, less important perhaps, but more amusing. There was a Bavarian waiter, in New York, who used the subway and thought the service pretty bad. At Canal street he got out one day, and cursed in good *Stoanboarisch*—whereupon a loyal citizen took exception to his foreign accent, had him arrested, and made him a prisoner of war.

A strange case was that of Martin Bujdak. A Slovak by birth, and a farmhand by profession, he was as powerful a man as you will ever want to meet. A long blond beard covered his face, long gorilla-like arms hung down below his knees, and a huge chest bulged under his blue shirt—the only one he had. To make the picture complete, his twinkling blue eyes and his high-pitched voice betrayed his utter innocence and good nature. Bujdak had only one fault: he ate enough for three. This was discovered by the farmer for whom he worked (somewhere on the borderline between New Jersey and Pennsylvania) soon after Martin started to work for him. A dozen eggs and five cups of coffee, with a half loaf of bread, were as nothing to him in the morning. The number of steaks he could have eaten, had he ever got as much as he wanted, nobody can ever estimate.

For more than two weeks the farmer stared at Martin in growing chagrin. When the month was almost over—when Martin was supposed to receive the enormous sum of thirty dollars—the farmer ordered him to leave without further delay and warned him not to come back on the first for his wages. But Martin was stubborn and returned, only to be greeted by his former employer in a fury of high moral indignation, accompanied by a policeman who arrested him as a spy. There was never a hearing, never a chance for the big, bewildered Slovak to clear himself—even to understand. He had a long time to puzzle it out in Fort Oglethorpe!

III

Father Czismadia was the only Catholic priest interned at Oglethorpe during the war. He weighed about three hundred pounds, had a bald spot on his head somewhat bigger than that which most Catholic priests have, haunches which would have done honor to a hippopotamus, and a paunch which sank somewhat below the point where human legs usually begin. His big, round, childish eyes were constantly wondering what it was all about, and his toothless mouth was forever munching something.

He could not speak more than five or six words of English. In the camp he was assigned a bunk lined up in a row with fifty others. Two or three Hungarians sat with him, talking their beautiful but monotonous language, Father Czismadia answering in a mumble—partly because he had no teeth and partly because he was always eating. He hardly ever moved or spoke. He did nothing but eat and listen.

The news that a Catholic priest had arrived in camp spread like wildfire. Of Protestant pastors there were a half dozen or more. But a real priest! Now the Catholics, too, could thank their Lord regu-

larly every Sunday. Hitherto it had been possible only occasionally, in front of a make-shift altar which Count Albrecht von Montgelas had constructed, or every other Sunday, when the army chaplain came and read mass. A delegation headed by Count Montgelas made an official call upon his reverence. To be sure, they could not understand each other, but there was always a Hungarian on hand who could interpret. The pious count saw immediately that Father Czismadia needed not only a new outfit—the government supplied overalls, an immense straw hat, and heavy boots—but before everything else a set of false teeth. So he was taken to the hospital, measured for them, and in due time received them. The camp buzzed with excitement on the first Sunday that Father Czismadia was to read mass. He read it with great dignity, and preached beautifully in Hungarian. And when the psychological moment came he passed the platter.

Now, in the camp there was a hill, and on the hill there stood the huge mess-hall, and since the hill sloped away on one side, there was considerable room under the mess-hall. There some of the sailors and some of the Polish and Czech P.O.W.'s had set up a little Monte Carlo: tables where all sorts of games of chance could be played: poker, and *Mauscheln*, and "God's Blessings at Cohn's," and "My Aunt, Your Aunt," and all the rest. After the bugler had blown together the hungry prisoners, and when the midday-meal was over, Father Czismadia, even as so many others, made a pilgrimage to this resort and started to play. First he tried his hand at "My Aunt, Your Aunt"—and was in bad luck. Then he lost the rest of what he had collected that morning at "Silesian Lottery."

Sorrowfully he went back to his barrack and sat and munched until another Sunday brought him another golden, or rather aluminum harvest—for our camp money was aluminum. Then he did again what he had done the first Sunday,—with the difference that God was apparently with him now, and he did not lose. Bu before the week was gone he was as bank rupt as before. And since nobody wante to lend him any money, he had to wai until Sunday came again. Thus it went o for weeks, much to the distress of ou devout Catholics. One night the fever hea of hazard was reached. Since nobod wanted to let the Father play on credit, h grabbed his huge straw hat, and strod back to his barrack. There he wrapped u his few belongings, knocked at Dr. Kat Muck's door and asked him for five dollar on them. When Dr. Muck declined, h spoke to Professor Goldschmidt, the biolo gist, and then to a few others—but neithe Protestant, nor Jew, nor Catholic wante to give him anything. Finally he spoke t Hanns Heinz Ewers, the godless poet, wh gave him five dollars, and let him keep hi goods. Happily, he rushed back to Mont Carlo—and lost the five at poker.

IV

Our daily life was strictly regulated. A five-thirty in the morning the first bugl sounded. At six we were out of our bunks At six-thirty we were lined up and counted and could go to breakfast. At twelve th bugle sounded for mess. From one to thre was "silence." At five-thirty the gates o the inner camps were closed, we wer counted, ate dinner, and did whatever w would and could until ten, when the las bugle blew, lights had to be out, and w went to bed.

As a rule, after breakfast we walked fo an hour around the camp; then we attende such lectures or classes at the "university as we were interested in. There were thousand things to choose from, from lan guages—Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Chi nese, Arabic, Hebrew, Malay—to biology (Professor Goldschmidt), physiology (Dr Isaac Strauss), electrotechnics (Professo Zenneck), and art (Count Montgelas) Almost every subject under the sun wa represented. Our fellow prisoner, Stein dorff, was appointed rector of the "uni

versity," and since he was a born teacher, everything went smoothly. In the afternoon we played chess or pinochle, foot-ball or hand-ball, read or studied, walked or talked, wrote letters or cards, built or hammered, in fine, did what we felt like doing.

Once a week we had movies, thrown on a wooden wall in the open and saw pictures lent through the Y. M. C. A. Shortly after my arrival some of the merchant mariners and I organized a dramatic company and produced such plays as Sudermann's "Stein unter Steinen," Halbe's "Jugend," Dunsany's "Night at an Inn," and even Ibsen's "Ghosts"—probably not so much because we felt that these were the plays to do (although this consideration played an important part) but because they were the only plays we had. Other groups were organized, and offered cabaret entertainments. Max Merz, the singer, gave evenings of Schubert *Lieder*, a band played, or else the members of the Tsingtau Orchestra, under Conductor Wille's leadership, gave concerts.

Dr. Ernst Kunwald, formerly conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, augmented the band by whatever musical talent we had and thus performed the third "Leonore" overture of Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony. Finally, the most glorious musical event of the camp's years took place, when we finally induced Dr. Muck, the great conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to direct two concerts. Dr. Muck had sworn he would never conduct again in America, but we convinced him that Fort Oglethorpe was really Germany, and so he gave in.

I will never forget the night. The smelly, dirty mess-hall was jammed with two thousand listeners. The orchestra numbered more than a hundred men. The first benches were reserved for the camp censors, some of the American officers, and an army doctor or two. Then Muck, a gaunt, haggard looking, bronzed figure, stepped on the platform and raised his hands. In the moment of death-like silence preceding the first note it was as if an electric current had run through all that unkempt audience in overalls and shirtsleeves, in heavy camp-boots and with unshaven faces. Then, jubilantly and overpoweringly, the "Eroica" rushed over us, welded us into one, scorched us and purged us, and shook us to the very depths of our being. It is my conviction that this performance of the "Eroica" was one of Muck's greatest achievements, and probably one of the greatest events in the history of music in America.

A *Sport-Fest* with every kind of event, and with prices and gambling which might have made Judge Landis roar, foot-ball games, and occasional visits from representatives of the Swiss Embassy, representing German interests in America, or of the Swedish, representing those of Austria, were pleasant interruptions in a life whose monotony often grew almost unbearable. Not that we were badly treated. The rare exceptions rather proved than disproved the contrary rule. Not that our food, bad as it was occasionally, made us unhappy, nor even that imprisonment itself was painful. There were two things, and two things only, which made us suffer beyond the understanding of anybody who has not gone through a similar experience, and drove many in the end to the insane asylum.

I am not speaking about the fact that Germany lost the war, although Armistice Day in camp was certainly among the dreariest and gloomiest days I have ever seen. Nor am I speaking about the barbed-wire which surrounded us on all sides, and made us do idiotic things under its eternal irritation. What I refer to were the imbecilic, rigorous censorship on the one hand, and the unbearable uncertainty as to the duration of our detention on the other.

The P.O.W.'s were permitted to write but two two-page letters each month and one card a week, not containing more than two hundred words. To those of us who had families this, in itself, was a madden-

ing limitation. We were given official writing paper on which one could hardly write at all, as it was prepared to prevent the use of sympathetic ink and was practically blotting-paper. Every letter and every card was carefully read by the censors, and more often than not it came back for alterations. And those letters that weren't returned to us were often covered with splotches of black ink when they finally reached the addressees, or they were cut to pieces—usually, it appeared, for no reason in the world save that some casual reference was made to the camp or to the war, or because the censor had slept or eaten badly. Correspondence from the outside reached us all right, as a rule, but letters were frequently held up for weeks before they were handed to us,—something particularly painful in the first few weeks after a new prisoner arrived.

When the armistice came all of us expected to be released almost at once. Our psychology, in fact, was probably much the same as that of the wife of a friend of mine, a fellow-prisoner. On Armistice Day, when the New York papers carried the glaring headlines, "The War is Over," she bought an *Evening Telegram*, went down town to the gentleman in charge of the Port Bureau for Aliens and held the paper under his nose. "Well?" she demanded. "Well?" he replied. "The War is over—where is my husband?"

Nothing happened to us, however, for a long, long time. On New Year's Day, 1919, the bulletin-board on the executive office carried a sheet of paper whereon the commander of the camp transmitted to us his good wishes and expressed his hope that the next New Year would see us happily reunited with our families. We laughed and made fun of it, little realizing that January 1, 1920, would see many of us (among them myself) still secluded behind the barbed-wire fences, "for the duration of the war."

In June or July, 1919, arrangements were finally completed to repatriate the German sailors and those of us landsmen who were willing and eager to be repatriated. Two thousand sailors and about 1600 civil in ternes thus found their way back to th Fatherland. At about the same time th Department of Justice also began parolin individual civilians. A dozen or two, an other time three, and again one wer called to the executive office, and informe that they could leave the camp, homewar bound. The condition made was usuall that they had to report for six or eigh weeks to the local United States marsha One can imagine the anxiety everyon underwent; his turn might be next. Th day after tomorrow he might be calle upon to return to freedom.

It was at this period that my furiou letter-writing to the Department of Justic started. For a long while I was more or les the official correspondent for all the re maining prisoners. We wrote to the Sen ators and Congressmen representing th sections of the country we came from. W wrote to all of them, collectively and indi vidually. We wrote to judges, lawyers an hundreds of times to the Department o Justice. Never once did we receive a answer from a Congressman. The Swedis and Swiss Legations stopped answerin our letters. The Department of Justic invariably replied that it regretted exceed ingly not to be able to release us "in th immediate future." How we came t loathe that phrase!

I imagine it is easy to spend a year, o two, or even five in jail, once you kno definitely it is going to last just that lon and no longer. But with us it was differen Who knew but that it might take anothe year, or two, or two days, or weeks, o five months! It is impossible to convey th tremendous agony this uncertainty engen dered. All the time the camp grew smalle and smaller. After the repatriates had le there was no more "university," little any sport, no more theatre, no more cam publications and concerts, and movies onl occasionally. Friends who had almost com to hate each other in the close, daily, inc capable contact and yet who had made li a little more bearable for each other at th

ame time, were separated. Restlessness, atred and ill-will born of the dreaded arbed-wire fever smouldered and flared p. There were more fights, more unrest, nore beatings-up in the last six months han at any other time during the existence f the camp.

V

n August, 1919, a representative of the Department of Justice came to Fort Oglehorpe to examine a few selected cases. When I received word to appear before him, I expected, of course, to be paroled. I was ushered into the presence of a fairly young, fairly intelligent man who asked me to sit down. After establishing my identity, he asked me whether I knew a Doctor Scheele, a question I answered in the negative, as I had never heard of the man. Whereupon the agent informed me that the Department of Justice knew that I had manufactured gas-bombs with him.

"Were you ever on a ship that went down?" was his next question. Hopefully I said, "Yes." "Which one?" "The *Empress of Ireland*; I was on board in 1912 and she sank in the St. Lawrence in 1915." Indignantly, he shouted at me not to make fun of him; I knew damned well, he said, that I had been on an English ship which was sunk by a German submarine in the English Channel in 1916; I had been picked up by the submarine and brought back to America. After that he told me that I had planted bombs on English ships while they were in New York harbor; that I was part of the conspiracy by which the *New Hampshire*, with Lord Kitchener on board, was sunk, and that I was guilty of half a dozen other grave, terrible and equally idiotic crimes.

The refrain of each chapter was his assertion that the Department of Justice would be very glad if I repatriated myself. Invariably I countered with the assertion that I had come to the United States to stay, that I had taken out my first papers before the war, and that I intended to complete my naturalization as quickly as possible. For almost three hours charge after charge was thus hurled at me, and again and again I was entreated to repatriate myself, *id est*, in Hell's name to go back to where I had originally come from. That was all I heard about my expected parole for the next six months.

Is it surprising that under these conditions dozens and dozens of men became mad and had to be transferred to St. Elizabeth's Asylum for the Insane in Washington? To be sure, many of those who went there were slightly off before they had been interned. But quite as many acquired their mania in Oglethorpe. The milder forms of eccentricity and aberration, such as the craze to grow weird beards and moustaches, the desire to spread false rumors, Ewers' prayer to his dead toad, Dr. K. O. Bertling's habit of constructing gallows to hang his wash on, and the impulse to hammer wherever there was a nail in sight—all these things were harmless. But the suicides were certainly grave enough.

At one time we had a garden, or rather a series of gardens, some of them beautiful and well-kept, with little huts belonging to individuals, wherein they could enjoy at least for a few minutes the semblance of privacy. But there came a rub. The goddam foreigners seemed to enjoy their gardens. And so, one day, the order came that they were to be destroyed. A day or two later soldiers appeared on the scene and burned them.

Another time it occurred to one of the officers to forbid us to make coffee—why, only he himself knew. There was great indignation, as even the poorest among us enjoyed that one delicacy. But the order was strictly enforced. When, one day, a soldier ordered a man to put out a little fire on which a pot was boiling, and the man refused to do so because it was neither his fire nor his pot, the soldier clubbed him. Count Montgelas, who saw the episode from a distance, and who protested, was put into the guard-house on bread and water for a week.

When I arrived in camp the prisoners were printing a weekly called *Die Bombe*, but it had no more literary or artistic merit than the *Bier-Zeitungen* German students publish for their *Kneipen*. After a few days I discovered that a wireless operator from one of the German steamers owned a small press, a toy of the sort children use to print calling cards, etc. Erich Francke, the operator, was delighted to coöperate. With him, Wilhelm Sperber, formerly the editor and printer of a small German weekly in the South, and Wilhelm Habich, a ships' printer, I fitted out a little hut between the two camps as a printing-shop. Hans Stengel was appointed art editor and soon we had got together the materials for the first issue of what we called the *Orgelsdorfer Eulenspiegel*. That first issue contained poems, short stories, essays and dramatic and musical criticism. Ernst Fritz Kuhn, banker and music enthusiast, was music editor. Other contributors were Hanns Heinz Ewers, Otto Schaefer, Willy Bezkocka, Count Montgelas, Ernst Kunwald, and Professor Goldschmidt. We illustrated the magazine with wood-cuts and soon Francis X. Sauter, Captain Schlimbach, and Max von Recklinghausen joined our staff.

The first fifteen hundred copies of the *Orgelsdorfer Eulenspiegel* were sold out as soon as they were off the press. The proceeds, after deducting the expenses, were divided between the owner of the press, the printers, and the editor. Naturally, every word had to be submitted to the censor before publication. Finally, a harmless joke, told of a Department of Justice agent, caused the little magazine's suppression. Before the end came, however, I succeeded in putting over something on the censor. Ewers had written a poem on the theme of "Alles kommt von Deutschland wie von Weibe," a quotation from Johannes V. Jensen, the Scandinavian novelist. It was obvious that the poem would not be passed, particularly as the refrain recurred at the end of each stanza. So we substituted dashes for the first four words, and called the poem "— — — — wie v Weibe." This was published with an i serted slip explaining what the four dash stood for.

About a year later I received permissi to reissue the *Orgelsdorfer Eulenspiegel*, b by then interest in it had waned. Only o more copy was published until New Year 1920, when I put out a limited edition six typewritten copies which I never su mitted to the censor at all. For some re son, we were forbidden to take the mag zine out of the camp. Nevertheless, sing copies were smuggled out and excerp from the *Orgelsdorfer Eulenspiegel* w printed all over Germany and in some the German-American papers at home well.

I myself succeeded in taking three s from camp when my hour of release final struck. I carefully constructed a doub bottom in my trunk and, despite the fa that the officer examining my bagga turned it upside down, the false botto held, and the *Eulenspiegel* was safe. O set now reposes in a library in German Another is owned by a collector in Ne York who paid fifty dollars for it. T third is still in my possession.

VI

The spirit which prompted us to cheat t censor brought about other incidents qu as amusing, if possibly less harmless.

When I arrived in Oglethorpe I fou Hans Stengel sick in bed, and report dying of tuberculosis. The hospital sto inside the main fence, and adjoining t inner railing surrounding Camp B. T cure practiced there for T. B. was simp if not successful. All the patients w housed in tents and put on a diet of d cidedly unpalatable rations. Stengel, a ca tankerous fellow, was none too pleas with this treatment and we wondered wh could be done about it. Since his sputu was examined almost daily, we concoct the scheme of providing the necessa healthy sputum in a little bottle and smu

gling it to the patient through the barbed-wire. This worked beautifully. After two weeks of thorough examinations by the camp bacteriologist he reported that no more bacilli could be found, and so Stengel was declared cured, and returned to the camp proper, where he recuperated quickly enough. But when the influenza epidemic reached the camp, he was laid up again and everybody gave up hope of his recovery. He lost his voice and his temper, and we all—but more particularly his barrack-neighbors—breathed sighs of relief when word came that he was to be paroled to Colorado. A delegation of his friends escorted the dying man to the gate. None of us expected to see him again. But a few weeks later we had letters from him praising the beautiful waitresses of Colorado, and after a few months there he was sent to New York, a healthy and free man, while most of the rest of us were still behind the wire fences.

The weeks during the influenza epidemic were perhaps the most ghastly of them all; day and night ambulances rushed through the camp; day and night patient after patient was transported to the hospital. And time and again we received word that another friend had died. More than half the inmates became ill.

The most degenerating effect of our imprisonment was that it turned certain weak fellows into lickspittles, running after the sergeants and officers, looking for any job which would get them official favor. Sometimes these poor scoundrels turned informers and stool pigeons, known to us as *Speckschneider*, *i.e.*, bacon-cutters. But justice was meted out to every one. In the middle of the night a half dozen strong men would steal into his barrack, pull the covers over his head, and give him an unmerciful beating. This secret organization of revenge was known as the Holy Ghost. Only a few of the camp inmates actually knew who were in it, and they kept their silence. Once, after a particularly severe night-raiding party, the commander of the camp kept the prisoners in their barracks for days, hoping that he might thus induce someone to betray the Holy Ghost. But he waited in vain: the Holy Ghost was safe.

Another amusing chapter in the Oglethorpe story was afforded by the deportation of our dogs. We had any number of cats and dogs—stray animals which had drifted into the camp, attracted by the food and friendliness which greeted them. Soon they multiplied so rapidly that the authorities issued an order that they were all to be removed from the camp and shot. We were all heart-sick when the fateful day arrived. Every last animal was rounded up, loaded on a truck, and driven off into the woods. But once they were at a distance from the camps, the soldiers found that they did not have the heart to shoot the poor beasts. Instead, they drove another forty miles and set them all free. Great was our joy when, hardly twenty-four hours later, every single cat and dog had found its way back to camp! And since they had been officially massacred once, the commander could not very well sentence them to a second death. So they remained, to comfort and amuse us.

During the Summer of 1917 two prisoners after long and careful preparations, attempted an escape. Steinforth, the schoolmaster, and his friend had discovered that a little trench, in the immediate vicinity of the main gate, not more than a hundred feet from the guard-house, would permit a man to crawl underneath the outer fence into the open. The inner gate was always open. One night, shortly after twelve o'clock, the two men slipped through the fence surrounding Camp B, and slunk downhill to the gate. Then through the open inner gate of the main fence, the first man wormed his way, inch by inch, into the space between the two lines of barbed-wire surrounding the entire camp. Steinforth was a hundred feet behind.

It was a dark and silent night. The first man had slowly made his way up the rise and was just ready to take the last obstacle when, all of a sudden, a detachment of

soldiers jumped up. An officer with his men had been waiting at the very point outside the camp where the escape was to be engineered. He shouted "Hands up!" Both Steinforth, who was still well within the camp proper, and his friend, who was between the two barbed-wire fences, jumped to their feet and raised their hands above their heads. Then, at a distance of no more than four feet, the lieutenant pumped the contents of his sawed-off shotgun into the belly of the first man. With a groan he crumpled up. A few days later he died in the hospital. This cold-blooded killing was the more terrible since the man shot was still within the camp, had actually surrendered, and had no means of harming the officer or of escaping, once he had been hailed. Whoever had betrayed the plan was never found out.

Another time an old and somewhat demented man, whose name I forget, was standing in front of the guard-house outside the main prison gate. Hundreds of soldiers were within reach; a child could have held him. Somehow or other it entered the poor fool's mind to turn and walk away. He did not run, he just walked. But when a soldier hailed him, and he did not stop, he, too, was shot. But these two accidents could not stop a few other desperate characters from trying to escape by the simple expedient of crawling from Camp B across the space separating the inner compound from the double wire-fence. At various intervals it worked and two or three more of the prisoners thus got away.

And then there was Henckel—a man nobody knew much about. A quiet, soft-spoken man, who never drank and never smoked, and who addressed everyone as *Kamerad*. We had heard that he broke jail in Virginia, where he was originally arrested, and that he was re-captured and taken to Fort McPherson, where he and Captain Berg, the celebrated commander of the *Appam*, dug a tunnel and escaped with half a dozen others. Caught again, Henckel was brought to Fort Oglethorpe for safe-keeping. Carefully surveying th lay of the land, he constructed a little iro apparatus which could be inserted betwee two parallel barbed-wires of the fence, an by the movement of a lever spread the sufficiently apart to permit a human bod to slip through.

Thus Henckel escaped again, and wit him three others. But luck was again him and a farmer who recognized hi from a picture published in the local pre shot him in the arm and caused his retu to the camp. For weeks he walked aroun silently, speaking measuredly to his con rades whenever addressed. And then, on day, he called a soldier he encountered the camp a dirty name, and was du transferred to the guard-house—the ve spot he wanted to get to.

You will remember that the guar house stood outside the camp proper. was just a wooden shanty, but it contain cells with the regulation iron-lattice doors and windows. Henckel was house in a cell together with a number of soldie put in for some minor offence. The ve first night he sawed the bars of the wi dow with a steel saw he had hidden his watch case and made his escape agai taking with him two soldiers; a third o wanted to join the happy party but g stuck in the window and, after a half hour had to yell for help, since he cou neither get out nor haul himself back in the cell.

The camp commander offered a rewa for Henckel's capture, and vowed befo God and men that the fellow would n again escape if he was ever delivered in his hands. And Henckel was again ca tured. The colonel had a special cell the guard-house prepared for him, with concrete floor and an iron ring, unto whi the evasive spy was chained during t night. For many days Henckel was kept this cell day and night with a special gua in front of the door. Then he was permitte to return to the camp each day, and w led back to his cell and the chain at nigh It seemed impossible that he could esca

from the camp in broad daylight—what with the watch-towers and the soldiers and everything.

Again a few weeks passed. And again Henckel spoke little and thought much, whittling a piece of wood, as was his habit. Then, one day, four people sat down in the high grass inside the dead-line—a barbed-wire painted white, and spread at a distance of about twelve feet parallel to the double wire-fence: thus far we were permitted to approach the fence, and no further. The four men selected a spot directly underneath one of the watch-towers and started to play pinochle. The soldier in the tower, bored stiff by the thankless task of guarding a bunch of tiresome aliens, could easily recognize the cards and fell to *kibitzing*. Then a fifth man sneaked up through the high grass, took the cards from one of the four, and one of them slunk like a snake towards the double fence, shielded, as it were, by the high grass. And another one came and repeated the performance. There were always four playing pinochle—this much was certain, and the soldier saw them and the cards plainly enough. But Henckel and three of his friends had again made their way to freedom.

In fact, Henckel was so daring that he returned into the camp after he was already outside to fetch something he had forgotten. And this time they did not get him again; and thus probably the only real spy the United States had interned at Oglethorpe disappeared for good. Months later we received a card from one of those who had escaped with him. He was, we were informed, living peacefully in Buffalo, and nobody molested him.

VII

As the end of 1919 drew near attempts to escape came to an end. It seemed certain that we must soon be released. But another Christmas and another New Year passed. When, on January 10, 1920, I was called to the executive office, and informed that I should be paroled two days later, I scarcely believed the news. I had been there so long. . . . After two years I was on my way to New York.

The last interne, however, was not released until late in March, 1920, and then the soldiers rang the alarm bells over the gates, and Mr. Herz, a wizened old man, walked out of the camp in his cloth shoes —walked out under protest, because he had been arrested without apparent cause, had been held for almost three years without a hearing, and was now thrown out of the camp without any excuse!

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

History

HISTORICAL SCIENCE AND THE WAR GUILT

By Clarence Walworth Alvord

The dispute over the responsibility for the late war is a product of chauvinism. It was born of demented nationality and nurtured on deceptive propaganda. When the German representatives were compelled to make acknowledgment of their guilt by signing the Treaty of Versailles on the dotted line, asininity triumphed. The victors were jubilant. Their enemies had eaten crow. The Germans, naturally enough, found no satisfaction in the feast. So the war was on again. Boobs of both sides were drawn up in spiritual array to fight over the moral issue. "You did" and "we didn't" were the deadly weapons hurled at each other. The boobs of the Entente Cordiale and of America soon grew weary of the disputation. They said: "The Germans have signed; the question is closed for all time; virtue has triumphed." But not so the enemy. The forced acknowledgment of their responsibility rankled. They sought a way of escape and found it. The industrious German researchers dug out the records. The truth was thus revealed to them: "Russia and France plotted; England willed the war; Germany was an injured innocent."

This war of words created a seductive Chinese puzzle for astigmatic historians. To their obscure vision, the war guilt appeared to be stalking with all the dignity of a scientific problem. By the issuance of numerous weighty volumes drawn from the German and Russian archives and the publication of the memoirs of participants, the university scholars were overwhelmed with source material. On all sides it was declared that never before had so much in formation about a momentous contempo rary event been made accessible. No neces sity to wait for future ages to solve th puzzle! Sufficient evidence was now i hand for us to fix the guilt of the criminals

Those inclined to favor the cause of th Central Powers were particularly activ Even some of those without partiality de veloped sympathy for the under-dog, fo the information about the under-dog side was much more plentiful. He wa howling the louder. Our English brethre became alarmed. The Germans, by pub lishing their archives, were putting some thing over. The argument induced a Con servative ministry to make public th secret state papers. The sporting Britishers always conscious of their innocence, mus defeat the tricks of their former enemie by open competition. A signal triumph fo "scientific" history! The chase of the wa guilt must end in the death of the fox Scientific minds will run down the sl problem started by the boobs. "You did and "we didn't" are spurred and saddled

This pseudo-scientific dispute is perhap as useful to society as English fox-hunting but of this I am uncertain. One thing I d know: we learned fellows are followin the wrong scent. The boobs, in startin the chase, have drawn a red-herring acro the trail. We must retrace our steps to di cover those first principles which alon can furnish us the correct lead to the his torical problems raised by the World Wa

In the primer of our science I find ofte repeated a high-brow word. Few of u know its meaning. If we do, we seldo show it. This favorite word of the chron iclers of past scandals is objectivity. It meaning should be clear to the initiated

the unprejudiced and unbiased study of social dynamics. Our research should not be soiled by the slightest stain of subjective judgment. For obvious reasons the ideal is not and cannot be attained. The researcher is part and parcel of the phenomena he studies. But such is the ideal in its purity, nevertheless.

Now, what is the practice? Just the opposite of the ideal. Subjectivity permeates the so-called science of history. In the writings of the rank and file of historians personal judgments are as common as in those of the prophets of Israel. Like them, we have our God of Wrath and our Sinaian Commandments. All men are measured by our current preconceptions of what constitutes modern civilization, and praised or blamed as god-like heroes or devil-like villains. History is a continuous struggle of angels of light against agents of darkness, of which we are the Miltonian reporters. We do not always agree on which are the saved and which the damned. But what care we? Confident in our own objectivity, we hurl our lightning-bolts. Most of our victims being long since dead, there is no fear of being hauled before a law court.

This subjective view of men who have influenced movements in society is altogether unscientific. It resembles the naïve judgments of the fisherman. The cod is a glorious creation because its flesh is food for man. On the other hand, the shark is a damnable creature because man's flesh is food for it. Compare the opinions of historians about George Washington and Benedict Arnold: they illustrate this cod-shark formula. Then think of the truly scientific attitude of mind of the biologist studying either the cod or the shark. No question of morals, of whether either eats or is eaten, affects his conclusions. His only interest lies in the problem of how either reached its present state, or how it now maintains its life. That is practical scientific objectivity. The historians should learn the lesson.

The true scientific point of view in the interpretation of social affairs is not popular. Once upon a time I expounded my belief before a so-called philosophical society in an inland university. A chemist of national prominence who was present demanded indignantly if I meant that the historian should treat in the same dispassionate manner the careers of the Kaiser and Woodrow Wilson. The World War was then on. Upon receiving an affirmative answer, his pent-up scorn broke forth: "Then the science of history is rotten and should not be taught to the young men and women of our university." The discussion was ended. I am willing to make a much more provocative statement now than I dared to do at the meeting of those philosophically minded gentlemen. At the time I was not seeking a cheap *pension* in Fort Leavenworth.

The historian's problem of the causes of the World War does not include moral judgments on men, measures, or events. Wars are common historical phenomena. They are emanations of our civilization as much as our cities. We study, therefore, their origins, development, and end. The World War must come under our observation. We can't very well escape it. But our duty as historians does not lay upon us the discovery of answers to the following questions: Was the war a good or an evil event in the development of humanity? Or is the world better off because the English and the French with their allies won? Both questions may belong in the field of research which the sociologists are trying to cultivate. If so, let them chase their own will o' the wisp! But mental astigmatism is congenital in historians, and apparently impossible to eradicate. There is not a researcher into the causes of the World War who has not, subconsciously at least, written under the illusion that he knew the correct reply to both questions. Fishermen of cods or victims of sharks!

Here is another angle from which to view the war guilt. Most of us older historians are philosophical determinists in theory, although you would scarcely at-

tribute to us so high a claim to an intelligent point of view after reading our books. Still, we grew up in the period when the evolutionary theory was supposed to be the last word in scientific synthesis. Eager to be in fashion, we adopted the pose. We learned to babble the words of von Ranke, and we prided ourselves on telling the story *wie es eigentlich geschehen*. We assumed that the past had determined the present and the future must be what must be. The younger generation of historians are attempting to free themselves from our more or less mechanical conceptions by divorcing human civilization from the material world. They assert that the laws of change in the one are not comparable to those of the other. The theory of the *élan vital* seems to offer some relief from the doctrine of determinism, and the psychological view of society, being developed, lays emphasis on what we choose to call spiritual forces.

I cannot believe, however, that there is any escape from a deterministic view of evolving society, provided there is to exist a science of history. Introduce a broken link in the succession of causes, and there is nothing left except a point of view. For another reason, namely the complexity of our problem, I suspect that this conclusion is correct. The historian's objective is a mirage. But we historians are not yet prepared to give our case away. We still cling to our seats in the last court of appeal. So even the new school assumes a profound knowledge of motives and discovers them to be the inevitable resultants of the germ-plasm and environal influences. The circle is complete. What happened must have happened because the forces, individual and social, were bound to make it happen.

When we acknowledge the power of "must" in society, we encounter insurmountable obstacles to talking of morals. Personal responsibility ceases to be an issue for discussion.

So we have reached the very heart of the historical problem created by the World War. Was there any group of me in one or several countries personally r sponsible for it? Or was the concatenatio of forces in the universe as a whole—th includes the sun-spots—in the fateful Jul of 1914 so focussed that war was inev table? If you prefer to give an affirmati answer to the first question, you may enjo the pleasure of throwing rotten eggs at th Kaiser, or the Czar, or Poincaré, as sui your particular prejudices; but you won be writing history. If you choose to affi your affirmative to the second, your plea ures of vituperation will be curtailed, bu you will have salvaged the science of hi tory. This is certain: You can't have both ways, as historians seem to mi apprehend.

To define the true problem of the caus of the World War, without reference to th war guilt, is not difficult. But to solve is impossible. Each of the countries in volved had experienced a long past i which a national life, in all its economi and social ramifications, had been fixe Also, the international relations of th various nations had been evolving fo generations. The racial traits of all th countries, as they had been develope through the ages, their economic nee and satisfactions, their nationalistic ten encies, their imperialistic interests, the envies and their contentments, all thes and hundreds of other forces, spiritual an material, were centered on those critica days which historians have been so min utely studying as if within them could b discovered the causes of the momentou event. In those days it was not the livin but the all-powerful generations of th dead who acted. The leaders and the gene ation which so blindly followed the were mere pawns in the hands of the social psychic environment evolved by the pas The consequent war was a manifestatio of human society in action. There was n more guilt involved than in any othe manifestation of the same civilization: chautauqua, a session of the British Par liament, or a prayer-meeting.

Folk-Lore

THE WOLF-PACK

By Vilhjalmur Stefansson

Everybody knows that wolves run in packs. One of the standard definitions of the word pack is: "A large number of wolves banded together for the purpose of hunting their prey."

That used to be an undisputed statement of the case. But now there is an argument about whether any wolf-pack ever really existed, with the scientists nearly all on one side, the general public nearly all on the other, and the sportsmen divided about half and half.

On the affirmative side we have the undoubted fact that "everybody knows," especially in Russia, that wolves do run in packs. If you want to refresh your mind as to what Russian wolf-packs are believed to be like, you can do so easily and pleasantly by turning to Willa Cather's "My Antonía," page 63. The people Miss Cather is going to feed to her wolves are the very best to which Russian wolves are most accustomed—a wedding party. There are six sleighs drawn by three horses each and carrying from six to twelve passengers. There is starlight on the snow and the road is through a forest. The first distant wolf howl does not drown the tinkle of the sleigh-bells or the laughter of the wedding guests. But the rallying cry is answered from many sides, the leaders of the pack draw nearer, and fear grips every heart. The bride sobs on the groom's bosom and the drivers lash their horses to breakneck speed. The rear sleigh upsets, the passengers sprawl out over the snow and the wolves are on top of them in a moment. The screams of horses being eaten alive are more dreadful than the shrieks of people whose entrails are being torn out. The cries of terror from the remaining sleighs are as loud as the cries of pain from the dying. The wolves are silent now—they have other work to do.

And so the story goes on for sleigh after sleigh in Miss Cather's story, and in all the typical stories, until only the bridal sleigh is left. About forty or fifty people have now been eaten, and fifteen horses, but the wolves are still hungry and going strong. There are hundreds of them, you see, and wolves have proverbially good appetites. Nothing will save the last sleigh but throwing the bride to the wolves. This Miss Cather accordingly does, and so do half the other authors of tales. But it seldom happens that quite everybody is eaten. Somebody has to be saved, to give the narrator a chance to portray the survivor's life of shame and remorse through many effective pages that lead to a distant and friendless grave.

Such tales as Miss Cather's we usually consider to be "true in spirit" only, since they occur in novels, but we take them for sober fact when we see them in books of travel or in newspapers. The press stories excel the books in verisimilitude, for they tell us what is said to have happened yesterday or last week. They give the names of places that are on every map, they frequently mention the widow and orphaned children, they sometimes tell that the funeral of the fragments left by the wolves was conducted by the local chapter of Masons. There is every detail to prove that what you see in the *Sun* (or the *Bee* or the *American*) is really so.

If you look in the invaluable semi-annual index to the news published by the New York *Times*, you will discover scores of authentic-looking wolf-pack stories. I have the space to reproduce here only a sample:

WOLVES DEVOUR 3 MEN IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

An Elderly White Trapper and Two Indians Fall Victims to a Horde of Hungry Beasts

Port Arthur, Ont., Dec. 27—A great roving band of hungry timber wolves has devoured three men . . . Last Saturday an elderly trapper left his cabin in the woods seventy miles north of Ignace to mush down to the settlement for his Christmas mail. . . . There was no mail, however, and the old man said he would come back Christmas

morning. At noon he had not arrived. The postmaster sent two Indians to follow the trail. . . .

About two miles from the settlement the Indians found a spot pounded down in the snow. There was blood. Bits of dog harness torn to shreds were scattered about. In the midst of them the Indians found human bones. They hastened back to report their discovery. The lure of the bounty on wolves, however, urged the Indians to take the trail again, with extra ammunition. They sped behind the dog team into the woods as the villagers waved good-bye. They did not return.

Yesterday a new searching party departed. They found another patch trodden in the snow, with much more blood, about two miles from the first. The two guns the Indians had carried were lying in the crimsoned snow. Scattered about were bones, bits of clothing and empty shells.

The carcasses of sixteen dead wolves—some half eaten—lay stretched in a circle about the remains of the two Indian hunters.

I quote from the *Times* of December 28, 1922. The story, from what is justly considered one of the world's greatest and most reliable newspapers, gives proof of the cunning no less than of the ferocity of the American wolf. Judging from the evidence, the pack must still have been hungry when they got through eating the trapper (perhaps he was small and skinny), so they laid in wait to finish their meal on the search party, which they evidently knew was coming. Then, still hungry, and fearing the size and prowess of the second search party, they reluctantly ate a few of each other for dessert before retreating into the shadows of the forest. That was discretion and admirable generalship. They fought when there was a chance to win, and then withdrew before superior numbers.

There are plenty of such wolf stories in the papers, and now and then others even more impressive. Six months ago, for instance, packs of wolves held Italy under a reign of terror in the pages of the New York *Sun;* a bit later villages in Siberia were barricaded against wolves in the New York *Times*. Two million cattle and many people were killed. Thus stands the evidence for the affirmative—wolves *do* run in packs. They devour wedding parties in Russia and they eat trappers and Indians in Canada. They terrorize Italy and lay siege to towns in Siberia—in the papers, at leas

But there are skeptics who do n believe all they see in the papers or read books of travel. These iconoclasts tell yo that every story of a wolf-pack that yo ever read or heard is fib, fiction, or fol lore, and that there never has been a pac of wolves in Russia, America, or anywhe except in people's imagination. That seem a hard position to defend, but they go at valiantly. Their defense lies in both log and fact. They ask you to consider, for i stance, the caribou-hunting wolf.

Their argument begins with the gene ally accepted fact that there are more tha ten million wild caribou in Norther Alaska, Northern Canada, Northern Sib ria and the Arctic islands. From these least two million caribou are born ever year; two million must, therefore, die, the numbers would increase. Certainly le than 10% of these are killed by huma hunters. None die of old age and very fe of accident or disease, for if a caribou is o or sick it moves slowly and is soon d voured. This means that wolves kill ever year a good deal more than a million and half caribou.

In Summer, when their puppies are bein brought up, the northern wolves liv largely on eggs, fledgling or moultin birds, and rodents. But in Winter the bird have flown south, the rodents are sa asleep in their frozen burrows, and almo the only thing a wolf can find to eat caribou. I know how wolves kill caribou and I can offer some personal testimony o wolves in general, for I was born on Lak Winnipeg in a great wolf country; I wa brought up among wolves and coyotes i Dakota before it became "civilized" an was split up into North and South Dakota I lived for some eleven years in the Arctic supporting myself most of the time b hunting. I have shot wolves with a rifl and have seen hundreds of them eithe trotting quietly along or loping steadil in pursuit of caribou. I have seen th tracks of thousands following game, an have found traces of hundreds of tragedie

here they had killed some bird or beast. have asked dozens of Arctic Indians Slaveys, Dogribs, Loucheux) and hunreds of Eskimos about how the wolf unts, and there has been no divergence tween what they have told me and what have seen.

A wolf cannot run nearly as fast as a ribou, and he must, therefore, secure it y tiring it out. That is the essence of all I ave seen and all I have been told. It means hat, before it is killed, each caribou has o be pursued by the wolves from several ours to several days—nobody knows exctly how long. All hunters agree that except for newborn calves) the youngest aribou are the swiftest and staunchest nners. The ones killed by wolves are herefore chiefly the old bulls and old ows. A cow may weigh two or three undred pounds, and a bull three or four undred, live-weight. Nearly half of that s waste. The wolves are, then, pursuing nything from 100 to 200 pounds of food. or, no matter how large the caribou herd nay be when the pursuit begins, they evenually scatter, and the pack, if there is a ack, finds itself following the single lowest animal.

Suppose, now, there are 200 or 300 volves, as in Miss Cather's heartrending tory. She provided hers with six sleigh oads of Russians, six to twelve in a sleigh, nd three presumably fat horses hitched o each. That would make a square meal or even 300 wolves. But not so if the 300 ollowed a single 300-pound caribou for hree days, or even one day. They would e so hungry that there would be nothing or it but to resort to another well-known abit of the fiction wolf and use their whetted appetites on each other—eating, et us say, a dozen to correspond to the oup course, a dozen for the fish, and two lozen for the roast, with at least another lozen of the youngest and tenderest for lessert. But the continued practice of din-ng on each other like that would soon educe a wolf-pack below fiction and movie tandards. In fact, you might as well do without a pack altogether; for it is scarcely worth the bother to build one up laboriously to the required size, just to have it disappear again in a few weeks by the members of the troupe swallowing one another.

Those who are trying to prove that the wolf-pack really exists will perhaps admit that the abstract logic of pack hunting seems a little faulty, but will insist, and quite rightly, that logic does not amount to a hill of beans when contradicted by facts. The pack stories, they will tell us, are simple truth. Newspapers may exaggerate, but the better ones never invent. Besides, nearly everybody has an uncle or an aunt who had a grandmother or grandfather that was eaten or nearly eaten by a pack of wolves.

That brings us to the evidence—are the wolf-pack stories true? To save time, we shall take at once the testimony of a group of scientists and practical hunters who ought to know because they make the study of wolves their profession—studying also the testimony of everyone they ever heard of who claimed to have seen a pack of wolves. They are Americans, too, and within your reach, so you can write postcards to them tomorrow and see what they really think. Don't be diffident about asking. You are probably a taxpayer. In that case, they are your servants, for they work for the government that taxes you.

The branch of the government that studies wolves as a part of its business is the Bureau of Biological Survey at Washington, and the head of it is Dr. E. W. Nelson, a lifetime student of wild animals. He was four years among Arctic wolves in Alaska (1877–81) and has himself studied wolves in Mexico and all over the United States. Furthermore, he has under him other men who have studied wolves, among them Edward A. Preble, who has spent much time in the sub-Arctic and Arctic forests and prairies of Canada. But more significant still, there is under Dr. Nelson's direction the wolf-killing service

of the United States Government. This is a body of men who hold themselves in readiness to respond to telegraphic appeals from stockmen, usually in the West, who find their animals being destroyed by wolves. They come and exterminate the wolves "scientifically," and the flocks and herds are safe again.

In gathering material for a book I am writing about wolves, I consulted Dr. Nelson. We agreed, first, that the accepted meaning of the word pack, when applied to wolves is *a large number of wolves that have come together to help each other in hunting*. In other words, one mother with her puppies would not constitute a pack. Dr. Nelson felt so positive about the nature of wolves in North America, from Mexico to the Arctic, that he thought I would be safe in denying flatly in my book that any wolf-pack ever existed on our continent. But, just to make sure that no different opinion was held among people of authority corresponding to his own, we formulated a letter which he addressed to certain scientific students of wolves, and to all his wolf-killers.

As to how many wolves had been seen together, the various replies naturally gave different answers, for experiences varied somewhat. But they ranged only from two to five. They were unanimous in reporting that if several wolves were seen together then these were always the mother with her puppies, or conceivably the father and mother with their puppies, and never a pack in any usual sense of that word.

Then what about the story of the wolves that killed the elderly trapper and the two Indians on the front page of the *Times*? Surely that was no family of puppies—sixteen dead wolves, killed by the Indians; a few, presumably, killed by the old trapper, and enough left over to eat up one white man, two Indians and part of sixteen dead wolves. To make the inqui into the truth of the story official and mo authoritative than if I were doing it m self, I suggested to Dr. Nelson that he wri to Ignace, Ontario. For checking up, wrote also to Mr. J. B. Harkin, Commi sioner of National Parks, Ottawa, wh was at that time (1922) in charge of th administration of the game laws of Ca ada, and therefore in a position to set motion official machinery to find out abo this wolf story. Thus I received the san replies from two directions, one throug Dr. Nelson and the other through M Harkin. They were, in substance, that s such man as the old trapper ever existe and that no white man had been killed b wolves. No such Indians as describe existed there and none had been killed b wolves, whether in packs or otherwis either in the vicinity of Ignace, or an where in the world, as far as anyone livi in the vicinity of Ignace knew.

Hundreds of other tales about wo packs, published in newspapers or book have been traced by the United Stat Biological Survey and by various student including myself. In no case was eviden found to support them. Just try it you self on the next American despatch yo read. In spite of all the pretended detai —the sorrowing family, the Masonic f neral—it will be reasonable odds to b dollars to doughnuts that the story w turn out pure fiction, or at best will re on testimony no court of law would acce as proof. In brief, the case seems to b definitely settled against the wolf-pack North America. But there still remai Russia. Well, why not let Russia remai No one seems to have checked wolf-pac stories in Russia for everyone is so su they are true. And perhaps they are. B sides, it is a distant country, and the fan must somewhere have play.

WIND MACHINE

BY DUFF GILFOND

'T is just ten years since the Hon. Thomas Lindsay Blanton, A.B., 32°, the patriotic and garrulous Representative of the celebrated Jumbo district of Texas, waved his three-gallon hat to a band of cheering cowboys, and marched upon Washington. Since then, serving heroically in the halls of Congress, where Webster suffered and Calhoun withered and pined away, he has fought his great fight against the enemies of the Republic. No other Congressman since the Augustan age has fought more valiantly, or against larger hordes of foes. He has fallen upon the anarchistic labor unions, he has fallen upon the anarchistic and infamous wets, and he has fallen upon the anarchistic, infamous and hellish vendors of legislative pork. In all these years, not a dollar has been expended without his scrutiny, and his alertness has saved the nation, at a modest estimate, at least $100,000,000,000,000. Meanwhile, he has also reformed his colleagues. To the naked eye they may seem as vile as ever, but experts will tell you that they no longer flood their constituents with garden seed at the public expense, and no longer get their whiskey flasks from the House stationery-room. Such are some of the results of Mr. Blanton's self-sacrificing devotion to the commonweal.

Naturally enough, the other Congressmen have done nothing to celebrate his anniversary. John Hus was not popular in Prague, and there was no cheering for Savonarola in Florence. Mr. Blanton's enemies, despairing of stopping him in any other way, now attempt idiotically to prove that he has actually wasted more public money than he has saved. The wet and immoral Baltimore *Sunpaper*, for example, recently calculated that his last Extension of Remarks in the *Congressional Record* stretched over eighty-seven pages and into $4,350, the cost of the *Record* being $50 a page. This long and unspoken speech, recounting his fine work in ousting a faithless District Commissioner, was denounced by the *Sunpaper* because the testimony in it had already been printed. But that was merely wet propaganda. Nobody with a taste for literary delicatessen has made any objection, for the hon. gentleman's version, transcending the bald record, transformed the case into a fascinating first person story with such alluring heads as "I defy the whole gang," "But I did not quit," and "Still I did not quit." The original was a witless legal document; the Blanton redaction was first-page stuff —and up to the highest mark of the tabloids.

What matter if many of Mr. Blanton's writhing colleagues rush from the chamber when he gets on his legs? The gallery revels in him. Leaning forward in his seat in the second row, his fingers twitching nervously and his daring blue eyes peering for an unexpected swoop on the Treasury, he is at once distinguishable from his sprawling and ambling brethren on the rear benches and in the aisles. These conscienceless fellows can saunter in and out of the cloak-room, whiling away the lazy afternoons in idle chat with their comrades. But, as Mr. Blanton once wrote to the Texas newspapers, "*Some*one must watch; *some*one must obstruct; *some*one must force

economy." Broad-shouldered and unmindful of criticism, even of threats of death or mutilation, he has nobly undertaken that task. Sensing a raid, he leaps to his feet, throws back his head, and in thunderous periods arouses the gallery from the coma produced by the soporific drone of his colleagues.

Sometimes, to be sure, his zeal induces him to tackle a bill with which he is not fully acquainted or to wrest the floor from a colleague without employing the traditional politeness of a Southern gentleman, but the gallery, knowing the man, always forgives him. It marvels as his mighty hevoice, sustained by mint-drops and raucous from its constant defense of the Republic, rises up above the confusion. It is caught by his gleaming eyes, his football hero's chin, and his celebrated excalibur, a rolled newspaper. It is thrilled as he dramatically demands that those colleagues who are not afraid to fight with him against pork barrels, labor unions and beer trusts shall stand up.

Unaccustomed to such eloquence, some of the other members of the House sometimes laugh outright, and slap their hams. But, as he has repeatedly told them, he is there to serve his people and not to curry favor with Congressmen. The good, wise Christian people of the Texan Republic stand by him. They have, in his own words, vindicated his record. And from all other parts of the country, wherever patriotism still lives, come congratulatory letters which he reads into the *Record* whenever he is disparaged. Surely the compliments of such eminent scholars as Professor William Starr Myers, Ph.D., of Princeton University and the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and the support of the great manufacturers of the country are adequate compensation and balm for the aspersions of envious colleagues.

Mr. Blanton never bears them malice. He is too good a Christian for that. Although he upbraids them when they deserve it, and writes to the Texas newspapers about them when their depravity becomes overpowering, he is ever ready to ca them with his rolled newspaper or g them paternal advice. The following specimen, given after certain menac government clerks had threatened t Congressmen who refused their dem for a raise in wages would hear from th in the next election:

> I want to tell you whom else you are going hear from beside the organized clerks of th country and the organized unions of this count when election time comes; you are going to he from the people of the country. They are goi to ask you how you stood on some of these ma economy and good-government questions th Blanton has proposed here. They are going to p you down as to whether or not you have stoc for these things that Blanton has proposed he in behalf of the people, or whether you have vot for these threats and demands.
>
> I am getting many letters from your distric now asking me how you stand and whether yo are safe to be returned here. Of course, I answ them to the effect that you are my colleagues an that I like you, and that they will have to g your record from your votes. I am not giving yo fellows away, but the *people* of this country a going to examine your records, as well as the o ganized government clerks and the unions of th country.

II

In his office Mr. Blanton is as differ from his colleagues as he is on the fl of the House. It is all very well for or nary Representatives to keep their do open or to display "Come In" signs an idle and pestering public. A man w Mr. Blanton's herculean burden on neck must be excused if he finds it nec sary to keep himself under lock and k Sometimes a knock will bring him, shirtsleeves and suspenders, to the thre old, where, from an inhospitable openi he informs the visitor that his consti ents need all his time, and come first his regard. The other day I heard a flami college youth rant at his apparent gru ness. This youth, in quest of the ho gentleman's recent attack on indecent l erature, possibly for an insignificant c lege debate, came to him after many hou of futile search elsewhere, in the hope obtaining a clue. He was astounded wh

r. Blanton asked him how many hours had slept the night before. What! So ny? He (Blanton) had slept far fewer. he slammed the door and the foolish l was incensed. It is a pity that the blic does not know how busy a con-entious Congressman, especially when ere are so few, needs must be.

There is no wasteful levity in that office, vain repartee between a far-from-home tesman and a pretty secretary. Type-iters click constantly, reeling out the ue facts about Washington (not as the rrupt correspondents give them) for the xas editors, and speeches for the appen-x of the *Record* and the folks back home. he office adjoins the elevator, so that its ustrious occupant will not be delayed his rushes to the floor. Other Repre-ntatives, less laborious, stroll about the rridors of the gloomy building, hob-bbing with the bootleggers and each her, but Mr. Blanton is working even hile he waits impatiently for the ele-tor or the congressional subway. Other epresentatives lunch in the House res-urant at voluptuous length and, accord-g to Mr. Blanton, at great expense to e government, but he allots himself only few minutes in a neighboring cafeteria, here even a handsome lady cashier can-ot engage him.

When the public welfare demands it, nch and, frequently, dinner are omitted together. But Mrs. Blanton, in the little ouse up the hill in Irving street, does not orry, for even the most slanderous news-pers and his maligning colleagues attest the connubial purity of this eminent exan. His devotion to his family is such at when he sent his son to Princeton he rote to the president of the university r assurance that the curriculum contained vile and atheistic isms. Insensible to is fidelity to Christian principles, a hos-le organ for Federal employés, whose ids upon the Treasury Mr. Blanton was rrently denouncing, revengefully alleged at he kept all his sons on the govern-ent payroll.

He has sacrificed more than occasional meals and the timbre of his voice for his country. At college he was a tennis champion and a member of the literary society. But such hobbies are not for men with missions. Today he has no time to play anything or to read aught save the newspapers, which, in their present state of corruption, afford him little satisfaction. While more carefree Congressmen junket to Panama on their vacations he sweats in Washington, scouring the government bureaux for evidences of waste. Many of his Sundays are dedicated to the people, with only the morning Presbyterian services for his soul. Providence has been appreciative of his ardor for righteousness. It saved him, he told a gaping House, when his automobile was mysteriously pierced by a bullet from "ten thousand of the brotherhood who had me marked for suffering." The Baptist and Methodist ministers and periodicals of Texas have always endorsed him. In gratitude he has sprinkled the *Record* with their pious letters, damning the wets to Hell.

Resentful of his righteous distrust of them, the sensational press boys of Washington, all of them in the pay of the Whiskey Trust and the American Federation of Labor, delight in crying him down. They would have the virgin lips, untouched by liquor, and frequently calling upon God in the House chamber, uttering His name in vain. When Mr. Blanton's automobile was recently found in a "no parking" area, they accused him of swearing at the official who remonstrated. Of course they would. The tale that profanity had issued from the lips of the decrier of obscene literature was too good for them to let pass. But Mr. Blanton promptly nailed the lie, and was flooded with felicitations from Texas. Again, during the proceedings against former Commissioner Fenning, the correspondents covered up their professional incapacity to get the real news by filling column after column with the story of an epithet he flung at the defendant's exasperating attorney. Here, alas, they had him, but in their hypocritical concern for

the conventionally gasping ladies in the audience they completely disregarded the state of overwork responsible for the slip. The hon. gentleman made good, however. He told the ladies how exhausting and enervating the purification of their city had been, and to the pressmen's chagrin, they only loved him the more.

One may scan the newspapers for references to Mr. Blanton's solid work in defense of the Treasury for a whole year and, excluding the faithful Abilene *Daily Reporter*, his home town paper, they will not yield enough clippings to line the smallest garbage pail. Yet he is always in the headlines. To the boys of the Press Gallery his fights and other extra-curricular activities are of more importance than his legislating. A year or two ago, while he was chiding Representative Madden for wanting to attend a congressional reception at the White House, Congressman Zihlman, the bogus dry from the Maryland Free State, maliciously blurted out that he had seen Mr. Blanton in a dress-suit the night before. At once Mr. Blanton, who likes his clothes big and has a proper Texas loathing for dress-suits, asked Mr. Zihlman to expunge the lie from the *Record*. Mr. Zihlman accommodatingly did so, but the press boys bubbled over with it. Soon this dress-suit became as famous as Joseph's coat. One Washington newspaper even drew a picture of Mr. Blanton in a silk hat. All this nonsense, of course, was planned merely to dupe the hon. gentleman's good friends, the buckskin-breeched cowboys of Texas, into the belief that their hero was mixing in the vapid and immoral society he had always condemned. Finally, a patriotic columnist came to the rescue. He told the cowboys not to be disillusioned about their idol, that he was verily a striking figure in evening array. Reading this in the *Record*, the shaken cattlemen were happily reassured.

There is, indeed, no ground for any intimation that the soft life of Washington has paled Mr. Blanton's blood. He is as ready to defend his good name and that of constituents as he was a decade ago, w he and Representative Wilson of Te were unlocked from an unbrotherly brace. The prejudiced newspapers o imply that his tendency is to attack fra men. They did this in their accounts of recent grapple with the Hon. Sol Blo 32°, of New York, emphasizing Bloom's pince-nez and his white vest. it was unfair, for in the numerous ch lenges of his congressional career Blanton has always shown a concern duty and honor, not for might. His a tude is portrayed in the conclusion o letter to the Texas editors after the fra with the Hon. Mr. Bloom:

> I don't like fights. I never engage in one unle it is forced on me. But when it is necessary to figh to perform one's duty, I don't run. If one didn fight here once in a while, he wouldn't do ve much.

III

Do what they will, the intriguing ne papers cannot foil this heroic Texan. Si they insist on withholding all reference his work when it is in behalf of the pub he furnishes the facts himself, and at a cost. He does not scruple to serve him in a modest cafeteria so that he can pay have his speeches reprinted for distri tion. The Baltimore *Sunpaper*, in calcul ing the cost of his speechifying to government, characteristically omit mention of his own expenses. For disse nating that astounding prophecy entit "Whither Are We Drifting?" he paid Public Printer $670.07; for the remarka revelation called "Let the People Kno he paid $452.98. "I deem the informati worth the money," he said in empha print, below the captions. Lax and dubio Congressmen keep their constituents ig rant of events in Washington, but Bl ton's are thoroughly informed. In "Eff Pays After All," which appeared as Extension of Remarks in the *Record* and the Dallas *News* at advertising rates newspaper too prejudiced to print it news!) he wrote:

o one will swear that any other member has en more constantly on the floor than I have, aking a vigorous, continuous, uncompromising ght against waste, extravagance, inefficiency, raft, anarchy, and class domination of govern- ent. Not merely to answer roll-calls, but during ll business, for one can respond when the bell ngs and answer all roll-calls and yet be absent om the floor most of the time. The pleasures of he cloak-room are enticing, but I have had to rego that entertainment.

I have not been a mere salary drawer or a bell- op or a rubber stamp. I have never claimed that was any smarter or more honorable or had eeper at heart the public welfare than my col- agues, but I have worked when they were asleep, ave not followed the path of least resistance, nd have dared to do things they have never reamed of doing. I came here to serve constit- ents and not Congressmen. My people come first.

The people's Congressman was born in uston fifty-four years ago of a family tinguished for its heroic services to the public. He is very proud of his lineage d at the outbreak of the World War, in ering his sword to his country in a letter President Wilson, he wrote: "My father listed as a Confederate soldier at the age sixteen. My great-grandfather, William alker, of Cumberland county, Virginia, d the privilege of fighting for his country the Revolution. My mother's uncle, mes Monroe Hill, was a veteran of San cinto." These notables are also men- oned in his very complete autobiography the Congressional Directory. It is, deed, the longest in the book. In it we arn, too, that his parents were Thomas ndsay and Eugenia Webb Blanton; that s sister is Miss Annie Webb Blanton, the st woman to hold a State office in Texas; d that his wife was Miss May Louise atthews, "granddaughter of (Uncle) Joe Matthews and Watkins Reynolds, two oneer frontiersmen of West Texas." nally, that his children are Thomas ndsay, Jr., John Matthews, Anne Louise, seph Edwin and William Watkins.

The Thomas Lindsay who is now so inent was a poor boy. At ten, like braham Lincoln, he was helping to sup- rt his brothers and sisters by working on farm; at eighteen he started to work his ay through an Austin grocery and the lebrated University of Texas, the Sor- bonne of the cow country. His adversaries are slanderous when they accuse him of a deep-seated hostility to labor. A self-made man, he is sympathetic to labor and only asks of it that it work as he did, and at the same rates. In 1897 he graduated from the law school of the university; in 1908 the cattlemen of the wilds recognized his juristic talent and elected him judge of the Forty-Second Judicial District. He became very popular. Lawyers who tried cases in his court say he browbeat them, but there is nothing the red-blooded he-men of Texas enjoy more than a squelched lawyer. Thus Mr. Blanton once discussed the matter in the long-suffering *Record:* "I enforced the law, expedited business to keep the dockets clear, treated everybody alike, forced the rich as well as the poor to serve on juries, entered fines against rich witnesses and jurors who did not appear promptly, and forced their attendance by bench warrant." Moreover, as an elder in the Presbyterian Church and as a Sunday-school teacher, he was a moral influence on his people. In 1917 they rewarded him with his first election to the halls of Congress.

The repeated manifestation of his constituents' devotion to him has always been an unfathomable mystery to his critics. What the people see in their Congressmen, indeed, is no easier to explain than what your best friend sees in his best girl. Love and politics are equally baffling. (Proverbs xxx, 19). Yet the statesman from Texas should present no problem. As a campaigner he tears picturesquely across his spacious, sparsely settled district in a modest Ford, visiting the voters in their remote kraals and calling them by their first names. From Washington he writes them long, encouraging letters, beginning: "I have just finished a two-hour conference with Director-General —— and his bunch of attorneys." He is always delighted to return to them. "If you had lived among cold-blooded people as much as I have," he once told them, "you would appreciate getting back to a place where the milk of life really is enjoyed." He appears daily in

the *Record*—he is usually the first man to be heard from in the morning—and they are proud to have a leader in Congress, where great men swarm. He shows up fearlessly the crimes of his colleagues. His suitcase, when he goes home, frequently contains a useful souvenir from the Capital City. One such was a photograph of the House in action, with only seventeen members present, to make the laws of the nation—and Mr. Blanton to the fore among them.

IV

Despite his present eminence, his début in Washington was not a triumph. Some of the Congressmen were lying in wait for him. They had heard about his campaign speeches, in which he had promised to make them convene at nine instead of at noon, and had criticized them for their extravagant use of 38,000,000 envelopes a year at the expense of the government, and their abuse of the *Record*. "I denounce the pernicious practice in Congress," he had said, "of permitting Congressmen to print at the government's expense long speeches, upon no issue whatever, and never delivered, for the express purpose of mailing same to their constituents. Congressmen are now flooding the mails with Extension of Remarks speeches, which are clearly campaign addresses, sent out for campaign purposes, and annually cost our government an enormous sum."

The older members were convinced, however, that with a little more discipline than was ordinarily used on initiates, he would be subdued. They did not know Tom Blanton. Once he got to Washington he acquainted himself further with the iniquities of his brethren and suffered a vast increase in his heat to reform them. Of course, he could not persuade them to meet before noon, but he did his best to confine them to the chamber, once they came there. Periodically he would look about him, note the empty seats and make a point of no quorum. As a result the roll was called and the truants pulled Unrepentant, they responded to their na and returned to their debaucheries, wh upon another roll-call was necessary. gentleman's admirers at home exulte the hell he was raising, but his collea sweated and swore. Some of the n obese ones, in fact, nearly died. Whe persisted in his stunt they put their sol gray heads together and conspired downfall. It was disclosed that in his year he had used over a million envel himself, at a cost of $2500 to the gov ment, and had compelled 126 roll-c costing at least $3,000 and consum twelve days of the House's time. Public Printer, joining in the plot, duced a photostat copy of a check, sig by a Chicago organization of manu turers, and used to pay for reprintin Blanton harangue on the infamy of la unions.

But the malicious scheme fell flat. honest Christian folk of Texas knew what really piqued the wicked legisla from the big cities was their obligatio hear the chaplain's daily prayer, be which the reverential Mr. Blanton i riably made a point of no quorum. Bes the roll-calls were not really futile. "E time I force a roll-call," Mr. Blan explained, "I keep a private bill from p ing and thereby prevent another raid the Treasury."

The truth always hurts and these atta naturally provoke virulent retorts f lathered colleagues. Congressman Crowt of New York once wished to God (in respectful mimicry of Mr. Blanton) that man who invented the self-starter woul inspired again, produce a self-stopper, present it to the gentleman from Te Manuel Herrick, that Congressional foon, compared him to a flea on the s of an automobile, looking out and excla ing: "Gee, what a dust I'm kicking u Appreciating what prompted these insu the hon. gentleman let them roll off broad back. "The few who dare m speak, and speak again," he once wrot

ne of his compositions for the *Record*, to right the wrongs of the many."

In February, 1921, he so dared to speak. ongressmen, hungry for a raise in salary, ad been stealthily watching the Treasury, n the hope that an unguarded moment would present itself, during which they ould grab their loot. The vigilant Blanton rote to the Texas newspapers: "For three ears I have been forced to remain on the oor of the House constantly to prevent his proposal from being attached as a ider on appropriation bills. By making imely points of order I have kept it off of ppropriation bills, and I have kept it rom coming up as a separate legislative roposition solely by threats that I would orce a record vote." Texas was in a bad vay politically at the time, and the State elegation was infuriated at the exposure. The Hon. Hatton Sumners, its spokesman, lenounced Mr. Blanton on the floor, amid heers and hosannas from his colleagues. He said the bill to increase salaries had been thrown out twice on points of order, but that neither had been made by Mr. Blanton.

Never was the House, in all its chaotic history, the scene of such an uproar. Catcalls and hisses for the people's champion penetrated even to the Senate chamber, shocking its austere and snoring occupants. The Hon. Mr. Blanton stood alone, unflinchingly, against these savage boys, broken loose just before vacation. They refused him a chance to defend himself and even his powerful voice could not soar above the tumult. But he could not be beaten. Unable to get the floor, he still had the *Record* and the Texas press. In the appendix of the former and in five columns of advertisement in the Dallas *News*, entitled "Please Read All Of It," he got his revenge. Sumners, he alleged, junketed; Sumners used all of his traveling allowance; Sumners accepted twenty-one cedar chests while in office; most pertinent of all, Sumners yearned for a seat in the Senate, with which dream his (Blanton's) own popularity would interfere. It did.

Nobody can transform the House chamber from a lounge into an arena so facilely as the hon. gentleman from Texas. He once created a dreadful uproar by accusing the members of truckling to labor, but they didn't dare accept his offer to go on the witness-stand to prove his charge. They simply won't give him his chance. But they always blame him if he goes wrong. Take the occasion when Representative Dewalt of Pennsylvania reprimanded him for blocking the House programme, as if he were an incorrigible schoolboy. They wouldn't let him reply. What could he do then, but insert his remarks in the typewritten copy of the proceedings, sent to members before it goes to the Government Printing Office? When his enemies saw the interpolation in the *Record* next day they accused him of falsifying the records of the House. But a man must get things off his chest somehow. How could he have sophisticated the *Record* if the custom of correcting their grammar and embellishing their language had not been long fostered by other Congressmen?

V

This persistent, relentless curtain-lifting on their foibles eventually drove terror into the hearts of the members. Every election eve they borrowed Mr. Blanton's pious fervor and prayed to God for his defeat. But he was a man of long experience at prayer and so always won. Was there no way of getting rid of him? Avidly they seized an opportunity when, in October, 1921, he put some highly improper words into the *Record*. They were, it must be said, shockingly dirty, but they were not his own; he has always been a fierce opponent of obscene literature. They were the vile epithets of a union employé of the Government Printing Office, hurled at a helpless non-union fellow-worker, and they were quoted by Mr. Blanton in an Extension of Remarks address, only to portray the disadvantages under which a non-union man had to work there. They

became part of the *Record* late one Saturday night and would probably have wrought little corruption had not certain hostile Congressmen seen in them a chance to settle Mr. Blanton's hash. So there was an explosion, and on Monday morning the newspapers had a sensation. As soon as the public read that page 7420 of the *Record* contained some naughty words, the Government Printing Office was bombarded with requests for copies of that usually unread periodical, and as much as five dollars was offered for a copy.

The people's champion was addressing an association of Babbitts at the time of the discovery, and the expulsion proceedings had to be deferred until he could return. This postponement gave some of the members a chance to think things over. Was expulsion, after all, a wise course? What would the public think of mature men who expelled a colleague because he put bad words in the back of a book? Wouldn't they make a martyr of him? Good Heavens, suppose Texas should send him back; what wouldn't he tell about them then? Moreover, it wasn't a nice thing to do to the great State of Texas—and patriotic open-shop manufacturers throughout the country were telegraphing their protests. But it was difficult to give up the idea, and all the more bitter and more revengeful members remained as adamant.

The disgraceful day came. The chamber, so deserted on legislative days, was well filled; practically every member was on the floor. The galleries were packed; even the steps in the aisles were occupied. Instead of the customary hubbub a tensity pervaded the atmosphere. Spectators craned their necks and saw a silent, pale, heroic man in the second row. His hand delicately covering his eyes, Mr. Blanton listened for three hours while his cruel colleagues denounced him. At last he rose. He had been accorded an hour to defend himself before the vote disposing of him would be taken. Looking up into the galleries he said:

> No man who ever went upon the scaffold an gave his life, when he felt that it was unjust has been punished more than I have been. I wan you to know something about the man who i going to be kicked out of Congress today.

For the first time in his life he had to asked to speak louder. He was unable do so. All night, he said, he had l awake "with my conscience and my G as company," trying to decide whether had done wrong. He told them about t house in Houston, which creditors h confiscated forty years ago. How he h been compelled to go to work on a farm the age of ten. How he had later deliver groceries to every kitchen in Austin. Ho he had studied at night and began t practice of law with $1.50 in his pock But "Effort Pays, After All." His profe sion became lucrative; he was able to buy ranch for his family. Here he might ha lived happily ever after, had he n yearned with an intolerable yearning to something for his country. He enter politics. "In the fight that I have be making conscientiously and earnestly sin I have been here to prevent this governme from becoming sovietized, I have spe piece of property after piece of property

Why had he printed those bawdy word It was, it appeared, just another proof his desire to acquaint the public with t facts. He wished he could afford to se every red-blooded man in the country copy. Hadn't Shakespeare and Balzac us dirty words? He had done better than the great men: he had abbreviated them that Christian women would not und stand them. But he was willing to take h medicine. "When my adversaries' co steel pierces my vitals I never squawk He would go home on borrowed mone

But to the vengeful colleagues who h subjected him to this historic humiliati he was merciless. "I come from a State, he dramatically told them, "where, 1836, in the historic old Alamo, at S Antonio, Colonel William B. Travis dre out his sword and said, 'Men who a brave, cross it in defense of your countr To cross it means death.' There was b

he man who failed to cross it. I am not uch a man; I will not buy my seat in ongress at the expense of honor or the crifice of principle." He escaped expul- on, for which a two-thirds vote is neces- ary, by eight votes.

But the members' passion for revenge ad not been sated. They unanimously oted to censure him. He was hauled back om his office, led down the long aisle by he sergeant-at-arms, and left alone at the ar of the House. His face was ashen as the peaker pronounced judgment. In his sub- equent flight from the chamber he fell, is head striking the marble of the lobby. leeding like Julius Cæsar, he was carried o a sofa and a medical Congressman mixed stimulant for him. Pulling himself to- ether, Mr. Blanton refused it with a ofty gesture, the tears streaming down his heeks. Then he buffeted his way through he huzzahing crowds back to his office.

For several weeks after that, still pros- rated, he sat in the last row of the cham- er, crushed, almost broken. But soon omplimentary letters began to flood in om his Texas customers, and blessings om the rev. clergy, and then he was forti- ed. Moreover, it became plain quickly nough, from his seat of observation in the ear, that the country still needed him. aking advantage of his subjugation, the nore immoral Congressmen were running mok.

The Treasury was pillaged daily; wets nd tools of the labor unions thundered vithout check. There was not a man to eplace him. So he throttled his sorrows nd stalked down to the second row and he rescue of his country. He broke in with a five-minute speech. The next day e made two. By the Spring of the fol- owing year his confidence was fully re- tored and he read several hundred letters nto the *Record* to convince his colleagues f the outrage they had imposed on him. By this time they were receiving many ituperative letters. The late Congressman uller was thus rebuked by the Rev. Harry . Purinton of Denver:

> You voted to expel Congressman Blanton. I recall, however, that you are the man who, when his country was assailed by a savage enemy, sinking our ships and drowning American men, women, and children, voted against America going to war. I still think you should have resigned in 1914.

Thus the conspiracy against the people's tribune collapsed at last, and he made a new start in his career. One day, on a visit to the House stationery-room, he noticed a number of whiskey flasks on display. A shiver undulated through his frame as it dawned on him that they were paid for out of the Congressmen's stationery allowance. A few days later the stationer was flabbergasted when Mr. Blanton returned and asked for a whiskey flask. Alas! the lips of his colleagues were not as chaste as his own and the flasks had all been sold. But the obliging stationer offered to order one for him. When it arrived he threw it into his suitcase and took it, as a souvenir, to Texas, to show to the moral cowmen. The ensuing indignation of the members caused another scene in the House. Once again Mr. Blanton stood under the congressional lash. But the success of his exposure made up for the pains of his ordeal. The people had been enlightened and were forevermore spared the expense and ignominy of supplying their Representatives with flasks.

Mr. Blanton is a professing Christian, and so his lust for reform is devoid of rancor. His attitude is that of a loving wife attempting to reclaim a boozy spouse. Regardless of her personal view of his habits, she will allow no stranger to belittle him. Some time ago, by some error of the police, a bootlegger was arrested in the Capitol grounds, with a jug of whiskey on him. To obtain his release, he offered the excuse that a Congressman had sent for him. Mr. Blanton, of course, was the last man to be thrown under suspicion, but to purge his colleagues of an unjust accusation he demanded that a committee be appointed to investigate the lie. "I do not believe there is a member in this House," he said, "whether there are any

who are addicted to drink or not, who would buy liquor from a bootlegger. I do not believe it. This is a reflection upon every member of the House of Representatives."

In league with his colleagues and the newspapers to undermine his eminence are the bullying forces of labor. Imbued with the misconception that he is their foe, they have clandestinely devoted themselves to his defeat. Matthew Woll, of the American Federation of Labor, once made public a letter from the Blanton campaign manager to the New England manufacturers, containing an appeal for funds. But this was only a spiteful attempt to belie the hon. gentleman's known aversion to campaign contributions. In the Congressional Directory he tells how his "uncompromising fight against anarchy and the growing autocratic domination of government by labor unions" consigned him to the head of Gompers' blacklist. In ten pages of the *Record* he once gave a thrilling account of his victory "despite the resultant vigorous and unprecedented opposition and attacks." Gompers, with all his money and support, was helpless beside this gifted man. All he could do was to bestow on him a foolish nickname, maliciously appropriated by his enemies. "Bleating Blanton" was receiv with laughter and applause by the Hou Mr. Blanton himself then prophesied:

> Ten years from now the very men who sat ove there and clapped their hands when they hear me called a bleating Congressman may say, bac in their homes, "Blanton is still serving hi people in Congress and doing his duty despit the threat of Mr. Gompers that he is going t be eliminated and kept at home." The only hom that he can send me to is not my Texas home bu my eternal home above.

Here Mr. Blanton was referring to t mysterious bullet whose course Provide had deflected. It may be that Provide has more in mind than the fulfillment the above modest prediction. Recently t Texas delegation received a clipping fr the Abilene *Daily Reporter*, in which t hon. gentleman's district conventi branded Senator Mayfield as a luxury a endorsed Blanton as his successor. It is a rumored that the hon. gentleman h invited every ex-service man in Texas write to him of his troubles. He has f quently said that he does not expect reward on this earth. But surely in t Senate, where the reformer has the ad tional weapon of uncurbed speech, t people's champion would have a better a bigger opportunity to earn his po mortem keep in Heaven.

PINK

BY LEONARD HESS

He already had a sturdy physique and he was only twelve hours of age. His father, Washington Jame-on, a stalwart young Negro, lifted him om the padded wash-basket that served as crib, and carried him to his mother's bed.

"Dinah," he chuckled, "yo can see ow his muscles ah gwin to come on big nd pow'ful, can't yo, Dinah?"

A wide grin of large, white teeth and nick lips garlanded Jameson's face as he aw his first-born snuggle greedily to feed. huge man was Washington Jameson, nd a huge man his son would be. A black an was Washington Jameson, but a milk-hocolate colored infant was his son.

"Dinah, we ain't gwin to call him heodore——"

"Theodore Roosevelt," his wife cor-ected from the bed.

"Nuthin' doin' on that name, Theodore oosevelt," said Jameson emphatically. This heah boy, he's got to be called amson. That Bible Samson, he was a big an, and ouh son, he'll be a big man too, ig 'nuff to kill lions. Look at that ahm n him a'ready, will yo!"

The small woman in the bed smiled. he had a little, round face, pretty teeth, nd soft, sloe-like eyes, and she was not tterly black, but a sort of mellow brown, vith a tint of rose close under the skin. Before the birth of her son she had hoped hat he, too, might have that tint of rose, hat he might not be as black as his father. And this wish seemed not to have been enied her. "He's light!" she said to her-elf joyously. That, to her, was a more im-ortant fact than his strength of body. But the name of Samson pleased her.

"You is great on ideahs, Washington," she said. "A name out of the Bible; it shore will be a blessing to him."

"It's a name he will be proud of," said the father.

The June evening sent a warm flush into the bungalow. Outside the bedroom window the crude petals of a large sunflower were as a disc of gold. The boards of the neighboring bungalows were washed with pale gold and orange. The green of the pine grove that flanked the settlement swam in a clear, amber light. And in the soft, blue sky, where a sickle moon rode palely, a few wisps of cloud, puffy like lambs' wool, reflected the rays of the sun going down behind the hills of the Highlands. Suddenly all this tender, roseate air seemed to come into the bungalow and to concentrate itself upon the bed.

Washington Jameson, lighting his corncob, was not aware of the colorful transfiguration of his humble dwelling. He walked to the window and threw the charred match into the garden, as a man bustled officiously in at the gate. This man, thin and elderly, had just come from hoeing a potato-patch, and he wore soiled overalls. But as a symbol of his learning, he had perched on his wide, flanged nose a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. From the distance of the gate, he greeted the new father.

"'Evenin', Brothah Jameson."

"It's the minister." Jameson turned to his wife. "I s'pose he's comin' to find out what we're gwin to call the boy. Jest hit on Samson in time, ah did."

Dinah's eyes were fixed on her son.

"Washington," she murmured, with

ecstasy in her honey-sweet voice, "jest look good at this heah chile a minit."

"I's lookin' at him, Dinah. Is thar anything wrong?"

Before his wife could answer, the minister's knock on the front door called Jameson out of the room. When he returned with Joshua Fuller, Dinah was still gazing ecstatically at the pudgy face on the pillow.

"'Evenin', Sistah Jameson," said the minister.

But Dinah did not reply to the greeting. A phenomenon had come to pass, and she was the first to see it. The concentrated rosy light had gathered on the child's face and hands, suffusing them with the tender glow, and changing their hue.

"He's not black!" Dinah cried in triumph. "This chile ain't black! An' he ain't brown! He's light! He's pink!"

"He suttinly is!" gasped Washington Jameson. "He suttinly is pink! Mistah Fullah, ah leaves it to yo ef this chile ain't pink!"

The minister adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses and bent over the bed. "It's the sunset does it," he said.

"The sunset's jest showin' up his natchral cullah," said Dinah. "He's pink. He ain't jest light foh a cullad chile. He's pink as pink!"

"Mistah Fullah," exclaimed Washington Jameson, "this shore is a miracle!"

"Tha's decided pink to be seen," the minister agreed. "Ah has no doubt it is a miracle of cullah pigmentation of the complexion, Brothah Jameson."

"Suttinly, suttinly. And in respec' to the chile's name, for the christenin'——"

A voice rose dreamily from the bed. "I's gwin to call him Pink. He'll be glad o' that name, it's so diff'ent. Pink. That's a flowah. Pinks. Them's flowahs. It's a beautiful name, Pink."

"It would be all right foh a girl, Dinah——"

"Some names goes foh boys and girls," Dinah argued. "Like the name Francis, or——"

Her small face was bright with t ardor of romantic inspiration. Then assumed a stern look when the chil father opened his mouth to dispu further.

"Ah's named him Pink, Mistah Fullah she said. "You will christen him Pi Jameson, on the comin' Sabbath. Pin 'Cause he's diff'ent,—he's diff'ent in c lah! He won't have sech a hard time the world, maybe——"

As her husband and the minister gave to Dinah's desire as to the child's nam the roseate tinge drifted out of the a The shadows from the pine grove blac ened.

II

Pink Jameson was seven years old. He h not belied the promise he had given at h birth, and his stature and weight mig have been those of a boy of twelve. Ho ever, in another respect, the early hours his life had been false prophets of his la years. He was now as black as his fath Not a trace of the rose tint under his sk remained. It was the tragedy of h mother's life.

"Dinah," Washington Jameson said he saw the ebony face of his son glisteni in the garden, "it don't do to call dat ch Pink no moh. We has to go back to Sa son. He kin be christened ovah agin."

Dinah Jameson was a sick woman no and she cherished illusions. "His cullah she answered, "it might change ba again. Anyways, he likes that nam Pink."

The boy was, in fact, proud of the nam No other boy had a name like it. By virt of it he gradually began to imagine hi self lighter in color than his companion He would examine patches of skin whe from friction, the solid black had be worn to a redder hue, and he thought th no other Negro had such shades as he h upon him. He held himself a little apa from his fellows.

When he enrolled at school, he a nounced his name loudly: "Pink. Pin

ameson." He trembled when a titter ippled over the class. His white and rown eyes fell before a smile which the eacher could not hide.

He had known most of his classmates all is life, and never before had they laughed t him. He sat down, squeezing back tears, nd singled out a ten-year-old, hulking oy, with a face like charcoal, for punishnent after school. This boy, Reace Fuller, vas the son of the minister who had hristened Pink. He was a dull creature vho laughed aimlessly.

School was dismissed. On the yellow oad, hot under the September sun, Pink ameson waited. Reace Fuller appeared, gazing vacantly at the sky and whistling unelessly. Pink caught him savagely by he arm and flung him around. Reace clenched his fists. He had a bad temper. His under lip sagged.

"What yo want?" he demanded.

"What yo laffed foh at me in school?" Pink shouted.

Other boys had gathered around them. Black boys and white sons of farmers.

"I don' know why I laffed," said Reace. "It ain't none of yo business anyways why I laffed. Git out mah way!"

From the edge of the crowd a boy yelled, "He laffed because yo name is Pink!"

"Yeh!" said the dull-witted Reace, glad to be helped to an explanation. "'Cause yo name is Pink."

"Pink, like coal!" shouted the tormentor from the crowd.

"Yeh! Pink, like coal!" the witless Reace yelled. And he burst into a slobbery laugh.

"Pink, like coal!" the crowd jeered. "Pink, like coal!"

Pink Jameson looked around him, bewildered. On all sides, cruelly laughing faces. On all sides, thrown from mouth to mouth, the jibe, "Pink, like coal!" Suddenly his senses left him. He lowered his head. His eyes rolled. A strange roar broke from his throat. He charged, taking Reace Fuller in the stomach with his round head, and sending him down with a loud groan into the dirt of the road. There was nothing vindictive in Pink's nature, and he forgot Reace and pitched himself into the crowd, striking out and kicking, biting, butting, a veritable whirlwind of rage, seven years old. Blind with fury. Larger and more powerful than most of the other boys, he took toll with his fists, his teeth, his thick-soled shoes. But they poured over him, the others. He felt their blows on his head and body. They began to kick as he had kicked, and there were many pairs of feet. He was caught in a mill of bodies. A fist crashed to his jaw. He was underneath the mass now, the breath crushed out of him, his clothing in tatters. He was bruised and scratched and bleeding and nine-tenths unconscious when two teachers called off his antagonists. When they raised him, blood was running from a gash in his forehead, down into his eyes. He was crying bitterly. His shirt had been ripped from his chest and arms, and his black skin, wet with sweat, gleamed through the rents.

"That's how pink he is!"

The white boys merely laughed. The black boys, resentful of Pink's scorn of them, took up the shout.

"Look at his skin! Pink! Pink, like coal!"

He jogged home, crying, with them hooting at his back. He sank to the floor, with his head in his mother's lap, and hoarse sobs broke his speech.

"Pink,—like coal," he sobbed. "Tha's what they said, mammy,—Pink, like coal."

"Nevah yo min', honey. Dat day yo was born, you was pink as pink. Why, ennybody can see it in yo now ef they wants to look close. Yo keep yo'self away from dem others, my lamb. Yo is bettah. Yo is diff'ent. And don't nevah be ashamed of yo name, honey. Pink,—it's a lovely name."

He was more proud of his name than ever, because he had fought for it. There were times when, as the sun shone upon

him, he imagined that his whole body was alight with a rosy hue. He saw the rosy tone in his mother's face. Her skin was transparent now that death approached her. He revered her for that color which he believed she had bequeathed to him. He could never quite forgive his father for being so dark.

At the age of twenty Pink Jameson was a giant. Neither of his parents was alive now, and he was making his way from place to place at what jobs he could pick up. He was good-natured and jolly, with a big grin slicing his face redly, with immense, rolling eyes and enormous ears. And he was black as unilluminated night. He liked to sing in his rich, tenor voice. Snatches of song, mellow and sentimental. At first sight, his size and blackness inspired fear. But he was soon found to be harmless and a willing worker—extraordinarily willing for one of his race. When he worked with white men his jobs generally lasted as long as he wanted them to, he got on so well with the others. They liked to hear his snatches of song, mellow and sentimental, and to see his expansive grin. He quit only when his love of wandering took possession of his big frame.

But it was a different matter when he worked with Negroes. There was always trouble ahead then, because he walked around with a chip on his shoulder. That chip was his name, Pink. Pink Jameson. The whites, when they first heard it, merely smiled. But the blacks guffawed. Then they scowled. They felt something offensive about it, even before, with his forehead dangerously knotted, he explained to them how he had come by the name.

He no longer imagined that his skin had that rosy flush. He knew he was as uncompromisingly black as his father had been. But he refused to let the world see the bitterness of his disillusion. When he explained his name he invariably ended the speech with the same words, "Ennybody as wants to look close, dat pusson can see the pink in me."

The fight came when the suitability his name was called into question. He th became a demon. His fists were like sledg hammers, and he flayed his opponents defense of his name, as men of nob lineage in other times had defended t honor of their houses. More than once stopped just short of murder. And whi he fought he bellowed as if it were battle-cry,

"I'm Pink Jameson! Dat's me, Pin Pink Jameson!"

Having vanquished his enemy, he fou that he had others about his ears. Th were in terror of him, but their resentme sometimes overcame the fear. That bla nigger struttin' 'round like a turkey-coc callin' himself Pink! Makin' out he w better than them! He had one fight aft the other on his hands, and presently had to give up the job because the co pany couldn't keep on a trouble-mak like him.

So he wandered over the countrysid swinging along the roads with his sca belongings on his back, singing his song greeting passersby with "Mownin', sah. 'Evenin', sah." He could always find jo which required that he work alone, farms or in towns. But he liked to wo where there were gangs. The whi gangs were amused by him. The black licked into submission.

III

But he was having a hard time of it at t Eagle Saw-Mill. And the difficulties we not with blacks, but with whites. It w the first time he had failed among t whites. He was miserable. He could n understand.

They were rough, hard men, the whites; a mob of strike-breakers that ha been dumped off a train at the siding, ha run the strikers off the mill property an taken full possession. Swearing, blasphem ing, brutal men, ready to crack skulls wit iron bars.

Pink hadn't known there was a strik

when he took the job of fireman. Conscientiously, and howling his songs as he shoveled coal into the red furnace door, he sweated underground, naked and gleaming from the belt up. Of what was happening in the mill upstairs he knew nothing. The engineer, a lynx-eyed, skinny, pasty-complexioned Polack who gulped large quantities of bad whiskey, never spoke a word to him, considering Pink beneath his notice. When, at noon, Pink emerged from the engine-room to eat his lunch in the cool air under an oak, no one paid attention to him.

But one day he was so unpolitic as to watch a game of poker played by six men whose faces had one quality in common: hardness like that of stone. He liked gaming, Pink Jameson did, and he danced around the players with his eyes rolling, his teeth flashing. Occasionally he made a remark.

"Dat gits him, boss. Yo shore had one great hand dat time, boss!"

They said nothing, but they gave him irritated looks. Lost in the joy of watching the game, he failed to note their growing displeasure. Suddenly a man in a red, turtle-neck sweater (the April day was warm, but Bird Hanner cherished his red, turtle-neck sweater) growled up at him, "Move on, nigger."

Pink Jameson was transfixed where he stood. He opened his mouth, but he did not speak. With a heart heavy as metal, he shuffled away and lay down under the oak tree. No white man had ever before called him nigger. Something horrible had happened. Then he realized that those men did not know his name, and for the first time he was glad that his name was not known.

"White trash," he muttered to himself. "Not good 'nuff foh a respect'ble man to bother his haid 'bout."

But his unhappiness was deep. Toward the sun he held up his hands and iron-muscled forearms. They were black. Dull black. Not pink. His eyelids quivered.

"I's pink all the same," he mumbled. "Sometimes yo can see it, the pink in me . . . . White trash!"

The one o'clock whistle screamed and echoed along the timbered mountain sides. Pink Jameson got up and walked rigidly past the poker players, who were wrangling as they discontinued the game.

The mill superintendent, who had hired Pink, nodded to him. He was a gruff man, who did not like this business of strike-breaking, but who needed his own job.

"No trash in Mistah Bowman," said Pink to himself, as he plunged down into the hot air of the engine-room.

He was instantly aware of danger. The brick walls and the concrete floor were shuddering. The huge boiler, too, shuddered. And inside it the water gurgled and throbbed. The Polack had drunk himself into a stupor, and sat on a stool, his back against the wall, snoring with his mouth wide open.

Pink leaped to the boiler and threw open the safety-valve. A rush of boiling steam shot with a siren's shriek into the air. Pink grabbed the inert engineer in his arms and bounded up the stairs with him, as the scalding steam saturated the room.

"Narrow call, dat," grunted Pink, dropping the Polack to the ground. "We all shore come mighty close dat time to sailin' up to Heben."

The engineer opened his bleared eyes. He staggered to his feet. He looked like a rat

Bowman had come on the scene, for the steam was gushing up from below, spraying the air. The man in the red sweater and the other poker players, and more of the strike-breakers, appeared. A stillness hung in the air. Someone had shut off the mill power. The silence of the mountains had rushed down on the immobile saws and bands like a tangible thing. And in this silence Pink Jameson faced the Polack, and there was a vast contempt on his Negroid features.

"Come near to blowin' us to Kingdom Come," he said, shaking his great head slowly. "Yo job is to tend dat boiler down

thar, an' not to guzzle whiskey till yo stink to turn a decent man's stommick!"

Certain of these words bit into the engineer's consciousness. "Stink . . . Decent man." . . . What was that big, dirty nigger saying to him? Nigger talking to a white man like that! His eyes shifted. He looked everywhere but at Pink Jameson. And then he leaped, with a snaky motion, and with a long-bladed knife in his hand. It was his way of fighting. A roar broke from Pink's throat. The blade had slashed his hand. The next moment a shriek came from the Polack. The knife dropped to the ground. Pink placed his tremendous foot upon it. The engineer's right arm dangled limply. It had been snapped at the wrist. His howls of pain and rage were like those of a snarling animal.

"Dat's how I fights trash!" Pink Jameson said, spitting. "All kinds o' trash. White trash, too!"

Bird Hanner stepped forward. He rolled up the sleeves of his red sweater. "See any white trash 'round here, nigger?" he demanded, through his teeth.

Pink Jameson faced him squarely. "Lots of it," he answered. "'Most everywheres I look, ah sees it."

The Pole, nursing his broken arm, whined. The superintendent, Bowman, placed himself at Pink's side.

"That's enough, men," he said. "From how I make it out, Pink Jameson here saved our lives. That boiler came near to exploding——"

"Sure did, sah. It was boilin' like a tea kettle. And him sleepin', drunk——"

"Where's the white trash you see 'round here?" asked Hanner.

"When I looks at yo, I sees some of it," Pink retorted, a cloud of anger gathering on his face. "Yo calls me nigger. I calls yo white trash."

"No fighting, Pink," said Bowman. He saw the ugliness gathering. He knew the men he was dealing with. Riff-raff from a dozen States. All breeds, all nationalities. Thugs. Yeggs. . . .

"Pink!" someone shouted. "Is dat his name, Pink? Some fancy name for nigger!"

"I ain't nigger!" Pink Jameson l lowed. But the relentless daylight m his muscle-circled trunk, his thick ne his massive shoulders and arms look l polished ebony.

"You're the blackest nigger I ever see Bird Hanner yelled.

"They don't come no blacker!" s another.

"Black as coal!" yelled a third.

He was pelted with shouts. Then genius of historical repetition brought the climax. Words that had infuria Pink Jameson when he was seven y old struck him again now, like blows the face.

"Pink, like coal!"

He lowered his head. His arms beg to swing for action. He looked arou him like an enraged bull.

"Come on!" Bird Hanner yelled, face almost as red as his sweater. "Cal us white trash, boys! Kill the nigger!"

Bowman placed himself before nigger.

"Get back to work!" he shouted.

But he knew he was powerless to force order. He wished constable Dra would come along. Then he was swe aside by the rush.

He saw the Polack on the skirts o tumultuous mass of bodies, with his go arm throwing stones at the black he that rose like a basalt rock above the h man surf which hurled itself forward. saw the flaying arms of Pink Jameson, a the red sweater. Then he saw a man in blue shirt lifted into the air, poised great, black hands, and sent crashing dow into the welter of his fellows. The uproc of voices was like the thunder of a stor ing sea. Above that uproar came a sing voice, a veritable trumpet of a voice.

"I's Pink! Pink Jameson, dat's n Pink! Pink! Dat's me! Come on, wh trash! Come on an' meet up with Pi Jameson! Pink's dirtyin' his hands on y Come on!"

IV

owly he retreated, shaking off his at-ckers as if they were rabbits, until he d his back against the wall of the mill fice. The red sweater pushed through e crowd. He had found the Polack's ife, and it gleamed in his hand. The hers stepped away, to make space for e advancing vengeance. This was no inny weakling, like the engineer. Bird anner was nearly as big as the nigger. He iew all kinds of fighting tricks. Now mething real was going to happen. atch, bo!

Bowman, fearing murder, tumbled into s Ford to get help from the village. A st look showed him the red sweater, rcling for an opening to the immense ack bulk against the unpainted wall.

The Polack picked up another stone, med well, and struck Pink Jameson on ie head. The black man swayed dizzily. he red sweater crouched and dug from ider. A roar of triumph went up from the owd. Too soon. The Negro's foot had ught red sweater midway, taking the ind out of him. The Negro sprang for-ard, and black and red grappled.

And even with his lungs panting with fort of fight, he roared his battle-cry: "I's ink! Pink Jameson, dat's me!"

The Polack tried to organize the forces r a concerted rush. Bu now the others ere fascinated and terrified by the face of ie gigantic Negro. The blubber lips rithed back, showing teeth like tusks. he wide nostrils quivered and snorted. he big eyes rolled black and white in a rrible glare.

Red sweater slashed, and the Negro uld not catch the hand that held the lade. On the dark shoulder, on the biceps, the ribs, streaks of blood appeared. nall gashes. Nothing mortal yet. But ough to cause that black rage to gush ut like a torrent. Pink Jameson ignored ie knife now. He found it with his bare ands and seized the sharp blade. His ngers, cut to the bone, broke it off short at the hilt. An imbecilic expression came to the face of Bird Hanner. A loud and fearful laugh broke from the Negro.

"White trash, yo are at mah mercy now!"

Bird Hanner knew it. He threw a quick, imploring look at his fellows. They did not stir to help him.

"White trash. . . ." He held Bird Hanner in a clutch of steel. "White trash, ah don' care 'bout you went foh me with a knife. Ah care 'cause yo said I's not pink. I's a black nigger, yo said!"

With one arm he bent Bird Hanner's head down. With the free fist he crushed Bird Hanner's skull at one blow. Then he dropped the body and stared down at it.

No one moved.

As Pink Jameson stared at the bloody head, horror awoke in his soul.

"God A'mighty, what ah done?"

A long groan came from him. He shut out the sight with his hands and shuddered. There passed through his tormented memory a long review of the battles he had fought in defense of his name. But nothing ever before like this. All anger died away. He lowered his hands slowly and gazed at them. Blood streaked from the cuts, over the black skin. The black skin.

The motion of the crowd brought him to realities. The menacing faces drew a little nearer. A nigger had killed a white! He saw the sly, blood-lusting eyes of the engineer. Then he saw Bowman ride up in the Ford, with a man at his side who wore a hat with a broad brim. He saw two other cars following up the sawdust road, with men carrying guns. He sprang into the office and locked the door. He waited. Soon he understood, as he peeped from a window, that they were going to try to take him. The men looked at the body in the red sweater. Bowman shook his head. The Polack pointed toward the office. The man with the broad hat wore a silver star on his lapel. He strode to the office door and banged with his fist.

"Open that door! Be quick about it!"

Pink Jameson crouched in a corner behind the desk. Shivers ran through his enormous frame. He gazed again at his bleeding hands. There was a queer fog in his brain. Then he heard Bowman's voice, calling kindly in to him, "Come out, Pink. You needn't be afraid. I saw how the trouble started. You did it in self-defense."

For a moment the words gave Pink Jameson joy. Sure, he had done it in self-defense. . . . But he felt something wet on his body, where Hanner's blood had spattered him. He heard distinctly his own words, "Ah don' care 'bout you went foh me with a knife. Ah care 'cause yo said I's not pink. You said I's a black nigger!"

That's why he had done it. And he was a black nigger. He turned sick when he at last admitted it to himself. He was a black nigger. . . . He turned so sick that all the zest for life went out of him. He could never sing again. He didn't care what happened. He had killed a man in his rage, because the man had called him a black nigger. . . . And he *was* a black nigger. . . . Never again could he fight in defe of his name. . . . He had no name defend. . . .

He threw open the door, and step into the sunlight. He folded his arms his monumental chest. A hush fell. It broken at last.

"Take me, white men. I's not P Jameson. I's black. I's dam' black! Black Jameson! I's dam' black, nig Jameson!"

When they placed him under arrest sobbed so that his great shoulders w racked.

"Black Jameson," he groaned. "Bl Jameson, dat's me. Pooh black Jameson

The witnesses, the hard-boiled thu and yeggs, with the exception of Polack, testified that he had slain in se defense. He had struck admiration fr those hard-boiled ones. There was Bo man's testimony also.

He was acquitted. But he rarely sa after that. The queer fog remained in brain. He persisted in the habit of gazi at his hands.

THE WOWSERS TACKLE THE MOVIES

BY JAMES R. QUIRK

CENSORSHIP is the Cuckoo Klux Klan of Art. All censors are curious birds, but the motion picture censor is the oicest of them all. This bird can neither ıg nor lay eggs, and probably never ates, but it cackles continuously. It lives clusively on publicity and its habitat is the densest jungles of imbecility. An ıthropologist once remarked that "the igher a monkey climbs the better you can bserve his caudal appendage." The mo- on picture censor is perched, even above onkey range, on the topmost branch of ıe tree.

It is possible that some reader is going accuse me here of a prejudice against ensors and professional reformers in gen- ral. I shall avoid argument by admitting hat prejudice at once. It is honestly ac- uired. I have met hundreds of reformers, f all colors and creeds. I have interviewed hem as newspaper reporter and editor. hey came trooping to me in phalanxes in he days when I sat at the city desk of a aily newspaper. They carried ferrotyped hotographs, with the glossy finish re- uired for the best halftone reproductions, nd they were willing to be quoted. When ıey could not enlist my coöperation in ıeir schemes for saving dogs from vivisec- on, or souls from damnation, by the or- inary arts of cajolery they sought the un- hristian method of trying to blackjack ıe through the business office. The only ıing they never tried on me was sex ap- eal. So far as I am aware—and I am aware uite a distance in some matters—no female former who ever presented herself at my esk in those days had even so much as a ood ankle. Resolutions, causes and cru- sades take their authorship mainly from among repressed spinsters, wives past forty-five, and their male equivalents. I record this observation solely for its value to biological science. Endocrine pathology probably holds the only real solution of the censorship problem.

Now my desk in a magazine office is littered with tracts, briefs, circulars, pleas and petitions, all bearing on the great movement to establish a censorship of the motion picture. Scientists, inventors, chemists, engineers, writers, dramatists, furriers, haberdashers, actors, opticians, pitchmen and waiters have been for thirty years pouring their labor and genius into the art of the film; now the reformers propose to take it over by process of law. May I be permitted a reasonable doubt that they can do much for it?

Most conspicuous in the literature of hopeful damnation before me is a tall and slender tract bound in yellow, of newspaper column width and entitled: "Catechism on Motion Pictures." It is a compilation from the editorial hand of the Rev. William Sheafe Chase, A.M., D.D., honorary canon of the Cathedral of the Incarnation at Garden City, L. I., and rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn. His is an obscure parish, with an inconsiderable and gloomy basilica sadly in need of ventilation and janitor work. There is a dusty unhappiness about it that spreads through the sombre rectory next door. But Canon Chase's heart is not there; his real parish is Page One. He is the president of the New York Civic League, general secretary of the Federal Motion Picture Council in America, Inc., and superintendent of the

celebrated International Reform Federation of Washington. He learned the wowser's trade in municipal and State affairs, warring against such standard curses as the Demon Rum, gambling, prize-fighting and horse-racing. He has led many a crusade for a blue Sunday. Now he can look back with some satisfaction on the attainments of his long career. He can point with pride to the sweeping success of Prohibition, the complete and universal suppression of cards and dice, and the elimination of the prize-ring and the race-track. This glorious succession of triumphs leaves him free to devote himself whole-heartedly to his new love, the sins of the motion picture. The motion picture is relatively new, and hence newsy. Its publicity content, for reformers as for its own stars, is greater than that of any other vice or art ever heard of.

Other wowsers, of course, are well aware of the fact, and so the canon is not the only one in the field, but his genius is such that he easily leads the procession. Moreover, he is the outstanding leader of the movement by clear rights of succession and heritage. His immortal predecessor, the late Rev. Wilbur Fisk Crafts, D.D., was the first prospector of holy causes to drive his stake into the motion picture lode. That was in the early days of the International Reform Bureau at Washington. Dr. Crafts was a vigorously migrant militant, struggling many years for his adjustments with God and Man. In 1867, at the age of 17, he became a Methodist pastor, but in the years that followed he moved into Congregationalism and, later, Presbyterianism. He gave up a comfortable charge to go to Washington in 1895 and be the lobbyist of the Lord in all moral causes, including the crusade against opium, alcohol and sex. But he did not find his really Big Opportunity until the movies arrived. From that moment he was made. He issued challenges, statements, defies and ukases from 1909 until his death in 1922. Very often the hand that held the pen actually belonged to Canon Chase, then in training. With the demise of Dr. Crafts, Chase, the prime minister, took over the rank and dignity of chief wowser.

The Federal Motion Picture Council of America, Inc., is in the incorporated business of seeking a Federal censorship of motion pictures. It is the crystallization of a series of national conferences of leading wowsers, beginning with a censorship conclave about 1915. Canon Chase is the organization's dominant figure and leader, and until March 4 last the Hon. and Rev. William Davis Upshaw, Representative from Georgia, was the chief Chase ally and messenger on the floor of Congress. The supreme flowering of the movement is the document known as the Upshaw Bill, which contemplates a Federal motion picture censorship commission. Ex-Congressman Upshaw, in his early days in Christian Georgia, founded religious magazines and was a zealot in the ranks of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League. His constituents, debauched by the Beer Trust, did not return him to Congress last year, and he is now seeking some connection which will enable him to carry on his life-work of redeeming souls. Not a rich man, he needs the salary. If the Federal Motion Picture Commission is ever lobbied into existence he will be a logical candidate for the post of chief commissioner, with all the emoluments thereto appertaining.

The Upshaw Bill would put the fate of the motion picture into the hands of five commissioners, each of whom would draw the salary of a second-rate assistant director in a third-rate Hollywood studio. It is easily the most completely and perfectly drastic and asinine censorship ever presented to Congress, which certainly marks it as a work of genius. Prohibition is the apotheosis of democracy compared to it. Under it, if it is ever passed, the motion picture will not survive long enough for the consummation of the first confiscation for which the bill actually provides. So far, by God's will, it remains in committee, and the only official result of the great campaign of the firm of Ch

Upshaw is a mass of reports. The most oyous of these is entitled: "Hearings be-ore the Committee on Education—H. R. 094 and H. R. 6233." The representatives f the motion picture, at the sessions of his committee, sat by and let the reform-rs strangle themselves in the tangles of heir own ridiculousness.

II

Opposition to the censorship is centered n two widely divided camps, the Motion icture Producers and Distributors of merica, Inc., headed by Will H. Hays, nd the National Board of Review of Mo-ion Pictures, administered by Wilton A. arrett as executive secretary.

The operations of the Hays office in be-alf of the industry are ordered by the nethods of Big Business and the technique f national political campaigns, including he formation of counter organizations. he names of the Rev. S. Parks Cadman, .D., S.T.D., D.H.L., and of Judge Ben . Lindsey, of Denver, are prominent in his work. Mr. Hays tries to keep out of he censorship fight personally, but he has keen *alter ego* in Charles C. Pettijohn, eneral counsel for the producers' organi-ation, who has a mean habit of sitting uietly by at a censorship hearing and then uddenly confounding the wowsers. Mr. ays, I believe, is sincerely trying to purge he pictures of anything to which reason-ble men and women may take fair excep-ion, but he knows quite well that they ould cease to draw their public if a hase-Upshaw censorship were ever per-nitted to dictate what was to go into hem.

The National Board of Review is un-ompromising in its fight on the proposed ensorship. Paradoxically, it is an evolu-ion from the first censorship organization, nd it was only so recently as 1916 that t changed its name from the National oard of Censorship. The latter board was rganized in 1909 by the People's Institute o rescue the movies from reforming fa-natics who were being incited to character-istic excesses by stage interests jealous of the rising success and competition of the screen. The board, with the coöperation of the movie industry, applied a guiding censorship within the trade in order to head off a worse one outside. Today the National Board of Review still makes rec-ommendations of an editorial character. But mainly it classifies and selects and rec-ommends, aiming apparently to let the public pass its own judgments. With its array of unpaid volunteer reviewers, it is something of a puzzle to both the reform-ers and the Hays organization.

Wilton A. Barrett, its executive secre-tary, is a poet with several volumes to his credit, a maker of yacht models, a collector of first editions, and a driver of racing cars. The light before the door of his studio in Washington Mews burns until 4 o'clock in the morning, a beacon to those who pass in the meanderings of Washington Square, and no caller has ever gone away dry. His close ally is Alfred B. Kuttner, a very Har-vardish person, and one time editor of *Pearson's*, against whom the most serious count is his friendship with Frank Harris. Mr. Kuttner is addicted to the study of social psychology. If you will turn to the record of the congressional hearing on the Upshaw bill you will discover something traceable to the machinations of the Barrett-Kuttner combination. It consists of a statement by Dr. A. A. Brill, the psycho-analyst and translator of Freud. Thus:

> The only people who really feel that they need censorship are the professional reformers. Most of these reformers show certain pathological traits to the extent of bordering on real paranoia. They are abnormally sensitive to the ordinary impressions and suggestions which the average man or woman never notices. They show an ap-parent great moral fervor and are always discov-ering things, especially in the field of sex and crime, which they claim will ruin society.
>
> The trouble with such people is that as a result of their improper up-bringing they have not learned to control their primitive lawless instinct and are always afraid of yielding to their temp-tations. Because they are afraid for themselves, they attribute their feeling to everyone else. The normal man can read about law-breaking or see it in a play or picture without wanting to become

a criminal. He can see a woman in a modern short skirt or one-piece bathing suit without even consciously noticing them. He is really much healthier than the reformer, who wants to suppress everything because he doesn't trust himself.

Society keeps itself normal and healthy through the ordinary machinery of education, and the average healthy person always becomes his own censor. He has an ideal of conduct which controls his actions. It is a mistake to pass special legislation to prevent a few abnormal people from committing crimes or yielding to sexual temptations. Society cannot be held down to the subnormal standards of a moron. The same thing applies to any attempt to make all amusements safe for children. No one ever became vicious or a criminal as a result of outside influence. Criminals are born, not made.

It is quite unscientific to say that plays or the movies lead to crime. They are a really valuable outlet for our primitive impulses and help to keep society healthy. When we see these impulses in action in a play or picture we live through them again with the aid of the actors and are better for having had this release. The movies are especially useful in deterring from crime and cleansing our emotions because they reach everybody and reflect the problems of modern life in a way that everybody can understand.

That, of course, was not exactly the sort of material that Pastors Chase and Upshaw wanted in the record. But Messrs. Barrett and Kuttner got it in.

III

I offer no defense of the movies. They have been defended too much. They have been defended so much that they have got an inferiority complex. The screen, in its early days and through its adolescence, was guilty of the highest of crimes—bad taste, excruciatingly bad taste, and not a little of it clings yet. But today it is inherently clean, cleaner maybe than the public which it serves. The world of the motion picture knows that honesty is the best policy—because it has tried all policies. Mediocrity is the real curse of the films today.

We have in America a welter of poor books, ugly furniture, bad food, bad painting, commonplace cars, unlovely residences, gaudy rugs and hellish wallpaper. Anything really good is so rare among us that it shines. So we must not expect too much of the screen. If, now and then, we see a really good motion picture, we have had as much luck as is coming to us in thi very mediocre world. While the folks wh would legislate us into Heaven are roarin and censorship bills are pending on al hands, it is a significant fact—and unques tionably a fact—that the film clippers a Hollywood itself are finding less and les to do as the directors learn how to pu over their human problems without bec room sets. Alert supervisors are now edi ing the Von Stroheims, the bathing-gi comedies have become as inane as near beer, and Cecil B. DeMille has turned fron his bacchanals and his bath-rooms to Cal vary and the tribunal of Pontius Pilate DeMille's "King of Kings," an attempt t visualize the last year of Christ, is a veri table triumph over the Pharisees. All th great money-making pictures of the las few years have been censorproof. The old time scavengers and procurers of the scree have all gone broke.

Stupid as most film directors are, they are men of brilliant intellect compared t the busybodies who compose the existin State and municipal boards of censors. Th elimination of scenes which they conside dangerous to the morals of the nation i the least annoying part of their work They change titles at will and substitut those of their own concoction. They twis the themes of pictures and make them nonsensical. What is poison to the censor of one State is passed without comment i another. Many an audience has slunk ou of a movie parlor in disgust while th owner stood hopelessly by, unable to ex plain that the silly hodge-podge show on his screen was the result of the effo of some smart Alec censor to conform picture to his hick notions of what is goo drama.

Operating on the lofty principle tha they are protecting the morons of the na tion from lechery and crime, the membe of this self-righteous, meddlesome gang ignoramuses clip merrily away, substitu ing the inanities of the kindergarten fo the realities of life, puerile innuendo fo straightforward representation, and sap

t. Their gods are Harold Bell Wright, ne Stratton Porter and Ella Wheeler ilcox. But let us examine some of their ncrete imbecilities, first introducing some eology from Canon Chase's bible for nephobists, the third edition of his Catechism on Motion Pictures." The arned Canon Chase follows the accepted clesiastical form of instruction by ques-on and answer, but with an artistic in-fference to consistency. For example:

Q. Are all the producers so degraded that they enjoy making money by demoralizing children and debauching public morals?

A. No. The New York Joint Legislative Committee to investigate motion pictures, which took 2,000 typewritten pages of testimony in 1917, reported *only a few.*

Q. Why, then, can a few unscrupulous producers compel a larger number of manufacturers to make sex lure and crime producing films?

A. Because the law for preventing immoral pictures in the States where there is no State Motion Picture Commission or censor board is antiquated, inefficient and so difficult to enforce that the busy police and magistrates are not able to cope with this great evil. Shortsighted producers, therefore, finding that impure films attract big crowds, conclude that in order to meet the competition of the unscrupulous producer, *they also must make demoralizing pictures.*

Note the contradiction in these two answers. But to go on:

Q. What will an effective law, which requires every motion picture to be examined by *competent inspectors* and compelled to come up to the standards of the morality of the general public, do for the producers?

A. It will set them free from the control of the few degenerate producers. It will enable honorable producers, with big profits to themselves, to furnish clean movies to the public.

Naïve, what? These "competent inspectors" are today so few and far between that ne hard-boiled picture producers pay nem anywhere from $25,000 a year to wice the President's salary, and the competition for them is keener than for stars. ut of course the government could get hem for fifty dollars a week. Wouldn't ou think that Adolph Zukor, Marcus oew, Richard A. Rowland, Carl Laemmle nd William Fox would have enough vi-ion to take advantage of this obvious way o larger profits, by permitting Uncle Sam to do all their worrying for them? But to return to the canon:

Q. Why is it that in the long run people do not want to see immoral pictures, even if at first bad pictures do draw the crowd?

A. Curiosity, not real, lasting desire to see licentious films, accounts for the first drawing power of vile pictures. But in the end *filth disgusts and repels the crowd.*

That's precisely what the producers have learned. The canon, indeed, is here admitting the truth of the strongest argument against censorship. Bad pictures are poor business. But even good pictures, it appears, may be bad:

Q. Why did Mr. Griffith insert the maternity scenes in "Way Down East," in which he teaches that childbirth is woman's Gethsemane, and object to having any legal commission authorized to prevent it and to cut it out?

A. He doubtless justifies the scene by saying that the girl in his play in childbirth is being punished for being deceived into a mock marriage. He doubtless claims that it will frighten girls from illicit sexual intercourse. As a matter of fact, it will terrorize women from marriage, or tempt them to use contraceptive methods and abortion to avoid childbirth. . . .

That answer is a beautiful laboratory specimen of the mental operations of a genuine wowser!

But the "competent inspector" of the canon's dream once actually solved the problem very cleverly. The Pennsylvania State Board of Censors allowed the baby in the picture to die, but wouldn't let it be born! For a long time this able board, under the leadership of Ellis Paxton Oberholtzer, Ph.D., Litt. D., the acknowledged Imperial Wizard of all film censors, would not permit anything but the stork to be used in references to the perpetuation of the human race! Even scenes showing the making of baby clothes, by women who had been honestly married in full view of the fans, were torn out from films as too "suggestive." Other incidental operations performed on "Way Down East" by the same board included the cutting out of scenes showing society girls smoking cigarettes, and the curious changing of a title, "I can never be any man's wife," to "I can never marry any man." Just how the

last change sanctified the title must ever remain an impenetrable mystery.

I permit myself one more question out of the catechism, and part of the answer, to show how agile the Brooklyn Savonarola can be when he wants to do some snappy side-stepping. You can never get him on the horns of a dilemma. He bounces from one to the other.

> *Q.* Why will a Federal law do better work than 48 State Motion Picture Commissions?
>
> *A.* The opportunity for Larger Service, *together with the more generous salaries* of the Federal commission, would attract persons better fitted by education, artistic training and wider experience, to serve as commissioners than on the State boards. . . . There will be less danger of graft or political considerations influencing the decisions of the Federal than the State commissions. . . . There is less graft and corruption in Congress than in city or State Legislatures, . . . so the Federal commission may be relied upon *to do more honest work* than any of the State motion picture commissions.

That is surely a dirty inference for one reformer to make concerning his brother workers in the vineyard! In his grand theological peroration, Dr. Chase takes a sock at the Jews, who he says control the motion picture, and then promises them that if they let his gang of Federal censors run their business, "it will minimize the anti-Jewish feeling which exists in the United States." That's what I call a magnanimous Christian spirit.

Before we pass into the operating room to view some choice cases of celluloid surgery, let us pause for a moment to examine the canon's greatest invention, the automatic diagnostic chart which enables the film gynecologist to determine immediately the condition of his patient. He calls this chart a score-card, and sells it to his customers at forty cents a hundred. Fifty different symptoms are listed, among them:

> Does the evil depicted receive any punishment?
>
> Does the punishment meted out appear natural, adequate and inevitable?
>
> Does the punishment seem improbable and easily evaded?
>
> Does the picture not only entertain, but teach important moral truths and inspire noble ideals?

"You *must* have these cards," he is reported to have said at one convention of wowsers. "Why, I went to see a pict the other night and I enjoyed it. The stopped to think. I got out my score-c and found that I had been watching immoral picture! That's how subtle th producers have become."

I do not vouch for the authenticity this, but it sounds probable. The can aside from his craze to harass the hun race, is an agreeable old chap, who tell an antiseptic joke on occasion, believes thoroughly in his own holy m sion. His Brooklyn study, wherein reads every line printed in the picture tr journals and fan magazines, is a shal enough cell for a great reformer, and one has ever accused him of being m cenary. He doesn't go around the to passing the hat, and he is one of the f metropolitan pastors who does not dre of a skyscraper tabernacle with hot cold Y. M. C. A.'s and all the mod machines for luring and saving souls.

IV

All the other censors work with cha similar to his; the surgical technique vogue is of the early Crimean War peri Amputations, laparotomies and treph ings are performed in an offhand man and without anæsthetics. These chemica pure internes know nothing of anato and lack surgical skill, but they make for it in earnestness. The victim may on the table, or be crippled for life, if the operator happens to cut off a leg the hip to remove a corn, clip off fo feet of intestines to correct constipati or resort to emasculation to cure a sli attack of that most prevalent and fashi able of film diseases, which Elinor G calls IT, no harm is meant and it is for the glory of God.

The practices of the sundry State a local censors are as various as the in vidual and community complexes they r resent. As elsewhere in the social orga zation of life, sin in this field is largely matter of place and time. Pennsylvania

worried most about sex and more especially about childbirth. Chicago, with its municipal censorship, hates gun scenes. Ohio is bitterly opposed to seduction and its technique. The Maryland Free State is sensitive about shootings. Kansas is hell-bent to eliminate drinking scenes, and is opposed, as a State without capital punishment, to hanging, even on the screen.

Some of the sporadic amateur outcroppings of censorship erupting in the Corn Belt are quite as delicious as anything that the professionals have offered. For example, there was a recent ruction in Sioux City, Iowa, when some sensitive soul dragged a theatre-owner into court because a character in "Summer Bachelors" was shown going up into a haymow with his wife. City folks have always had the idea that a haymow was a horse commissary, but out in Iowa they apparently know better. Not so long ago the New York board eliminated a title reading :"She was eating less than an ant at an Armenian picnic." Polyglot New York is very sensitive about national feelings. The rug industry might have been thrown into a turmoil if that title had reached the screens of Broadway and the lower East Side.

The Pennsylvania board, oldest of the State censorship bodies, is by far the sweepstakes champion for absurdities. A neat specimen, of a piece with the action on "Way Down East," was afforded by the case of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." It will be recalled that, in that story, old Madriaga-the-Centaur is yearning for a male heir. He has many daughters but no lawful son. In time a grandchild is expected. The Centaur is depicted on the screen as walking about his yard in high and vexed excitement, kicking peons about to relieve his suspense. Presently a nurse appears and announces: "It's a boy!" Whereupon Madriaga leaps for joy and showers the startled peons with gold and silver coins. Now, to the Pennsylvania mind that phrase, "It's a boy!" implied that somewhere, even if off-stage, there had been a scene of childbirth. So it was eliminated by the substitution of a title reading, "The boy is better." This led James O. Spearing, editor and film critic, to remark that it was "the first case of pre-natal screen colic" he had ever heard of.

Some of the Pennsylvania eliminations in "Way Down East" are worth consideration in detail:

> Reel 2—Eliminate subtitle: "Anna's delicate beauty a whip to Sanderson's jaded appetite!" and substitute: "The susceptible Sanderson obsessed by a new desire."
>
> Reel 4—Eliminate subtitle: "Sanderson belongs to a class which, if it cannot get what it wants in one way, will go any length to get it in another," and substitute: "Sanderson, not to be turned aside from his evil intentions, goes on in his own way."
>
> Reel 6—In subtitle: "For all we know she might be some loose woman, wanderin' around. I won't take her into my hum," substitute the word "adventuress" for "loose woman."

The large gain for righteousness in those changes is obvious. They represent about the best work of the censorship as it is now practiced. The Pennsylvania board is not above using its power for its own local Rotarian purposes, either. Consider the boosting spirit involved when, in "Irene," they found a title: "Harry Hadley of New York visits Philadelphia now and then—a wild oats boy in a Quaker Oats town?" and at once cut out the oats!

The Quebec censors, absolute in power, carry out the best traditions of the French-and-Indian War in making shambles of American films. Being most violently Catholic, their greatest hate is divorce. In their editing of "Stella Dallas" they decided it was better to have hero and heroine shown living in adultery rather than to picture their divorce and remarriage! Quebec saved the morals of the province from "The Scarlet Letter" by making Hester Prynne a widow. Out in Vancouver, where lumberjacks chew navy twist, the censors eliminated a scene showing a he-man spitting at a hot stove!

Kansas eliminations, recorded in the official transactions of the State Board of Review, consisting of the estimable Misses Emma Veits, W. H. Haskell and Fern But-

terfield, and culled from the last six months of 1926, include:

"Almost a Lady"—Reel 5—Eliminate episode of cane used as a flask and man drinking and title: "Try it. It was smuggled in by the Irish Navy."

"The Lawful Cheater"—Eliminate title: "I keep it here with mother's securities—that's as near as it ever gets to being bonded."

But imagine the flashing eyes of the Three Fates of Kansas when they came upon this combination of liquor lawlessness and affront to the national anthem in "Tin Hats":

The Cocktail's red glare,
Corks bursting in air—
Gave proof through the night
That our jag was still there!

Ohio's state censorship records offer some equally choice specimens. Reaching at random into the mess, the hand brings up:

Eliminate subtitle: "You smell nice," and substitute: "You are nice."

Eliminate subtitle: "Take care, a woman of your class has two enemies—Love and Time," and substitute, "Take care, a woman has two enemies—Love and Time."

Eliminate subtitle: "I shan't be home till late—I've got a job on," and substitute, "Shan't be home till late."

Eliminate subtitle: "Odile's not like the rest of us—she's more like a sister to him" and substitute: "She's not like the rest of us, that's why he married her."

The workings of the Ohio mind are also pleasantly to be observed in treatment of "Dame Chance," in the course of which appeared a letter reading:

I will lease and furnish an apartment, provide you with servants and open accounts for you in the shops.

This was, one may suppose, the regular and approved form of a sugar daddy commitment, executed as it should be. But Ohio came to the rescue by adding the line:

. . . and I will always treat you with respect.

So much for the vagaries of the wowserian mind. Now it is proposed to turn Willie Upshaw loose!

A TOWN IS BUILT

BY IDWAL JONES

To the left, the sierra offered a fine assortment of snowy crags, crystalline and aloof. I shivered, for I had en routed out at the inhuman hour of A.M., and the cold was unbelievable. oth the chauffeur and myself were swathed ke explorers bound for the inclement Pole. e was an oldish man, with a dewdrop at ie end of his nose, yet he still had the lventurous spirit, for ever since dawn he id been sending the car at top speed over ie dry lakes and up the steep canyon trail iat ascended to this world of upheaved id jagged porphyry.

"What beats me," he shouted, "is how ie news of the strike got around so. It appened only night before last, and al-ady miners have come from Winnemucca id Death Valley. And here you come, a ian from the papers. Goldfield was two ears old before it got into the news. How id anybody know about Weepah?"

"There are such things as the telegraph," said, "and the automobile that doesn't leep like the burro, but travels all night. And there is the radio—yes, decidedly, the dio. Imagine what a radio announcer can o with a name like Weepah."

The next moment we were over the idge, and on the plateau. "Only two miles nore," he remarked, shifting the gears. We made the run from Tonopah, fifty niles, in little better than an hour. Back n 1897 it took me three days, coming in vith two mules and a buckboard."

Here was a region of appalling stillness, listening with rime frost, as bleak as a ead planet silvered by the moon. We umped steadily on, over clumps of sad-reen sage-brush and mounds thrown up by the gophers. At the foot of a hillock were an ancient cabin and three tents, and here we stopped.

"This is Weepah," announced the chauffeur, throwing out my traps upon the sand. "I hope you'll have a good time. There's nothing like a rub of soap on your nose to ward off pneumonia. If you feel it coming on, better grab the night train for Reno —or you'll pop out. And look out for the alkali water. If I was you, I wouldn't drink any water at all. The whiskey around here is pretty good."

He departed. I found myself the sole spectator of some handsome celestial effects. Nature, like some oblivious and gigantic scene shifter, was occupied busily in moving cycloramas overhead. The sky in the east paled from liver-color to isabel, then to variegated shades of coral, that gave way slowly to a protracted sulphur hue, against which the rhyolite peaks etched their black profiles. Even at this hour one knows what it is to be enamored of the spell of the desert. The altitude on this plateau was 6400 feet. There was no moisture, nor any sign of animal life. The land was bone-dry, inhospitable even to such hardy flora as the Joshua trees, which make whimsical the desert around Goldfield, thirty miles to the south.

But the sage-brush was everywhere. I threw a lighted match into a clump of it. The conflagration was spectacular. Frowsy heads emerged from the tents. Weepah was already awake. I set out on a preliminary survey, and climbed a ridge whence I could look to the east. Here, in the valley, seemed to be a large body of water, turquoise blue, strewn with islands that were

built up and wooded, as in Bœcklin's dream paintings. Over all hung a golden and palpitant morning haze. I unslung my binoculars—and saw that all was mirage. The lake resolved itself into a flat of white and poisonous alkali dust, and the islets were patches of black sand. The haze came from whirlwinds that meandered slowly and ghostily over the surface.

Equipped with a compass and map, I went northward to some forbidding hills, scrambled over igneous rocks, and after a heap of trouble found a weathered excavation ten feet deep. Spaniards in the days of the *conquistadores* had done some digging hereabouts, and pried out silver ore to make filigree ornaments of, and tunic buttons. Heat cracks radiated over the footwall. The *soldados* had sweated like Vulcans to build fires—doubtless in Summer when the air itself was like a flame—and, after the rock was glowing, had cracked it by dashing on water. No mules could have scaled that cliff. The waterskins and wood must have been carried up pick-a-back, and the ore brought down likewise. This was stimulating to contemplate. Those forgotten first delvers in Weepah had their heroic qualities.

The country below was as bleak as a tundra. The wind swept down from the Silver Peaks, picking up loads of grit en route, and swirled down in the hollow where the tents were pitched. Such owners as were busied outside walked backwards, like crabs, with arms shielding their faces. One detached himself and came up to meet me.

"In case you don't know," he said, "all that ground up there is located. You're late. There was five hundred people staking out claims in the blizzard six hours after news of the strike got to Weepah." He pointed to some vague place leagues off, and added, "If you like, I'll sell you a claim, only a half mile from Horton's prospect."

"Thanks, it's not in my line," I answered.

He looked embarrassed. "I thought you was a native son, brought up on Alb mush. Those Californians are placer m and we sort of expect some claim jumpi In Nevada you file claims to do lode m ing, but that don't cover surface rig which go down to bed rock, and the sa land can be filed on twice."

II

Two flivvers, piled high with bedding a tools, drove in. Each held four passeng bundled in great coats, and bore a U license plate. Soon more came—a dozen so. Scattered along the trail from the posite rim were a hundred, with rolls canvas and poles lashed to the runn boards, and the back seats laden with s plies and assaying apparatus. The rush Weepah was on. Gold miners need no t graph or radio. They may be digging some blind canyon, a thousand miles aw and a highly specialized nerve in th heads informs them of a strike—and th are off before dawn.

The procedure of everyone on arriv was to walk up the hillock that was n black with spectators. Here was an ex vation, much smaller than the Spaniar and in it an elderly man with a beati flustered smile. He was the owner of claim, Frank Horton. He looked less miner than anybody else. With his shab brown business suit, watch-chain and sp tacles he had the appearance of some in the delicatessen business. He spoke, fifty visitors, looking into the hole, tened with deference. Whom the gods h favored, their words are oracular.

He had been talking for two days, his eyes were almost ruined by reading t grams, but he was still voluble and co teous. A motion picture camera man up the tripod and began to turn the cra The group fell into picturesque attitud facing the lens, and Horton obligin went through the motions expected o miner. He chipped at a ledge of yell rock, pulverized some of it in a mor with the butt end of a crowbar, and, wa

g it in a frying-pan full of muddy ice-ter, showed two handfuls of gold.

'Break away, gents," shouted the mera man. "The theatres ain't goin' to y to see your hats!"

A whirring sounded overhead. It was an plane that circled like a condor, then ghted, to disgorge two Hollywood okers arrayed in the very latest swank golfing attire. Perhaps their cinema cli-ts had wearied of dabbling in oil. No-dy turned a head to watch the visitors m the sky, who had thus risked their cks in the cause of réclame, and who w came hurrying up to the prospect. ne of them seized the pan, appraised the sidue, then scribbled on an envelope. He owed me the figures.

"Over $78,000 to the ton," he said, nd possibly a hundred dollars' worth of ver. As rich as Old Breyfogle's find!"

A throaty, *vox humana* horn gnawed the r. The car, an under-slung desert cruiser, ith its enamel scoured off by the sand-asts in Death Valley, testified to the ad-nt of a person of importance. It was an minent Engineer. He waddled up to us, olling a cigar between his lips, and keep-g his gaze fixed on a mine gallows some vo hundred feet higher up on the slope. was above the old mine Horton had been oiling in without luck for fifteen years.

"How does the ledge lie?" he asked, ithout looking into the hole.

"North-east by south-west," said every-ne at once.

He turned an absorbed eye upon the enery. "Hear that?" he murmured. That's the lay of every pay-shoot in smeralda county. I always said that in y reports. Ever read any of my reports?" e asked of me hopefully. "I'll send you couple of volumes of them if you like."

There was nothing I could have liked ss, but before I could say something non-ommittal, he had his coat off, and was own on his knees squinting at the ledge. He broke off chips, split them with his ack-knife into flakes, and jabbed the blade nto the rock with the cold, morose de-tachment of a scientist dissecting a bull-frog. Fifty men watched him intently. They would have given a good deal to know what was going on inside his head. It was believed by all right-minded desert rats that he possessed the *x*-ray eye, and could see fathoms deep into solid earth, even below the dense substratum of trachite. They watched his face as he arose, but it was blank, and the specimens fell from his hands, which he half opened as if with indifference.

One of the brokers ended the silence. "What do you think—a pocket, maybe?"

The Eminent Engineer put on his horn-rim spectacles, and bowed his head in heavy thought. "There may be successive pockets below. I will go so far as to affirm that," he said, with an air of finality.

He had put the seal on the camp. The holy words were repeated with unction and hilarity. A decayed flivver-nomad gave a shout: "I ain't never saw the like! And I seen some fancy ores took out of the old Yellow Jacket, up to the Comstock, and the January claims down in Goldfield!"

The great man turned to me and said, "Mining has gone to Hell the last ten years. Do you know what's the matter? The confounded automobiles! They have damned near ruined Nevada. Nobody's finding mines any more. These fancy ore scouts stick close to the highways so as to spare their tires. Over two-thirds of the big mines in Nevada were found by burros hunting for grass, or by their masters who spent half their lives hunting for the strayed burros."

Fancy scouts! Well, the prospectors had changed, certainly. Here were a score of them surging about this pit. All were dressed in semi-military style, with leggings and mackinaws—with not a single beard amongst them. Most of them had gone through the School of Mines. Not one but could perform a "cupellation" with the finesse of a Cripple Creek assayer. Gone are the rule-of-thumb old timers who prodded the burro, cursing meanwhile every tooth out of their heads, and brav-

ing heat-waves that would have daunted Abednego.

Nor was there a burro in sight. This mild, stubborn and interesting animal is almost as extinct as the Great Auk. The economic justification for his being is gone. In a rush—and all prospectors live in expectation of a rush coming with the dawn—the fleetest-footed of him is a thousand times more expensive than a flivver. The modern ore-scout, who cruises three hundred miles between sun-up and dusk, with antennæ out to catch the faintest rumor of a strike, invests in a powerful motor just as a foraying Arab lays it out on a Bishr camel.

III

The sun appeared, and it was a bright Sunday. Automobiles were still winding upwards through the grim defile of Paymaster Canyon, full of citizens of Tonopah and Goldfield coming out for an outing. The newcomers, merchants and their families, youths and flappers out sparking, climbed up to the prospect, carrying lunch-boxes and kodaks. A guard was now posted at the hole to vouchsafe all the information required, and to prevent enthusiasts taking away nuggets. Horton had already given away five thousand dollars' worth.

"Oh—is that it?" exclaimed a stout boarding-house mistress. She had two pudgy little boys with her, dressed in one-piece knitted suits, and was quite out of breath. "It looks like chalk rubbed with mustard." She was manifestly disappointed. "Lord-a-mercy, I don't see nothin' to get excited about."

The guard was crestfallen. "Well, ma'am," he explained, "they's some rock that does look prettier. But the way this was found sort of makes up for it. Horton had been diggin' around here since you was a girl—and so has lots of men for forty years. Then along comes Horton's kid and digs a hole right here by this path where his dad had walked for fifteen years—right by the path from the cook-house to mine, mind you, where nobody but a would think of looking—and strikes rich."

Which was perfectly true. Horton stayed on, whilst others had rushed fr one camp to another. It was they, retur once more to their abandoned locatio who were swinging their picks all over surrounding hills.

In a flint-strewn gully I ran into a pi cheeked promoter, whistling to hims who was turning over rocks with his bo

"What started it?" he began. "I just about ready to boom Jarbridge Gilbert, and I dropped them both wh everybody said Weepah. Got it on radio down in Arizona. This camp has more publicity in two days than Goldfie poor old Goldfield, got in two ye What's the psychology?"

"Human interest, I suppose. Horton just signing a quit-claim in a banker's fice in Los Angeles when he got the t gram saying that his boy had struck it the night before."

"Was he busted?"

"Quite. The sheriff had plastered shack, and there were the new twins, Mrs. Horton in sheer desperation had gr staked the oldest boy. So the family tune was saved, as in the movies. T broke into the front pages. Besides, th hasn't been a gold rush in ten years. Fou any values?"

He hoisted his shoulders. "I've got so parcels of ground, five locations, all fi proper." He tossed pebbles in various rections. "Over there is Pussywillow nex. Over here, Pussywillow Annex Ext sion—Number One, Two, Three, Four. certificates are on the press now, and morrow they'll be listed on the Exchan I'll give you a cut-in of a thousand sha Don't mention it. Give them to the ba or use them for cigar-lighters."

"Looks like a hand-picked Goldfi crowd at the camp," I said.

He bit a cigar-end, and grunted, "Ha plucked, you mean."

Weepah had increased by five tents and enty more cars when we got back. An d photographer in furs had set up a nera, and swains lined up to get snapped manly attitudes. Behind a plank, set on o barrels, a withered Chinaman with ee hairs on his chin dispensed hot cof- and frankfurters. It was noon, and a ousand visitors were milling back and th on the sand between the two long vs of parked cars. The United States was resented by a marquee that bore the n: Federal Minerals Surveyor. At inter- s the dignitary came out, and was be- ged by nervous women in khaki, who aded with him to certify that their undary lines were right. Two Indians, der cowboy hats, with scarlet kerchiefs out their necks and wearing sky-blue eralls washed for Sunday, strolled up d down wonderingly. A newsboy walked ound, piping, "Pay-pers, get your Sun- y pay-pers! All 'bout the great gold rush Wee-paw!"

Who could withstand this appeal to ic pride? He sold six armfuls. A dusty rd nosed into an open space, and there scended two stoutish and formidable nales from Los Angeles. They shook out carpet, erected a tent, a portable kero- ne stove, put on it water to boil for tea, en, with arms folded, sat on a folding nch and gazed with complacence on the rong.

I watched them with a dreadful fasci- tion. One of them began to knit, and e other to munch hermit cakes out of a ack reticule. They gave a settled air to e desert. From the adjoining tent a be- volent gentleman came out with a hand- l of boards and tools. He wore a Prince bert and top-boots, and my conjecture as that he had come to serve Weepah in me ministerial capacity. The least I could , in deference to his years, was to assist m as he contrived a sort of pulpit, which covered neatly with green baize. Then produced, quite magically, a leather cup d dice.

"Step right up this way, gents!" he called. "All ready for the first game in camp, all ready—ready—ready!"

Two Jewish merchants opened the first store. That is, they displayed for sale quantities of colored blankets and flowered cotton quilts, very pretty. But everybody, it seemed, was stocked up, so they flitted to try their luck at Beatty, two hundred miles away. Distances mean nothing on the Nevada desert. Three trucks rumbled in, and left piles of lumber and a lurching water-tank, with a sign: "One Cent a Gal," fetched up, but since nobody wanted the fluid in such wholesale lots, the driver filled up a number of canteens and dish-pans gratis. A Salvation Army lassie dismounted from a Ford and began to hawk the *War Cry*.

The ensemble reminded me of a sale of subdivision lots—with nobody buying. So far, Weepah had not contributed a spoonful of gold to the general weal. The initiative rested with the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange. There was great talk at the open-air bourse in the lee of the cook-house, where I gathered that nothing much would be done until one entitled George Thatcher came down—then, sir, the camp will "crack open." Already his engineer, endowed with full powers, was on the ground. Nobody would be surprised in the least if this George Thatcher himself should arrive in the morning and take things in hand. Of course, everything depended on the report the engineer turned in.

Meantime, there was a twiddling of numb fingers. The sky became dark, and the wind, spitting snow from the Silver Peaks, smote the tents with a noise like pistol shots. The desert was having its little joke, and all hands made for shelter. All except a man in a fur coat, who was squinting through a theodolite, and making notes in a book. He followed the incredible calling of desert realtor, and made a specialty of boom camps. As always, he was in a hurry to forestall pioneers who might otherwise claim squatters' rights in the middle of his precious Main street.

IV

The prominent citizens, one by one, vanished into the largest tent. Evidently it was the social center, for it bulged with inmates. A square of tar-paper, scrawled with chalk, proclaimed it to be the Weepah Club. It was a cave of harmony, for a mechanical piano with snarled inners emitted a cataclysmic sound, in which a thread of melody was recognizable, faintly, as "Waltz Me Around Again, Willy." Here I found the Eminent Engineer, a couple of Senators, a judge or two, and, later, the town-site man. Most of the patrons were miners, who sat on the ground, leaning against the canvas. A barkeep with a spit curl and a snowy apron presided at the counter and dispensed whiskey at forty cents "a slug" from a catsup bottle. The heat was overpowering, for the sheet-iron stove, packed with sagebrush, was white hot.

Two ladies, a phthisical blonde and a chunky Mexican belle with an incipient moustache, danced indefatigably with the patrons, their fee for entertaining being the purchase of two drinks at the bar for a dollar. The soul of the party was the gentleman I had mistaken for a cleric. He danced with the hostesses, he danced with the members of the bourse, and he danced by himself, leaping into the air and clicking the heels of his top-boots, emitting the while loud, un-evangelical whoops. He was Terpsichore gone rampant. Had not the chauffeur that morning said the whiskey was good?

The desert rats warmly applauded the show. They gave forth an odor that was a blend of cooking-grease, perspiration and briar pipes, and the comfortable feeling that they had æons of leisure before them. The Eminent Engineer, recumbent, with legs crossed, introduced me to them. He knew them all. He knew everybody in Nevada, though he spends most of his time in a deep leather armchair in a San Francisco club, smokes fifty-cent cigars, being villainously rich, buys etchings, scrapes the fiddle a bit, and is a patron of the H Symphony.

"What's become of Indian Pine Jimmy?" he demanded. He blew out luriously a whiff of cigarette smoke. " Barrel Spring location is close by here, I thought that prospect pretty good, w with values in the silicas of the alt granite."

"There's tungsten in that plot," swered one miner. "I seen stringers o in the glory hole."

"Heard 'at Pinenut deeded over claims and is working for Death Va Scotty," said another.

"Well, I've got two claims that I refused $50,000 for, only yesterday," marked an old hard-rock man with mus bound shoulders and a frowsy moustac

This was true to the extent that he been offered fifty dollars in cash an vague promise of the rest in certificates yet printed. One stranger got up and veighed loudly against the injustice d Winnemucca. It was impossible, he s to get a line into the papers even if st shovels at that camp turned up gold ea by the trainload. Weepah was hogging the publicity. But since he was f Northern Nevada his lament was liste to unfeelingly.

"Goldfield Con. has gone up so m points since last week," said the Emi Engineer. "Down at the five-thousand-f level they struck snow-white rock ban with pure gold. It made a buzz on W Street, but not a single boomer got drag back to Goldfield. It isn't figures, or p duction, that makes a camp. It's the vir field, the excitement, the sense of adv ture—the big gamble and the fun of People can't shake off the idea that Goldfield is played out. Anyway, the l is all patented, and it's only the cha of owning some that brings out enterprising."

"What I don't get," exclaimed the d and-pulpit gentleman, who entered aga "is why you sour-doughs don't go out a pan gold—if there's so much of it in W

n. Or are you waiting for George atcher to give you permission?"

The sarcasm told. Obviously, he had fted in from California, where rills and ings abound, and the vicinity of a gold ike, in the foothills, say, swarms with wcomers who work the Long Tom or dle on their own account. As for Wee- h, the nearest supply of water is in some lly ten miles off.

"And another thing I'd like to know " he said, "who is George Thatcher?"

A miner got up and tapped him on the oulder. "It ain't your fault that you are native son," he said, delicately. "But w that you are here you might as well n to be respectful to a big fellow that s grubstaked better men than you, and ver asked questions. He's Senator George ingfield, but there's no call to go shout- g it aloud."

With the approach of dusk the noise of mmering and the clatter of trucks had ated, and we emerged to behold two ng lines of tents and wooden shacks. The wn-site man had resumed his surveying. "Inside of a week you won't know the ace," he said. "There'll be a post-office d a couple of dance halls and a chiro- actor office—perhaps moved over from anhattan on skids."

The day's work had been done. The wn, a collaboration by adventurers who d met through chance that morning on e desert, was built. Before the club, the thisical blonde puffed her cigarette and zed over the landscape, now tinted with faint wash of orange.

"Take you back to Tonopah, Flossie?" vited the Eminent Engineer, as we got to his car.

"I reckon not," she said. "I been there ng enough to git tired of city life. I al- ays liked the desert—and besides I've got hang on to these three claims I staked t on the hill until somebody buys them f me. G'night, perfessor. Give my love the old crowd over at the Harem Café. nd wave good-bye to Laughing Ole for e. He's going home."

Dogs yapped. Somebody sang to an accordion. An old miner with a pipe in his mouth was tying a piece of green ribbon to his tent flap in observance of St. Patrick's Day. The stoutish and efficient ladies from Los Angeles were frying bacon outside their temporary canvas home.

"It has all the earmarks of a permanent camp," said the Eminent Engineer.

V

We returned at top speed to Tonopah, hurtling down through the canyon, going at eighty miles an hour over the smooth dry lake, and climbing the desert slope in the direction of Lone Mountain. My companion pointed to the chain of hills known as the Divide, and the line of dead mine workings, and singled out one hoist just barely visible.

"Right there they found gold," he said. "But not a single one of the others produced a pennyworth. Keeley Motors and the Mississippi Bubble weren't in it with the Divide. People were Hell-bent on buying stocks, so the promoters obliged by sinking a few holes. A psychological boom, you understand. They couldn't gamble during the war, and got loaded up with Liberty Bonds, and in 1918, when they were below par, promoters exchanged them at face value for stock. Shocking? Well, I don't know. People will always gamble, and stocks are no dearer than a chance on the ponies. You can sell out—if you are clever enough. I don't buy any myself, because I get enough stimulus out of my profession as it is."

We dropped on to a plain that, for a hundred acres, was of a strange beauty. The area might have been strewn ankle deep with stones that sparkled and reflected iridescent tints in the evening light. I thought of Sinbad's adventures with the roc and the jewels. Then there were deeper tone, ochre-like patches, reminiscent of corroded tins and old stove-tops. So they were, and the jewels turned out to be shards of glass.

"Well, we're coming to Tonopah," said my companion. "This is the city dump. I suppose there must be fifty million champagne bottles broken up around here. I know I drank my share, in 1903 and in the days of the Divide boom."

From a fifth-story window in an unexpectedly good hotel, the Engineer and myself leaned out to observe the panorama. The town, gray and gaunt, straddled on a heavy slope hemmed in with conical mountains, like dervish hats, and glittering with rime frost. The cross-roads seemed to end up suddenly at abandoned mines, topped with gallows-frames and motionless wheels. The place had a moribund air, deriving also from the rows of vacant stores down the main street. But there was no gainsaying a certain unwonted bustle. At least a hundred automobiles were nosed against the curbs. From the station walked pink-cheeked gentlemen in fur coats, carrying hand luggage and brief cases: a procession unwatched by the citizens, who were busily loading their cars with supplies, and one by one zipping, with great snorts of exhaust gas, up the hill for the desert. Here was a sense of adventure.

The Engineer, with his silvery head out of the window, was on his knees. Though he puffed at his pipe, and spat out occasionally, there was something rapt and ecstatic in his attitude, which was like that of a devotee at prayer. By chance, I wheeled about in the room, and my hand touched the brass bed-post, and I got an electrical shock. It was my first encounter with static at these dry altitudes. He did not heed my remarks.

"Old town's keeping up!" he cried lovingly. "Time and again we thought nothing could save it—then along came the Divide boom, then the Gilbert strike, then Manhattan, and Jarbridge—and now Weepah. By God, it'll live forever, and is still the second biggest town in Nevada. I was here when Frank Ish built the first wooden building back in naught-two. Goldfield took the edge off us in naught-s Where is Goldfield now? Gone like Breitman's 'barty.'"

The dinner hour came, then night from our point of vantage we saw tha quarter of the town remained dark.

"There must be something wrong, said. "The arc-lights over at the H and the Casino dance-halls are out fo first time in years. Wonder what's pened?"

We descended, and, wrapped in fur —for it had come on to snow—we wa to the station, whence came on the lugubrious strains of music. A Salva Army officer joined us.

"There is a lot of smouldering senti in a mining camp, sirs," he said, "hi though it may be by a rough exterior, when touched by the right chord it b forth in effulgent fervency. The girls giving Laughing Ole of the Casi funeral. He broke his neck yesterday."

On the platform were children of desert, grouped about a coffin on a t Bareheaded were the miners, the pectors, the faro-dealers and habitu the clubs. The dance-hall women, wit rouge wiped off their faces, making t ghastly pale under the lamps, were s ing "That Old Gang of Mine." Jazz routed even from this desert town e horn and instrument of grave voice, the few musicians made a brave s with saxophones, guitars and trap-dr

The strident air of "Good-Bye, Ev body" was the farewell. A girl pressed ward, kissed a wreath of sage-brush, laid it tearfully on the coffin as it wheeled into the baggage-car.

"He was the best spender in the d region," said a miner, "and he never the camp since 1905."

"That's the desert," said the Emi Engineer, lighting a cigar. "All it g you is a Hell of a good time, and Laug Ole will be sorry to learn he missed W pah by a day."

A CURE FOR AUTHORS

BY LOUIS SHERWIN

NE: *A street outside a studio not far from mercy Park.* SAM *and* GEORGE *emerge in urry and a gust of alcohol and tobacco fumes.*

AM—Ouf! I hope to the good Lord ovah I don't see another painting for months—and I don't care if I never see ther painter.

EORGE—Why, Sam? I like painters. I'd amned sight sooner associate with them n with writers. They're so much better rmed, and on a much wider range of jects.

AM—I don't think so. All they ever m to talk about is their own rotten le, and I'm sick to death of it.

EORGE—My good fool, everybody talks p. Even bartenders, who are unusually holic in their conversation. But writers impossible. They can't talk anything shop. And always their own miserable le corner of the *bodega*. Besides, they're ways jabbering about themselves when ant to discourse about me.

AM—Well, I'll be fried in goose-grease our painter friends are any better. You'd nk civilization began and ended on their ssy palettes.

EORGE—On the contrary, I've found m singularly free from the egocentric sorption of us quill-driving gentry. Mu-ians are the only folk who equal our upational monomania.

AM—How about actors?

EORGE—Don't be flippant—I'm dis-sing people. Most, no, I think *all* the inters of my acquaintance are not only iculate about their own craft—with a tty good insight into sculpture and hitecture as well—but can also converse intelligently about music, languages, literature, baseball, dancing, box-fighting, the theatre and, above all, the one topic on which all men are fluent, women. You remember what Horace Walpole said: "At my table we always talk bawdy so that everybody can join in."

SAM—I've never seen a painter get a girl away from *me* yet. And I've seen several of them try.

GEORGE—Mm, yes, maybe. I've noticed you getting gosh-awful nervous whenever one of them asks a gal of yours to pose for him. Be that as it may, it stands to reason that painters should have a wider range than writers. Personally I consider them more literate. They are certainly more traveled. Oh, I know that since scribbling has become better paid many of us take an occasional dash abroad. That isn't traveling. The majority of painters have had to *live* abroad in order to learn their trade.

SAM—That's an exploded myth. There are good schools and teachers here now.

GEORGE—Even so, the man who hasn't studied the best canvases in Paris, Florence, Munich, Rome, Amsterdam, to say nothing of Madrid and London, must feel incomplete. You'll consequently find more of them able to talk at least one foreign tongue than you will among the ink-slingers.

SAM—I admit most writers don't even know English.

GEORGE—I'm not discussing newspaper men. For myself, as an erstwhile Englishman, I prefer the racy idiom of these United States. But that's not the question. The point is that the narrowness of most writers is as scandalous as the hats of

their wives. How many of them know anything about music? How many of them fail to make the most ludicrous blunders when they write about it? You may remember that when George Moore published "Evelyn Innes" it was almost sensational for a literary man to contrive a novel on the subject of music that was not downright idiotic. What musical tales can you recall, good or bad, prior to that? All I can think of were two of Balzac's worst, a third-rate opus called "The First Violin" by a Miss Fothergill, and "Knight Errant" by Edna Lyall, one of the scribbling dames who adorned Victorian literature in the pre-Marie Corelli days.

SAM—Now you're talking about the Dark Ages. Come down to modern times; be fair. If you're going to compare Michelangelo with Marie Corelli or Hall Caine of course you can prove that the painter's mind is superior.

GEORGE—I wasn't comparing them. I'm comparing the general run of men engaged in the pictorial and plastic arts with the general run of fairly successful writers. I admitted that the younger generation of the latter seem to be better informed than their forerunners. And if you try to throw Anatole France at my head I'll push you under that bus. Such as he are exceptions to everything. As a matter of fact, he was one of the few men, regardless of occupation, supposed to have "absolute" taste, if there is such an animal. His collection of beautiful things was priceless. I'm told that H. G. Wells, curiously enough, is another. Arnold Bennett, also, but that's not so surprising. And Shaw is well informed about all the arts. Of course, his taste is uneven and he is always making ludicrous breaks—as he did when he picked poor Henry Arthur Jones and Brieux as important playwrights.

SAM—Right you are, for once. But what does that prove?

GEORGE—Simply that you've got to exclude authors of the front rank from the argument. To do me justice, I didn't set out to prove anything. I was merely expressing a preference—or perhaps rath prejudice, which is more enjoyable.

SAM—Why this fool prejudice aga men of your own craft?

GEORGE—They make me sick.

SAM—That's not even a prejudice, th an affliction.

GEORGE—*They* are an affliction, if like. The apes always pick on *me* w they want to back somebody into a co and tell him how good they are. Besi you know how I hate to lose things. Winter I went around in scribbling ci two years ago I had more belong stolen from me than in four years Hollywood.

SAM—Go on! You never had anyth swiped at *my* house.

GEORGE—Two of the best walking-st that were ever given to me and at l three mufflers. Not to mention the crun cap that was left me in place of a br new Borsalino. And it was at your ho that a gallant young Southern *liter* wanted to fight Ben de Casseres bec he wouldn't admit that American wom hood was the noblest work of God, or O. Henry was a great writer,—or so thing.

SAM—Oh well, Southerners! That wasn't invited, to tell the truth. I th Burton Rascoe brought him. But yo not trying to tell me there are no boun among painters, I hope.

GEORGE—On the contrary, they are s of the most amusing specimens of the gu But you are forcing me to prove a p and formulate an idea that I hadn't slightest intention of attempting when began this fracas. Come to think of it is inevitable that painters should h saner, better balanced, more discipli minds than writers.

SAM—Rats! Most painters I know crazy.

GEORGE—You're thinking of Gaug and "The Moon and Sixpence." The called craziness of painters is just exter and superficial. What you mean is t some of them are irascible and eccentri

ner. Their customers expect it of them. sad truth is that the most impossible an being in the world to live with is iter.

M [*wincing*]—Now you're talking like fe. But, for the sake of argument, how ou make out the famous inevitability painter's superiority?

EORGE—Because he has to be not only rtist but an artisan. He has to be skil- with his hands. So does a sculptor. ost all writers are positive dubs with r hands. They can't even operate a writer well, and their penmanship is ninable. The loons pride themselves t.

M—Now, that's rot.

EORGE—It's not rot. I'm one of them are you. Skill with the hands has a ite effect on the workings of the n. Every man ought to be able to do ething with his fingers. Observe the ness of attack in the few of us who w how to do something beside write. ee, for instance. A marine engineer, a damned good one. Conrad, a master igator. Jim Huneker, a pianist of no n order. Joe Hergesheimer, a painter. ckeray, a caricaturist of considerable l. They bring to writing a quality of ision and incisiveness that the ordinary er, who can do nothing but string ds together, is conspicuously without.

AM—Are you trying to tell me that a should scatter his energies instead of centrating?

EORGE—I'm trying to tell you that the who uses his hands merely to hoist uals and drink has foregone a valuable lty—valuable to his brain.

AM—To hear you babble one would k the best way to become a writer is egin life as a paper-hanger.

EORGE—Most of us, my lad, should only begin but end as paper-hangers. the principal reason why I always feel ectful towards even a mediocre painter hat I never know when he isn't going ake it into his head to take up writing beat my head off at my own trade.

SAM—Speaking for yourself, aren't you?

GEORGE—And quite a host of others.

SAM—What are you getting at now?

GEORGE—Where's your memory? It seems almost too obvious to remind you that the sonnets which Mr. Buonarroti contrived after he was sixty years old have been compared to Shakespeare's, or that El Greco's treatises were considered masterly. Of course anybody can remember Cellini. But I would call to the relics of your mind the case of Aubrey Beardsley who, on a challenge from Oscar Wilde, produced without effort some brilliant conceits written in modish Eighteenth Century English. I've mentioned Joe Hergesheimer. And Joseph Pennell's articles I considered most amusing. Have you heard of William Blake? Of Dante Gabriel Rossetti? Of a once fashionable contriver of portraits named Joshua Reynolds?

SAM—Not as a writer.

GEORGE—His "Discourses" were so lucid and of such excellent diction that Samuel Johnson was accused of having written them. The old grampus replied: "Sir Joshua, sir, would as soon get me to paint for him as to write for him." Then, who was the real author of Wilde's literary style? And of most of his more celebrated nifties?

SAM—Whistler, of course. But he was a feeble painter. Even painters admit today that Ruskin was right.

GEORGE—They admit nothing of the sort. What they say is that, so far from being a "pot of paint flung in the public face" his pictures were so thin that in a few years they'll be invisible. But, as Bob Chanler said tonight, Whistler was not so much a painter as a great decorator and lithographer. Moreover, don't forget his pastels and his etchings. At any rate, he helps to prove my point. Why, you and I know numbers of minor artists and illustrators who can throw their palettes down at a moment's notice and turn out a readable essay. I read a book review the other day by Ralph Barton that made me envious. Penrhyn Stanlaws has written a one-

act play that could become an ideal libretto for an American opera. I tell you, Sam, the men of paint take the conceit out of me as a writer. The list could be lengthened indefinitely. And will you kindly inform me how many of our craft can even draw a picture of a dog chasing a cat that will amuse the children? As for their becoming painters—even bad painters—I would as soon expect to meet a preacher who was a gentleman or a *militaire* who was intelligent.

Sam—Then what, if anything, do you propose? That a lad who wants to write shall qualify by first obtaining a card in the carpenters' union?

George—Damn good idea. How did you ever think of it?

Sam—It's not my idea, it's a *reductio ad absurdum* of your blatherings. To carry it out logically, after a day's work at the bench, how is this bright lad to have enough energy left to write with?

George—Well, look at James Stevens, the fellow who wrote "Paul Bunyan." And again I have to remind you of M

Sam—Exceptions, to use your own lectic. You poor mule, have you no re tion of human nature? Don't you see most of them who begin as carpente any other mechanics will become ca up in their trade or bored with it o best, graduate into contractors?

George—Providing they have en intelligence, you might add. All righ much the better. To hell with them. process that weeds out thousands of s bling dubs should be welcome. Those survive will be a vast improvement o herd now marring white paper.

Sam—As a matter of fact, any pr that would reduce the ghastly torre printed stuff that floods the world not should but would be welcome. But I better idea than yours. Why not make writing of books a capital offense?

George—Sam, you've hit it. Anyt you said after that would be an climax. This is where I leave you.

Sam—Thank you! Good-night.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

sycho-Osteopathy.—It is passing strange the moral police of the country have far overlooked those chiropractors of subconscious who begin to flourish in y community that boasts so much as ick railroad station and a gilt movie or, and whose occult enterprises con- ate what is undoubtedly one of the -voltage engines of sinfulness amongst allude, of course, to the profession of hoanalysis, an art that has summoned t as professors such a body of quacks charlatans as has not been heard of e Christian Science first got under full m. There are, plainly enough, a few essional practitioners of the Freudian ology who are competent men, but the t majority of fellows that one finds ghing the field in search of easy pick- are simply so many illicit emotion nbers, as devious and crooked as their eagues in the gold brick, shell game oil stock businesses.

he Freud-Jung-Adler psycho-patholog- science has gradually passed out of the ds of those best fitted to understand and her interpret it—of those for whom it designed—and has become simply a ying-ground for shrewd mountebanks. latter have had an easy time of it, as rank and file of half-wits have assimi- d only the superficial elements of the trines and are hence ready and eager to llow at one gulp anything that is told m. Many of these mountebanks do no al harm, as their activities are con- d to such absurdities as the confection novels in which a bull-fighter afraid of vs is cured of his fear complex by being ed to eat a two-foot rump steak, and man moving pictures in which phallic bolism is subtly indicated by a flash of the Kochelbräu chimney. But there are others, and they outnumber the rest by twenty to one, who are breaking up more homes, assisting more greatly in the spread of muco-purulent inflammation and raising more hell generally than all the whiskey ever made in Kentucky or all the literature ever produced in France. I allude, it must be obvious, to the women's club lecturers and, more especially and directly, to those doctors and dentis s who have lost their licenses and set up shop in the side-streets as psychoanalysts, and to the consider- able company of fortune-tellers, osteo- paths, phrenologists and Italian counts who, observing the ample supply of im- pressionable suckers, have closed their old places of business, sprouted whiskers and followed suit.

The procedure of this light-fingered gen- try is simple. The women's clubs, to begin at the beginning, have long since tired of sitting through lectures on Jacob Wasser- mann under the delusion that it was August the orator on the platform was going to talk about. They have rebelled, as well, against sitting through two-hour lectures on Cabell for a measly five min- utes confidential disquisition on the nature of Jurgen's implements of war. Deeply as it pains me to say it, it yet has always been plain to anyone acquainted with these women's clubs that what they really wanted was a little hot stuff carefully and politely wrapped in a literary, philosoph- ical or scientific cloak, and that the pay- ment of dues always fell off alarmingly when the lecturers engaged by the secre- taries did not come up to expectations. These secretaries, who are customarily the only women in the clubs who get paid for their services, were not long in seeing

which way the wind was blowing and in feeling the ground gradually give way under their jobs, and they presently removed their intellectual spectacles and got busy. Appreciating that many more lectures on the style of Georges Duhamel and the iambic pentapody of Salvador Novo would find them back at their old, less glamorous posts in department stores or teaching school, they promptly cast about them for a means to get the old girls to continue sending in their checks, and they were quick to find it in the lecturers on psychoanalysis. These gentlemen, of whom there are so many available that the lecture bureaux have to hire special clerks to keep them in line, could be relied upon to give a good dirty show under cover. Under the guise of informing the women's clubs on the scientific aspects of the Freudian alectryomancy, it was an easy matter for them to go safely into hitherto forbidden territory, to the huge delight of the lady scientists out front and the secretaries.

The *modus operandi* of the gentlemen was and is readily recognizable. They begin with a lot of harmless whiffle on such relatively innocuous matters as the nutritional instinct, intellectual elaboration of instinct, the conflict between social urge and individual craving, anxiety as a protective cloak against asocial tendencies, narcotomania, Wagner-Jauregg's observations on the infantile root of the tendency to steal, and a couple of illustrations of children setting fire to chicken-coops—to the polite boredom of the assembled girls. They then move cautiously ahead and discourse, a bit more easily and with fewer pulls at their whiskers, upon such subjects as the Œdipus complex, the Electra complex and the more discreet cases cited in other directions by Wimmer, Weinberg, Leppmann and Duboisson—and the girls begin to prick up their ears. The lecturers, gaining confidence, now move on to Janet's theory of dromomania, with its impulse to flee home and husband, the significance of dreams about conflagrations, the sexual symbolism of sleep-walking and the dangers of repression—and the girls are now leaning s forward in their seats that the ushers to stand guard lest they fall out.

The lecture over, the girls duly rush to congratulate the speaker (and to out covertly how strong his grip is), perse to their homes to nag their husb —and to consider the lay of the land. meditating, they conclude that all is well with them and that it would be for them to consult, as soon as poss one of the local psychoanalysts. The l they have no more trouble in locating formerly they had in the case of fort tellers. A suave fellow, they find hi be, with the voice and manner of a s company actor, with a consultation c ber soothingly dim and with perhaps Turkish smell-powder burning in a co To this professor they address their and beseech advice. The professor gl at the size of their diamonds, learn strokes his Van Dyke and deliberate dozen or so negligible questions fol there is a laborious and copious takin data; there is a measure of punditical stroking; and the professor—if the monds strike him as big enough—inf the fair one that hers is a difficult demanding much study, and will sh turn again in three or four days' time the diamonds are deficient, it is a m of ten dollars and goodbye.) At the e ation of the stipulated period, the clo horse shows up again and the profe goes through the same rigmarole. Fou five visits will be necessary; the client sents a problem—but, let her rest assu he will solve it. Now, as the client kn precisely what she wishes to be told— as the pseudo-psychoanalyst knows she knows—all that the latter need d to slick up his beard with a little bear-grease and bide his time against a ficiently sizeable fee. At length, fe that the customer has been properly pressed with his stupendous ratiocinat and is ready to be nicked to the limit, charlatan confides to her that, as a r of his findings, he believes the trouble

to lie in the direction of a suppressed
lo. The customer, obviously, is im-
sely pleased with the professor's sa-
ty in discerning the true nature of her
aise, gladly remunerates him for his
dom, and departs. And the moment she
irts another American home is due for
uption and another American husband
murder.

he number of women, young and old,
) have been dispatched on fleshly er-
ls and been convinced by the psycho-
yst frauds of the moral legitimacy of
r quests cannot accurately be deter-
ed, but it must run well up into the
of thousands. Many of these women
of the sort who would not indulge
r emotional whims save they honestly
eved such an indulgence to be war-
ed by their deep psychic and physical
ls, in other words, save they believed
t they had a scientific justification for
r peccadilloes, and with this justifica-
the Freudian fakers provide them. Nor
married women whose husbands, to
it euphemistically, devote too much
e to their business, the only class of
ales who fall for the necromancy of
se humbugs. . . . There was a day
en men used to hang around stage-
rs. Today, you will find the same men,
t on the same mission, hanging around
side the offices of the Freudian practi-
ners. They are the psychoanalytical
ns of 1927.

Psalm 51.—Perhaps the saddest lot that
befall mortal man is to be the husband
lady poet. It is, of course, bad enough
be a husband at all, so I am reliably
ormed by authorities, but to be the hus-
d of a woman who squats on Pegasus
is pleasurably flicked by his tail must
he apex of human misery. The first year
so of such an alliance may not be un-
duly trying to the kind of man who can so much as look at a lady poet without a violent sinking of the tummy, but once life gets back into its usual humdrum the poor fellow's days must be filled with agony. It is not that he has to spend his nights, after he gets back from the day's grind at the shoe store or rolling-mills, listening to his wife's rhythmical inspirations about whippoorwills, nightingales and weeping-willows, but that he is compelled to listen for a very much greater period of time to her romantic tributes to lovers with which he often is hard put to it even vaguely to identify himself. He cannot for the life of him know whether her prosody is boosting him or some other fellow, either living or dead, real or imaginary. And if he is at all sensitive, it is not long before he takes to drink to salve his wounded pride.

The husband of a lady poet is soon or late doomed to be the butt of her Parnassian athletics. Long after other wives have quietly forgotten their husbands, he is forced to endure his spouse's slyly indirect criticisms of himself as a hot flame and, worse still, her eulogies of some other man as being all that he is not. It is the custom, I am told, of wives to refer lovingly and with a considerable nostalgia to their beaux of the days before they married, but surely no husband can find this half so katzenjammerish as a constant allusion, whether the verse be good or bad, to longed-for beaux of the future. The woman who marries a poet has an easier time of it, for the simple reason that a woman is capable of the technique of imagining herself to be even more beautiful and aphrodisiacal than any creature that her husband lyrically idealizes. But it is a rare man, once he has been married for a few years, who can persuade himself to find in his wife's idyls any analogy between himself and Benvenuto Cellini.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Certiorari

The late activities of the moralists in connection with the theatre would seem to prove once again that a playwright's characters may safely say anything they choose to, provided only that they do not, whether by gesture or act, visualize the subject matter of their discourse. Looking back over those exhibitions that the censors have objected to in the last thirty years, it is easy to see that what has dismayed the guardians of the public psyche is not what is said, however piquant, but rather what is done. The only exception in the three decades in question where objection has been lodged against a theme and not against stage business was "Mrs. Warren's Profession." In every other single instance, what has brought the moral boys down upon a play has been a physical antic of one kind or another. Olga Nethersole's "Sapho" was condemned not for its theme and dialogue, but simply because of one unduly prolonged "Carmen" kiss and a scene showing the hero carrying the heroine upstairs to bed. Sadie Martinot's "The Turtle" attracted the attention of the moral police because of a two minute episode in which the heroine was supposed to disrobe behind a screen, and Blanche Bates's "Naughty Anthony" simply because an actress crossed her legs at one point in the evening and took off her stockings.

Paul Potter's "The Conquerors" would never have had a voice lifted against it had it not been for the moment in which a German *Uhlan* seized a woman with fell purpose just as the curtain discreetly lowered itself. "The God of Vengeance" offended the smutsers because of the scene at the end of the first act in which a woman fondled a young girl with w
seemed to be saphistic intent, and "
Clemenceau Case," years before, beca
one of the actresses showed herself for
seconds in a mild approximation to
altogether. "The Demi-Virgin" got i
trouble, so it eventually came down
cases, because of a single amorous s
played by an actress in an allegedly ap
disiacal nightie, and "The Girl With
Whooping Cough" because of some lo
making on a settee. Even in the case
the harmless music show, "The Bl
Crook," it was only the girls' tights t
alarmed the celestial ambassadors of
era. "Countess Coquette," though it m
aged to avoid actual police interferen
came very near suffering it because of
scene at its conclusion wherein the
serted Lothario listens at the keyhole
the door leading to the boudoir of
reunited husband and wife, and a flan
nightgown in "Desire Under the Elm
was instrumental in causing what trou
that drama experienced in certain co
munities. The dramatization of Tolst
"Resurrection," which Blanche Wa
took around the country, was jumped u
in various cities because of the scene
the end of the prologue in which a m
and woman sat down together on the e
of a bed, and Charmion's trapeze act,
come to that, was all right with the g
darmes until the lady removed her ga
and threw it to the audience.

Take the three suppressed plays of
past season. What really drew the eyes
the moralists to "Sex" was surely less w
was said in it than that single widely
marked on bit of stage business when
an actor employed a Rabelaisian gest
to indicate a certain anatomical virtuosi
"The Virgin Man," equally innocu

el, went on the moral rocks because of
ngle episode showing a young woman
ng to tempt a youthful St. Anthony.
l "The Captive," for all its homosexual
ne, would, unless I am very greatly
rror, have been permitted a free course
it been presented here as it was in
ce and not been circused by causing
actress playing the leading rôle to
port herself like a hoochie-coochie
ormer who had drunk a *Seidel* of
imbin. Bourdet himself objected vio-
ly to any such sawdust-ring interpre-
on of the rôle which distracted an
ience's attention from the drama and
red it upon the spectacle of a porno-
hic St. Vitus dancer.

is always what he sees rather than
t he hears that disturbs the moralist.
history of the modern theatre, with
ligible exception, assures us of this
. A dramatist may speak on forbidden
jects to his heart's content and he will be
tively safe. But the moment he drama-
s even one of his phrases in terms of
crete fact or action the gong of the
roaching patrol-wagon will be heard
side the playhouse. If this is not
, why is it that the moralists raid
x" and permit to go unmolested a play
"Saturday's Children," in which a
ier tells his young daughter that it
uld be much better for young girls to
out and have affairs than to rush into
rriage too quickly, or one like "The
nstant Wife," in which married women
defended for taking on lovers, or one
"The Road to Rome," in which a
man with a too fat husband is alleged
e justified in committing adultery with
first good-looking thin gentleman she
ounters? Why is it that they raid any
lesque show offering the familiar frank-
er act and allow to be presented un-
dered a play like "Crime," in which
young are romantically educated in
cessful thievery, or one like "Broad-
y," in which murder is sentimentalized
l made the basis of a deep, pure and
ffable love?

II

Engines of Agnosticism

While on the topic of moralists, I am seized with a speculation as to why and how it is that these curious fowl regularly fail to include in their uplift forays those quasi-religious spectacles which are periodically displayed in our midst. If anything in the world can succeed in ridding a people of its belief in God and Holy Writ, it is surely just such blasphemous and idiotic exhibitions. It is doubtful that a hundred plays showing the adulteries of forty-five year old actresses and imitation Englishmen can persuade even a congenital imbecile of the romantic aspects of wenching, but I experience some travail in believing that the man who has just seen Jesus Christ in the person of a Lambs' Club ham in a Hepner wig will go around to church the following Sunday with much of his erstwhile gusto.

The visualization of divine and Biblical subjects by the drama and the moving pictures has undoubtedly done more to hasten the spread of agnosticism among the boobs than all the engines of doubt and disbelief that have got up steam in the last two hundred years. The subjects of faith and the objects of religious worship may, save in a traditionally conventionalized manner, be pictured concretely only at the expense of a diminishing and sacrifice of such faith and worship. Time and custom have hallowed the symbol of the crucifix, whether in marble or ivory or oils, and fine art has brought its beauty and imagination to the establishment and furtherance of the spirit of the divine materials it has made its own. But when cheap playwrights and cheaper movie manufacturers, however lofty their purpose, lay hold of the same materials, they convert them into a species of pie theology and succeed magnificently in spreading a dangerous impiety and infidelity among a nation of dolts who must ever be kept in line by fear of the hereafter. It is pretty hard to

believe that, after a journeyman electrician has seen Christ depicted in an exhibit like "Ben Hur" as a bunch of Mazda lamps, he will suffer quite the same humility that he did before. It is equally hard to believe that, after an advertising agent has beheld the Saviour in a show like "The Servant in the House" or "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" to be none other than a familiar endorser of Pelmanism, Muriel cigars and Lucky Strike cigarettes, he, in turn, will experience quite the feeling that he did previously. And it surely is no easy job to believe that, after thousands of morons have gone to such a moving picture as "The King of Kings" and seen the Son of God to be simply the actor who played the crook in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," to say nothing of the fellow who fell so comically upon his stern in "The Ghost Breaker"—it is surely no easy job to believe that these morons will not come away rather more given to humanitarianism than they were when they went in. Herr Lang of Oberammergau has at least never played in Broadway detective melodramas and farces, nor has he had photographs in the tabloids showing him playing golf in Hollywood.

But more important than all this, in the direction I have indicated, is the picturization by the movies of the Biblical miracles. It may, with a painful stretch of the imagination, be conceivable that a half-wit may be deeply impressed by the spectacle of a dozen fox-trotting habitués of the Cocoanut Grove in the rôles of the Twelve Apostles, but it must strain the imagination to the breaking point to believe that he longer regards the miracles taught to him in childhood as divinely inspired after he has seen them reproduced by film parlor-magic, the secrets of which he is made privy to by all the movie magazines. Reading of the miracles in the Bible, he is awed. But seeing them duplicated by a Los Angeles bald-headed man in puttees, he is simply made sniffish. He is like a child who regards his father as a great man when the latter pulls a rabbit out of a silk hat and whose faith in his father's s natural powers quickly vanishes whe later discovers that the hat contai black velvet pocket in which the r was concealed. Suckers no longer fal the shell game after they know how done. And the movie devotee, being prised of the fake way in which the acles are transferred to the screen, ently persuades himself that the mir of old were negotiated in some equ fraudulent manner.

As I have hinted, the rank and fil the people must be kept in line by police, whether mundane or celestia people that didn't believe in an Almig God might constitute an intelligent tion, but it would prove a very tough tomer to handle. At least one police would be needed to look after every si citizen, and the jails would have to enlarged daily. The pseudo-holy plays moving pictures are gradually conver former believers into skeptics, and s tics, by a recognizably natural proc into criminals of one sort or another. that China needs to disillusion it, soli it and make it a formidable military po is for Cecil De Mille to go over there some fat movie actor and make a su special with him in the rôle of Buddh

III

Beyond the Alps

On the condescension of literary men ward the theatre, I have written in past. Of the several recent instances of condescension that have come to my tice, none is more illuminating than of the gifted and unfailingly entertain Aldous Huxley. Mr. Huxley makes kn his airy disdain in an article called "W I Do Not Go to the Theatre." The t considering the ancient point of v which the article sets forth, would vastly more apt had the author omi its first word. For the theatre which Huxley so contumeliously discourses u

ously belongs to the early eighties. t us glance briefly at a few of Mr. ley's antiquated opinions. First, that popular conventions are accepted he theatre at their face value with- any attempt being made to discover psychological realities which lie be- them." Brushing aside as being too rent contradictions of Mr. Huxley's ehair-sofa viewpoint the plays of such ent-day dramatists as Shaw, O'Casey, er, O'Neill, Pirandello and a score of rs, let us sample the hollowness of his ention by descending to even the dway commercial drama of this last on. I list herewith a number of plays , during the past seven or eight months e in the New York theatre, turned the ular conventions inside out and at least I to make the very attempt which Hux- denies is ever made: "The Home Town- "Sour Grapes," "Sandalwood," "The tive," "The Good Fellow," "God es Us," "Gentle Grafters," "This Was lan," "The Constant Wife," "The Sil- Cord," "Lady Alone," "Inheritors," ariners," "Spread Eagle" and "The ond Man." During the same period, re were produced on Broadway such ally controverting examples of modern ma as the "Naked" and "Right You " of Pirandello, etc.

"There are only two kinds of love on stage—the pure and the impure," con- es Huxley in defence of his non- atregoing attitude. "No hint is ever pped that in reality sacred and profane e are inextricably mixed together; it is er so much as whispered that there y be a great many varieties of both ds." Need I bring to our friend's notice undred and one modern plays that must ke his statement ring loudly with fool- ness, such, for example, as Porto-Riche's Amoureuse," certain of Arnold Ben- t's later comedies, d'Annunzio's "La à Morta," Capus's "L'Oiseau Blessé" "Les Passagères," Strindberg's "The ce of Death" and O'Neill's derivative elded," Sudermann's "Das Blumen- boot," Schnitzler's "Zwischenspiel" and "Der Ruf des Lebens," and Lenormand's "Simoon"? "On the stage," concludes Huxley, "love is, moreover, always a function of the loved object, dependent exclusively on the blonde curls and the virtue of the heroine, the black shingle and the alluring impurity of the villainess. No allowance is ever made for the lover's state of mind and body. If there is one thing (on the other hand) that the novelist's exploration of reality has made abundantly clear, it is that love is, to a great extent, the product of the lover's imagination and desire and that it has comparatively little to do with the qualities of the beloved." It appears that Mr. Huxley is completely unaware of a multitude of plays like Schnitzler's "Countess Mitzi," Sudermann's "The Three Heron Feathers," Barker's "The Madras House," Strindberg's "To Damascus," and the various Guitry and Dieudonné comedies, to mention but a few that come readily to mind.

IV

Clowns

WHATEVER the poverty of the American theatre in other directions, it finds its cornucopia sufficiently full of talented clowns. I doubt that the theatre of any other country at the present time can boast so many genuinely droll fellows, or that when it comes to low comedy there is a factory so productive of salubrious guffaws. On what country's stage will you discover another Bobby Clark with his stogie butt, elegant walking stick and illuminated diamond; Harpo Marx dragging a long rope after him, disappearing in the wings and presently reappearing at the other side of the stage holding its still trailing end; and Tom Healy trying vainly and with much grave head-scratching to figure out how his partner guesses what number he has been thinking of, when the former asks him and he tells him and his partner says "That's correct"? Or

George Bickel with such a German dialect as hasn't been heard in the American air since Jim Huneker used loudly and with much banging on the table to order biscuit Tortoni at Lüchow's; Phil Baker ironically inquiring of Sid Silvers if he knows what pinochle is and Silvers replying, "Sure! Pinochle and sauerkraut"; and W. C. Fields with his majestic, cuff-shooting mien, modish dickey and very tony cigar end? Or Al Jolson swapping confidential matters with a horse; Eddie Cantor bounding back and forth across the stage, the while he with a consuming enthusiasm relates the astounding wonders of being bitten lovingly on the ear by a red-headed girl; and Bert Wheeler singing a tearful ballad the while he eats a large cheese sandwich and dill pickle? Or Poodles Hanneford with his rubber suspenders that, when he would adjust them to his pantaloons, elude his grasp, shoot back and clap him a jolly one in the eye; Sam Mann and his lemon lozenge sucked tormentingly near the orchestra brasses; and Will Mahoney and his hats? Or Moran and Mack; Eddie Conrad and his piano act; and Frank McIntyre with his two-ton lizzie walk? Or Tom Patricola's clown clogging; Will Rogers's animadversions on politics; Julius Tannen's monologues; and Walter Catlett's burlesque love-makings? Or Joe Cook's reading of a bed-time story; the unmatched paint-smearing act of the Ardath brothers; and Willie Collier's *sotto voce* wise-cracks? Or Andrew Toombes' fairy tale; McIntyre and Heath's travelogue on ham trees, pretzel vines and pork chop bushes; and Raymond Hitchcock's chronic case of laryngitis? Or Victor Moore's baby voice; Fred Stone with his serio-comic athletic monkeyshines; Lew Fields with his shoulder-shrugging, philosophical "Easy come, easy go" upon being swindled out of the one hundred dollars that represent his life's savings; and Jimmy Hussey and Al Herman? Or Bozo Snyder and Sliding Billy Watson of the burlesque houses; Tom Howard and his dopey "Spy" act; and Frank Tinney, on such occasions as he is out of the hospital, with orchestra leader conversazione? Or Smith, of the Avon Comedy Four, and Lewis, and, surely, Johnny Hudgins his hoofing pantomime, and Joe Jack and his bicycle, and the excellent Wynn, and Harry Watson and his pr fighter act, and Gallagher and Shean, Jack Donahue, and Herb Williams and piano act, and Chick Sale? These occu my pencil as it travels quickly ac paper. There are others, I am certain, t I have overlooked—others who rank w many of these as professors of the be laugh. In combination, they compris company the like of which only the An ican House of Representatives can equa

V

The Road

The current favorite pastime of theatri commentators is announcing the death the road so far as dramatic entertainm goes and speculating upon the reason myself have not been backward in join in the sport, and have confected a num of essays upon the subject, rich in sapie But although much that is unquestiona true has been written, many more thi that are equally true have been omit from the various disquisitions, and th may be worth a few moments' conside tion.

Going back a couple of decades or we find that one of the cardinal articles the American Credo was this: That all managers of provincial theatres, before Theatrical Syndicate reduced them to status of janitors, were men with a lo regard for art and, had they not been bro beaten and discouraged, would have pla Shakespeare fifty-two weeks in the y with Sophocles and Racine at matin instead of the Rogers Brothers, "Ch ley's Aunt" and Hermann the Great. was, these twenty and twenty-five y ago, the general belief that the road being killed by the Syndicate, as if

licate—even had it wished to with all heart—could have regularly booked -rate drama in the road theatres when, ow, there was only one first-rate drama lable for every two dozen or more nd- and third-rate attractions. And, in tion, as I have implied, that the road tre managers would have welcomed uninterrupted diet of such first-rate na with no chance of making a double unt of money out of bookings like "A to Chinatown," Evans and Hoey's Parlor Match" (with Anna Held), and adeleine, or the Magic Kiss." This was beginning of the legend that has per- d to the present day, and taken on, assing, a wealth of new and peculiar oms. The road was, and still is, held ave an overpowering desire for high natic art, when, as anyone at all famil- with the state of mind in most Ameri- provincial cities knows, the majority rst-rate plays do not today and seldom ne past have made enough money, save were and are trumped up with a ular star, to pay the week's rent. What brought about the death of the road, ss I am losing my old cunning as a rvoyant, has not been the shortage in itable drama so much as the shortage pectacles, big musical shows, mechani- melodramas and other such stuff that e reaped a provincial harvest. Send out ay a "Miracle" or a "Scandals" or a ithin the Law" or any such thing and road promptly sits up in its grave and ds out its money, just as it used to sit in its then slightly less deep grave and d out its money for the Hanlon and e and Byrne Brothers' spectacles, or for big Klaw and Erlanger musical shows, for Lincoln J. Carter and imported ry Lane melodramas. What we have ay for provincial export are chiefly y fifth-rate copies of first-rate drama, mber musical comedies and endlessly licated mystery melodramas with small s and innocent of sensational mechani- episodes, nine-tenths of which starve eath in New York quite as they starve to death when they are sent out of New York. The road is in the condition it is for much the same reason that the New York theatre is in the condition it is. To believe the contrary is to believe that more than twenty (to be generous) out of the one hundred and eighty-odd plays and shows presented in New York since last September have made real money and, further, that the moving pictures are responsible for the road's staying away from such other one hundred and sixty-odd New York duds as "My Country," "Just Life," "Naughty Riquette," "Fanny," "The Wild Rose," "New York Exchange," "Money From Home" and the like.

If the road is in a bad way because of the dearth of what is euphemistically known as old-time first-rate drama, why is it in an equally bad way in the matter of big-time vaudeville? Surely that vaudeville is of a better grade today than it was fifteen and twenty years ago—one need only consider the greater number of competent legitimate actors and actresses who appear in its programmes, to say nothing of the meritorious playwrights who now periodically contribute their one-act plays to it—and yet it has gone the way of the legitimate theatre and its offerings. I can't believe that the man in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago or St. Louis who used to patronize first-rate drama has suddenly become a great admirer of D. W. Griffith and Gloria Swanson, or that the circumstance that his brother now owns a Ford and a radio keeps the latter, in turn, away from a leg show, provided the legs are good enough. The reason for the *Untergang* of the *Abendland* is not to be found, I believe, in any such facile and imbecile philosophy. The road has declined, in the directions in which it has done so, for other causes, a few of which I take the liberty of guessing at. In the first place, fully half the regular theatregoing element in the leading road cities now make periodic pilgrimages to New York and there see the good shows before they are presented in their respec-

tive towns. This was not true twenty years ago, when a trip to New York or anywhere else was something of an event. But the American of the class in point has come to be a great traveler in the intervening years; he leaves home on every possible occasion; and New York is his Mecca. A glance at railroad statistics will convince the doubter. And a glance at the statistics covering visitors to New York will convince him doubly. In the second place, the bookings of certain theatrical exhibits in the road theatres are for too long a period. In the old days, a play was booked for three nights or maybe a full week—the limit of the town's patronage. Today, a play of the same kind is booked for a much longer time and, naturally, plays to empty houses after its legitima to be expected patronage is exhausted the third place, the so-called "try-o have alienated trade. Three-quarter these try-outs are failures when fir they are brought into New York; they swindles when foisted on the road by of experiment; and the road gags at t quite as New York subsequently gags. in the fourth place, to look at the o side of things, George Arliss, Ethel Ba more, "Broadway" and "Sunny" do perhaps always will have just as m success on the road as they have in N York, while Pedro de Cordoba, Mar Rambeau, "The Strawberry Blonde" "Polly of Hollywood" will have no m and no less.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Philosophy of Rotary

ARY: A BUSINESS MAN'S INTERPRETA-ON, by Frank H. Lamb. $2.50. 9 x 6; 128 pp. quiam, Wash.: *The Rotary Club of Hoquiam.*

LAMB is a manufacturer of machinery e rising town of Hoquiam, Wash., by the celebrated Centralia and not rom Tacoma. In 1920 he became a ter member of the Hoquiam Rotary and its first president. In 1922 he was nced to the governorship of the First rict, and a year later he became a tor and third vice-president of Rotary national. His advancement has thus rapid, and his book shows why: he man of philosophical mind, and has sed its powers upon the problems of reat order he serves and adorns. Those lems, it appears, are of a considerable plexity, for in Rotary, as in other an organizations, there are two par- one of which dreams of great achieve- ts and the other of which is content nprove the passing hour. As everyone ws, it is the former party that chiefly ks into the newspapers. One hears of pokesmen announcing that Moses, or ner, or St. Francis, or Martin Luther, George Washington was the first Ro- n, and arguing gravely that, when the war threatens, only Rotary will be to stop it. The members of this party r the club emblem as proudly as if it e the Garter, and spend a great deal of r time worrying about such things as crime wave, necking in the high- ols, the prevalence of adenoids, the gs of the League of Nations, and the piracy of the Bolsheviki to seize the ed States and put every Cadillac owner he sword. They have a taste for rhet- , and like to listen to speeches by men with Messages. The boys of the other party are less concerned about such high matters. When there is nothing better afoot they go to the weekly luncheons, gnaw their way through the chicken pat- ties and green peas, blow a few spitballs across the table, sing a few songs, and then, when the speech-making begins, re- tire to the wash-room, talk a little busi- ness, and then prevail upon Fred or Charlie to tell the new one about Judd Gray and the chambermaid at Hornellsville, N. Y.

Mr. Lamb does not belong to this athe- istic faction. Being a Rotarian is to him a serious business, and he believes that mem- bership should be very strictly guarded. As is well known, the rules of the order provide that only one man of any given trade or profession may belong to any given club. This provision, it appears, is frequently the cause of difficulties and heart-burnings. Suppose, for example, that a club is confronted by "two leading banks doing practically a similar line of business, each with an executive that is fully capable of exemplifying Rotary." What to do? If the executive of one bank is elevated to membership, then the execu- tive of the other will be full of shame and repining, and the fact, I daresay, will show itself the next time any member of the club asks him for accommodations. Many clubs have resolved such dilemmas by the arts of the sophist. They have put down one executive as a "commercial" banker and the other as a "savings" banker, and then elected both, yelling merrily the while, and bombarding the candidates with ham bones and asparagus. Mr. Lamb is against such subterfuges. He looks forward to what is bound to happen when two grocers try to horn in, or two electrical contrac- tors, or two bootleggers—one, perhaps,

disguised as a merchandise broker and the other as a wholesale druggist. The pressure from dubious men is naturally very great. They try to get into Rotary on account of the prestige and credit that membership gives, just as all the chiropractors in Washington try to get into the Cosmos Club, and all the social pushers everywhere in the Republic offer themselves for baptism in the Episcopal Church. If Rotary admitted them, it would soon descend to the level of the Shriners, the Moose, or the American Academy of Political and Social Science. But in small cities it is frequently hard to keep them out, for the only banker or newspaper editor or plumbing contractor available may be a palpably questionable fellow, with no taste whatever for Service. Thus the club is forced either to take him in despite his deficiencies, or to resign itself to staggering on without any representative of his important and puissant trade.

Such problems fever Mr. Lamb, who has a legal and moral cast of mind, and he gives over a large part of his book to a discussion of them. He believes that many of them would be solved if Rotary were confined strictly to the larger cities. The members of the clubs in such cities, going to a district or national convention, are often appalled on meeting their brethren from South Lockport and Boggsville. The former, as befits their high civic position, are commonly men of great austerity; the latter come to the meeting wearing flamboyant bands around their hats, carrying American flags and booster banners, and exhaling, perhaps, the fetor of rustic moonshine. It is hard for men of such disparate tastes and social habits to consider amicably, and to any ponderable public profit, the inordinately difficult and important questions with which Rotary deals. As well ask elephants and goats to gambol together. The big city clubs themselves face other problems, and some of them give great concern to the more thoughtful variety of Rotarians. There are those, as I have said, which flow out of the constitutional provision that but one mem shall be admitted from each avocat That rule frequently bars out men of highest idealism, whose presence in councils of Rotary would strengthen organization and so benefit the Repub The minute one wholesale grocer or pa medicine manufacturer is elevated to m bership all the others in town are a matically barred, and among them, it pears, there are sometimes men of so h a passion for Service that they were pla designed by Omnipotence to be Rotari Not a few classification committees, have hinted, stretch the rule to let men in, but Mr. Lamb sees the dange that sort of playing with fire, and sou a solemn warning against it.

Another problem: what to do with tive and useful members who change t occupation and so lose their classificat Suppose A, elected as a Ford dealer, a dons that great art and mystery for knit underwear business? A representa of the knit underwear business, B by na is already a member, and he natur hangs on to the high privileges and rogatives that go with the fact. Is A t dropped, or is the rule against dupl tions to be once more invaded? Most tary clubs, according to Mr. Lamb, around the difficulty by electing A honorary membership, but as a purist is against that device, for it simply b the question. Moreover, it is unjust to If he is entitled to any membership at he is entitled to full membership, with power to vote and hold office. The con tutional lawyers of Rotary have b wrestling with the problem for a l while, but so far they have failed to so it. Mr. Lamb is naturally reluctant discuss it in a doctrinaire manner, bu suspect that he is in favor of throwin out altogether—a cruel scheme, certai but one that at least disposes of the d culty. To permit A to hang around su ing his thumb while his successor radi idealism is as indecorous as it would for a lady married to her second husb

ble her first in the spare room. Raised
norary membership, he becomes a
f club eunuch. It would be kinder to
him of his accoutrements and heave
ut.

m all of this it is evident that the
ientious Rotarian is by no means the
nd happy fellow that he appears to
the newspaper reports of his doings
n the columns of "Americana." All
hile he is lavishing Service upon the
f us his own heart is devoured by
. The government of Rotary, like that
e United States, is one of law, not of
The most stupendous Rotarian, in
ye of that law, is of no more impor-
than the humblest brother. Well,
natches lawyers, and the minute law-
appear there is trouble. Even the Elks
found that out. At their annual con-
ons they put in many weary hours
g constitutional cases. Outside the
is playing, but within the chamber
eir deliberation they have to listen to
arguments, with maddening gabble
ecedents. An Elks' convention used
a very lively affair, with the boys
g around in open barouches, covered
badges and throwing away money;
it is indistinguishable from a session
e Supreme Court of the United States.
tary convention becomes even worse,
Rotarians are more serious men than
. The idealism of the nation is in their
ing. If they took their responsibilities
ly there would be chaos.

A Book for Bibbers

AND THE WINE LANDS OF THE WORLD, Frank Hedges Butler. $4.50. 8¾ x 5⅝; 271 pp. York: *Brentano's.*

BUTLER is a wine merchant by inheri-
, and a bibber and fancier by inclina-
—a handsome, bulky old gentleman,
ing a No. 23 collar and with a strong
l resemblance to the late J. P. Morgan.
he pursuit of his chosen art he has
eled all over the world, by ship, by
nd even by air—that is, over all parts of it save California, which he nowhere mentions in his book. But this neglect of the American Rheingau and Côte d'Or is nothing new, for practically all the English writers on wines are guilty of it. Even the best of them, P. Morton Shand, author of "A Book of Wine," has very little to say about California's excellent vintages, and that little is ignorant and contemptuous. Why the English should be so unfriendly to them I don't know; perhaps there is a political reason somewhere in the background. The truth is that California, during the last ten years of the Bill of Rights, produced some Hocks that were almost as good as the ordinary run of genuine Rhine wines, and some clarets and Burgundies, notably Cresta Blanca, that were a great deal better than the stuff the average Frenchman drinks. The California chiantis, as everyone knows, were far superior to the Italian ones. They not only had a more delicate flavor and a greater fragrance; they were also more digestible. The Italian chiantis, even the best of them, are so high in tannic acid that the Nordic stomach is quite unable to deal with them. They cause its mucosa to blow up in large blisters, and paralyze the nerves which operate the pylorus: it is thus impossible for an American to drink them without employing formidable chasers of bicarbonate of soda. But the California chiantis were very bland, and produced no such disturbances. Even today, though they have gone off considerably under Prohibition, they are still very respectable wines, and much in esteem in New York. What passes for Burgundy in that town is usually chianti. The California Hocks, under Prohibition, have died the death: the stuff sold in the long bottles today is mainly clarified cider, with a shot of witch hazel added. But the so-called sauternes on tap in New York in these days are even worse. The only thing genuine about them is the sulphurous acid, which causes one of the worst varieties of *Katzenjammer* known to pathology.

Mr. Butler does not confine his book to

wines: he also discusses whiskeys, gins, rums and some of the more popular cordials. What he has to say is always well-informed, but frequently he corrupts it with moral snuffling. He seems to be firmly convinced that the use of alcohol is beneficial to the system, and that it ought to be defended as a medicine. He even trots out the ancient superstition that gin is good for the kidneys. All this, it seems to me, is nonsense. Wines and liquors were created by God, not to take the place of castor oil and aspirin, but to make the human race happy. Their effects are psychological far more than physical. A man with gall-stones, after getting down a bottle of Rauzan-Ségla, still has his gall-stones, but he has lost his concern about them. Thus he is more amiable than he was before, and can talk of other subjects. I long ago suggested that wars would cease and crime would disappear if some means could be devised to keep the whole human race gently stewed. I say gently stewed, and not drunk: getting drunk makes men worse, not better. My suggestion has never got any official support, and so the American people continue to suffer. Half of them, drinking the dubious hard liquors that the bottleggers and Prohibition agents now vend, wake up every morning with bad headaches, and ready for rows. The other half, getting nothing to drink save well water, become misanthropes, and spend their whole time thinking up schemes to harass their fellow men. A few *Seidel* of Pilsener, I am convinced, would convert even a Methodist bishop into something plausibly resembling a gentleman, just as a few sober days every month would greatly improve a dry Congressman. But my plan will never be tried. It is far too intelligent to be taken seriously.

Mr. Butler's book has many illustrations. Some of them show French and Spanish peasants tramping out grapes with their bare feet. He is at pains to explain that these peasants are carefully scrubbed before they are turned into the vats. He says that mechanical presses have tried, but that they spoil the wine crushing the grape-seeds. This is nonsense. Any first year student in mechanical engineering could design a press would not crush the seeds. In point fact, such presses already exist: they in use in California for years before hibition. The ancient method of hoe the grapes is retained in the Latin c tries, I believe, mainly because their pe greatly enjoy the hoofing. Well, why I can imagine many sports worse prancing around in a vat of grapes.

Psychology

PSYCHOLOGY: A SIMPLIFICATION, by Ring Coleman and Saxe Commins. $3 8⅛ x 320 pp. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

What this book has chiefly to tell that the so-called science of psycholo now in chaos, and with no sign that o is soon to be restored. It is hard to two of its professors who agree, and w the phenomenon is encountered it us turns out that one of them is not a chologist at all, but simply a teache psychology. Even the Freudians, w barbaric raid first demoralized and tered the placid experts of the old sch now quarrel among themselves. W the same psychologist frequently t upon and devours himself. The cas Dr. McDougall, late of Harvard, c to mind at once. Every time he prin new book, which is very frequently changes his list of instincts. Some o others go much further: Dr. McDou indeed, is a conservative. These gay b at short intervals, throw overboard t whole baggage. There are psychologist America who started out with the clas introspective psychology, abandoned t thirds of it in order to embrace Freud then took headers into Behaviorism, now incline toward the *Gestalt* revela of Köhler and Koffka. Some say one t and some another. It is hard for the man to keep his head in this whirl.

anthropology offers a larger assort- of conflicting theories, or a more y band of steaming and blood-sweat- rofessors.

vertheless, certain general tendencies themselves, and in the long run they lay the foundations of a genuinely nal and scientific psychology. The of them is the tendency to examine phenomena of the mind objectively, with some approach to a scientific od. The old-time psychologist did bother with such inquiries, some of h are very laborious. He simply locked elf in his study, pondered on the proc- of his own pondering, and then wrote ook. If, as an aid to his speculations, ent to the length of mastering the ele- s of physiology, he regarded himself ry advanced, and was so regarded by ustomers. Basically, he was a philoso- , not a scientist. His concepts of the were constantly mellowed and ameli- d by concepts of what ought to be These old-time psychologists, like philosophers, had a great gift for in- ng terminology, and their master- s still harass the students in the more ward seminaries of learning. Most of , again like the philosophers, believed they had sufficiently described a thing n they had given it a name.

It the psychology of today is mainly rimental. Its professors do not attempt count for the thought process by in- pection, but by observation. Their ng is not on philosophy, but on physi- y. So far, it must be confessed, they failed to solve any of the funda- tal problems of psychology—for ex- le, the problem of consciousness—but have swept away a great mass of e speculation, and unearthed a large ber of interesting, if often embarrass- facts. Here the Behaviorists, who are very recent comers in the field, have done especially good work. Being psychologists, they are naturally inclined to nonsense, and so one finds them plunging into doctrines that war upon common sense—for example, the doctrine that the qualities of the mind are never inherited, but spring wholly out of environmental causes—but they have at least cleared off the old view of the mental machine as a mechanism working in a sort of vacuum, with no relation to the other organs of the body. These Behaviorists have proved, what should have been obvious long ago: that a man thinks with his liver as well as with his brain—in brief, that the organism is an actual organism, and not a mere congeries of discordant units. In their studies of children, in particular, they have got at some simple and useful facts, and so disposed of a formidable accumulation of idle speculations. But their formula is too simple to be wholly true, and they seem very likely to ruin it by trying to get more work out of it than it is capable of.

So with the Freudians. So with the *Gestalt* enthusiasts. So with the endocrine psychologists. So with all the rest. Why don't they get together as the pathologists, physiologists and other scientists get together, pool their facts, sacrifice their theories, and so lay the foundations of a rational psychology? Messrs. Coleman and Commins hint at the reason. No professional *kudos* is to be got by pooling facts. The one way to make a splash in psychology is to come out with a new and revolutionary theory. In other words, public opinion among psychologists is not yet genuinely enlightened. They paddle around in what ought to be a science, but they are not quite scientists. Some day, perhaps, they will make the grade, and so become brothers to the pathologists. But at this moment they are nearer the osteopaths.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD *was formerly professor of history at Minnesota and Illinois. He is now living in France.*

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ARTHUR J. CRAMP, M.D., *is chief of the American Medical Association's department for the investigation of medical frauds.*

JAMES L. DWYER *is a graduate of Harvard, and was an officer in the British army during the war. He is an advertising copywriter.*

DUFF GILFOND *is a Washington newspaper woman. She is a Cornell graduate.*

LEONARD HESS *was formerly a teacher in the New York City high-schools and is now devoting himself to the writing of fiction.*

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WILLIS LUTHER MOORE, SC.D., *was chief of the United States Weather Bureau from 1895 to 1913, and is of international repute as a meteorologist. He is the author of a number of books and of many scientific papers. He was born in Pennsylvania and now lives in California.*

JOAN DARETH PROSPER *is a profes dancer, now teaching Russian ballet in Se Wash. She has contributed fiction and ve various magazines, and in 1925 won the Bixby lyric prize.*

ERICH POSSELT *was born in Bohem 1892, and studied at the University of Pr He has traveled all over the world. He ha tributed dramatic criticism to various G papers in this country.*

JAMES R. QUIRK *is the editor of* Photo *the leading motion-picture magazine. H Bostonian, but now lives in New York.*

GEORGE SEIBEL *was born in Pittsburg has been a newspaper man for thirty year has written poetry, plays and short storie recently completed a novel. As president American Turnerbund, he has lectured coast to coast.*

LOUIS SHERWIN *was formerly a dra critic in New York. Lately he ventured writing for the movies.*

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON *has made s Arctic journeys and written many books. H born in Canada of Icelandic parentage, a an A.M. of Harvard.*

JAMES STEVENS *is the author of " Bunyan," "Brawnyman" and "Mattock," last recently published. The article in this will form part of a forthcoming book on th of the old-time Northwestern saloons.*

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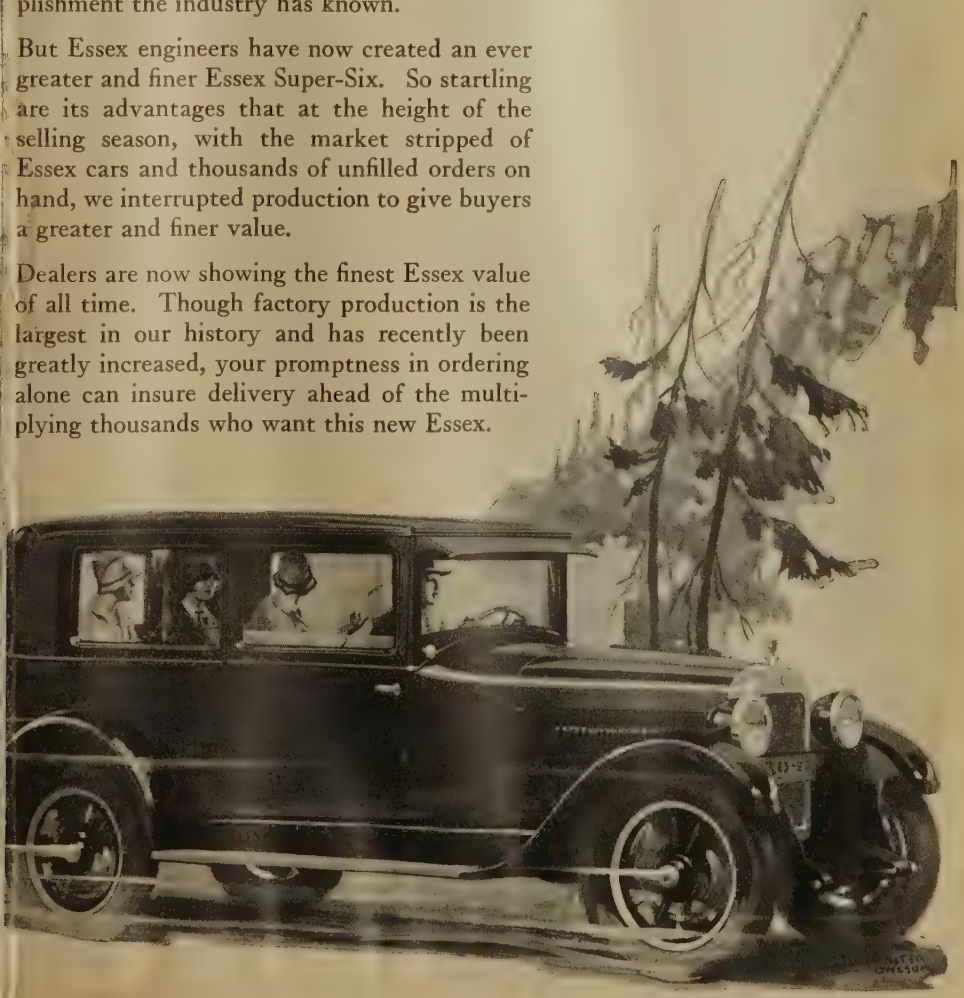

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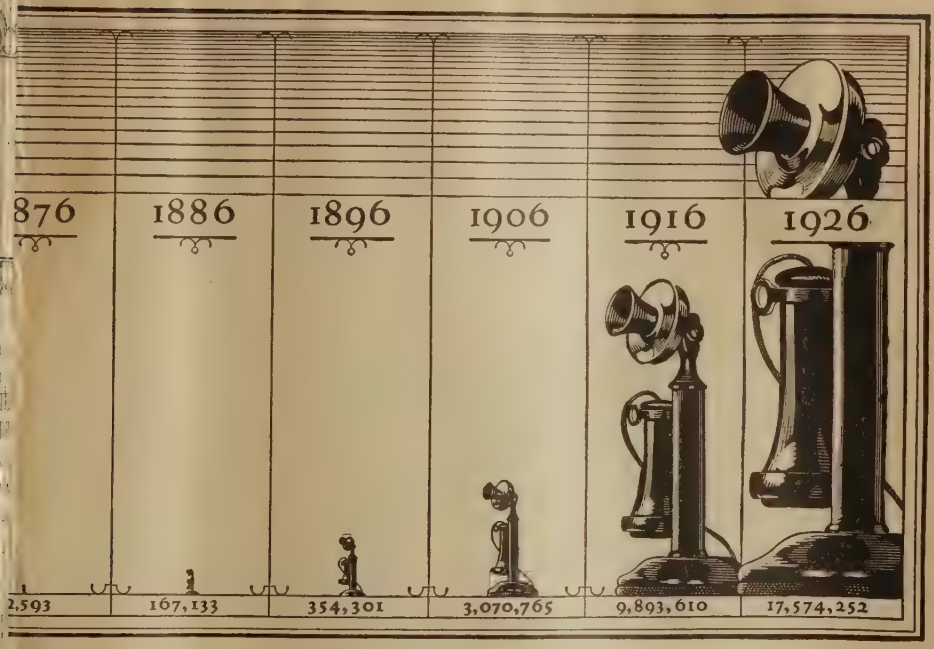
Editorial NOTES

Mr. John Kelly, of Tampa, Fla. recollections of the Far West go its great days, believes that Mr. L author of "The Great Medicine R the May issue, was somewhat dec "the statements of early writers w either horrible liars or else bad taken." He goes on:

> My earliest experience in the West as a and trapper was in 1872. I saw buffa hunted them, just fifteen miles from Nebraska. So in 1835 they must certainl ranged much farther East. No Plains ever hunted buffalo afoot, and to say th one could walk into the midst of a he deliberately take his pick and shoot t his leisure is most absurd tommyrot. I 1835 no buffalo were as gentle as a bu modern flappers, or if they were, they automatically became extinct. In my ence, if a hunter knew his business a wind was right, he could sometimes w to within three hundred yards of a he most of the shooting was done at three hundred yards. A rider could ride along t of a herd, but no man could or ever did horse into the midst of a running her exploit and the charging buffalo are grown venerable lies that will not d have seen many charging buffalo, but l miral Jellico at the battle of Jutland, th ployed away from" the hunter invariabl like the Admiral, they certainly kne business.
>
> The method of butchering a dead described by Mr. De Voto must have be during the most remote ages, say in t when Adam was a little boy, or perhap a device of some astute mechanic who to make himself a big lot of unnecessar As to cracking the marrow bones, it c done only by a man equipped with an sledge. Indeed, one can imagine no on hopeless idiot attempting to extract t row from the thigh bones of a buffalo.

Continued on page xxviii



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Going Strong

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxvi

Such words as *fleece, depuis, side ribs* and *ribs* convey no meaning to me; no doub were first used as padding in some narra the Old West. Even an instructor in a u sity ought to be able to learn, by lookin five-cent nickel of our glorious country the hump of a buffalo was not on his With these few exceptions I have noted, M Voto's article is all right. It is fine.

Some of the things which will ap the August issue are the following

"In Praise of War," *by Arlington B. Conu* An army officer in the Great War refle his military experiences and comes to th clusion that war is not the curse to hun that the pacifists would have us think, b the contrary, a decided tonic to all thos participate in it.

"Skyscrapers for Art Museums," *by Lee Si* A well-known art critic offers a high teresting suggestion for the building museums.

"The Caucasian Storms Harlem," *by Rudolph* What Harlem used to be and what it is White people once went there to see ho groes amused themselves; now it is the who perform and the Negroes who wato

"On the Mountain-Side," *by Elizabeth Madox* A remarkable short story by the aut "The Time of Man."

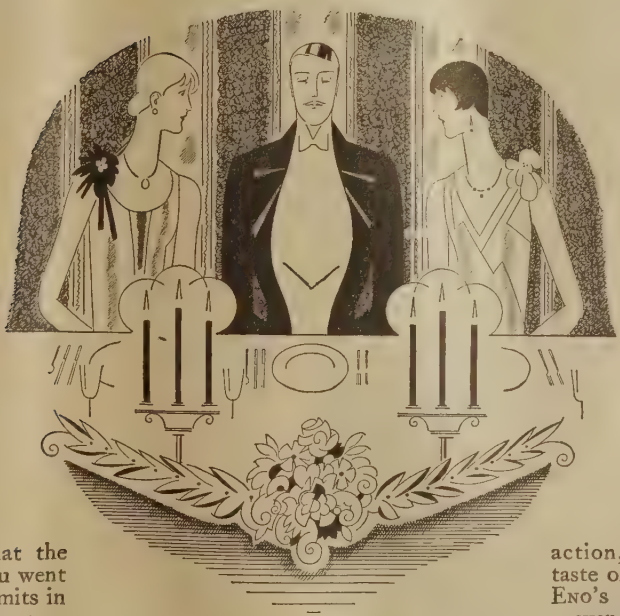
"College Elms and Chorus-Girls," *by Lillian* How the raccoon coat boys fall for the of spangles—and what happens afterwa

"Religion and Who's Who," *by Ellsworth Huntington and Leon F. L* A statistical study of the relative birt among the prominent adherents of the religions.

"Sam Houston," *by Sam Acheson* A brilliant paper on the most interesti son in the entire history of Texas. He liv seventy years ago, before the State was tled by the Ferguson Dynasty and the B

In addition there will be the usual ments of "The Arts and Sciences," " cana," "The Library," "Clinical Note "The Theatre."

WHAT A NIGHT! WHAT A DAY!



MATTER what the
was, if you went
ordinary limits in
or drinking you
tedly felt it in the
. We all want to enjoy life, but at the
me we must work. And if pleasure inter-
ith business—despite the old joke—we
have to curtail our enjoyments.
men can do business adequately with a
ad or a poisoned body due to diminished
sis. How many opportunities have been
ked during a Monday-morning grouch!
our opportunity comes at a conference,
aps with a business prospect, to get up
your say effectively, if you are listless,
d pessimistic—you are
ck! Moreover, it might
een avoided. A spar-
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Continued from front advertising section, p

THE SCIENCES

IS NATURE CRUEL? *A Partial Answer to the Q*
By J. Crowther Hirst. *G. Bell*
1 s. 6¾ x 4¼; 61 pp.

Mr. Hirst believes that the concept of Na "red in tooth and claw" is erroneous. He argu wild creatures do not live in constant fear another, and that death, when it comes to t commonly swift and painless. He seeks supp his argument in the reports of men attacked mals. Almost without exception they say tha felt neither pain nor fear at the moment of ons

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OF PHARMACY
By Charles H. LaWall. *The J. B. Lippincott C*
$5 8 x 5⅜; 665 pp. *Phila*

This fat tome is not a formal history of pha but a collection of odds and ends, some of them but nearly all of them interesting. There ar four full-page illustrations, many from old Dr. LaWall is dean of the Philadelphia Col Pharmacy.

SOCIAL FACTORS IN MEDICAL PROGRE
By Bernhard J. Stern. *The Columbia Universi*
$2.25 8¾ x 5¾; 136 pp. N

A study of the manner in which personal the power of habit and the natural stupidity have retarded the acceptance of such things section, vaccination, asepsis and the germ th disease. The book is by no means thorough, facts that it exhibits are certainly appalling. It is No. 287 of the Columbia University St History, Economics and Public Law.

NURSERY GUIDE: *For Mothers and Children's*
By Louis W. Sauer *The C. V. Mosby C*
$2 7¼ x 4⅞; 206 pp. S

This excellent manual was first issued in is now reprinted with certain revisions. It is written, and should be comprehensible to any woman. The author is chief attending pediatr the Evanston Hospital, Evanston, Ill.

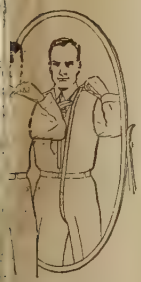
REPRINTS

THE PURPLE LAND.
By W. H. Hudson. *The Modern*
95 cents 6½ x 4¼; 389 pp. N

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO LINI.
Translated by John Addington Symonds.
The Modern
95 cents 6½ x 4¼; 485 pp. N

Continued on page xxxij

ext to Myself
I Like
V. D.' Best"



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nd trunk — de-
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Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xxx

THE SCARLET LETTER.
By Nathaniel Hawthorne. *The Modern*
95 cents 6½ x 4¾; 303 pp. N

THE CREAM OF THE JEST.
By James Branch Cabell. *The Modern*
95 cents 6½ x 4¾; 250 pp. N

The Hudson reprint has an introduction by W McFee, the Hawthorne has an introducti William Lyon Phelps, and the Cabell has Harold Ward.

DIALOGUES.
By Denis Diderot. *Br*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 196 pp. N

The dialogues reprinted here are "Conversati tween D'Alembert and Diderot," "D'Alem Dream," "Supplement to the Voyage of Bougain and "Conversation of a Philosopher with the chale de—." The essay "On Women" and " of an Old Dressing-Gown" are also include translation from the French is by Francis Birrel is also the author of the introduction.

SURNAMES.
By Ernest Weekley. *E. P. Dutton & C*
$2.50 7⅜ x 5; 364 pp. N

This erudite but immensely amusing work w published in 1916. At that time Mr. Week nounced that he was engaged upon a larger Dic of English Surnames, but so far it has not ap The present book discusses the origin and m of some 6000 surnames. Most of them are E but there are also a number from other tongue

FICTION

DOOMSDAY.
By Warwick Deeping. *Alfred A*
$2.50 7½ x 5¼; 367 pp. N

Mary Viner, the Lulu Bett of the family, liv her semi-invalid parents in a small English Though she loves Arnold Fruze, a neighboring man farmer, she marries wealthy Percival Fre lives a socially hectic but otherwise empty l Fream commits suicide because of his financi Mary returns to the home that her parents and after serving a trial period as housekeeper former lover, becomes his wife.

HIGH WINDS.
By Arthur Train. *Charles Scribn*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 365 pp. N

Though incidental to the story, the auth scription of the Paris divorce procedure is a

Continued on page xxxiv

FEET OF CLAY

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ATLANTIC CITY

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xxxii

esting interlude in this novel, which expu
gaudy doings of the Long Island élite. Ursul
bridge, a charming, intelligent maiden lady,
nine years old, falls in love with Peter McKa
years her junior. Fearing the disparity of th
she goes abroad with her sister Enid Kent, th
planning to obtain a foreign divorce that s
marry a richer man. But virtue wins in the e
all save Enid are justly rewarded.

MIDSUMMER MUSIC.
By Stephen Graham. *The George H. Doran*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 288 pp. N

Felix Morrison, a Shakespearian scholar,
Dalmatia for the Summer to work. Instead,
in with a group of Greenwich Villagers i
from England and Hungary, and native Cr
Morrison becomes infatuated with Slavitsa,
of the village. Though a typist in a bank,
beach she is a singing and laughing child o
who plays at loving many while betroth
wealthy man in another town. Upon the ap
of the fiancé, Morrison realizes the hopele
the situation and leaves. The romance seek
wise disperse. Except for a few delightful spl
local color, the story is dull.

SHADOWS WAITING.
By Eleanor Carroll Chilton. *The John Day*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 289 pp. N

This first novel is called by the author
drama of the intellect," and that's about ri
distraught lovers, Dennis, the dreamer, and
the realist, part for two years, during wh
Dennis writes a book and tries to reconcile t
world with the inner world and their own o
The hero's and heroine's emotional conflic
hard reading at times, but usually it is w
effort.

GREEN FOREST.
By Nathalie Sedgwick Solby. *Harcourt, Brace &*
$2 7¾ x 5; 310 pp.

In order to become quickly reconciled
fiancé, Tony Morrell, Suzette Challoner d
mother, a middle-aged widow, abroad. Shirl
loner is reluctant to go for she is shortly
Dr. David Finley, her lover for many years
land of dreams." The setting of the story is
liner, and the pictures of the passengers are
gether unfamiliar. A young woman who ha
gitimate baby. The ship's doctor who stand
girl who is a stranger to him. Queenie Morrel
poor-mouth mother. Suzette, an essentially
vulgar girl with a generous coat of good ma

Continued on page xxxvi

ANK'S
ANNUAL

CRUISE DE LUXE
Jan. 25, 1928

EDITERRANEAN

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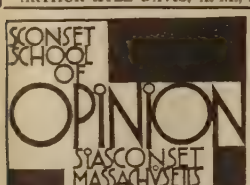

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Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xxxiv

social position. The Latin-American diplomat, baru, for whom Suzette discards Tony before of the voyage. On the last day Shirley announ she is going back to the waiting David and i ately after receives a radio announcing his de heroic ending!

RED PANTS.
By John W. Thomason, Jr. *Charles Scribn*
$2.50 8½ x 6; 246 pp. N

Ten salty stories of life in the United States Corps, by the author of "Fix Bayonets," unq ably one of the most remarkable books on war written here or abroad. As in his previou Capt. Thomason's own illustrations add gr the color of his tales.

MISCELLANEOUS

A NATURALIST AT THE ZOO.
By E. G. Boulenger. B
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 206 pp. N

Although the author is connected with t logical Gardens of London, the book serves a of "Who's Who" to all zoos. We meet th baboons, monkeys, bears and various member cat family. The chapter on what happens in after dark, and that on the Springtime court very amusing. There are many fine pen a sketches by L. R. Brightwell.

THE BEGINNER'S GARDEN.
By Mrs. Frances King. *Charles Scribn*
$2 8¾ x 5¾; 125 pp. N

With this book by the former president Woman's National Agricultural and Horti Association as a guide, barren backyards turned into modest gardens. There are many tions and helpful plans.

ARABIC LITERATURE.
By H. A. R. Gibb. *The Oxford Univers*
$1 7¼ x 4½; 128 pp. N

This brief but clear and excellent account literature of the Arabs is one of a series of book "The World's Manuals," published origin England. There is an admirable bibliography.

MURDER AT SMUTTY NOSE, AND OTH MURDERS.
By Edmund Pearson. *Doubleday, Page &*
$3 8⅛ x 5¼; 330 pp. *Garden Ci*

The murders principally dealt with here Wagner murder on the Isles of Shoals, the Webster murder, and the cases of Roland M and Carlyle Harris. Mr. Pearson presents his effectively, but sometimes he succumbs rat surdly to a temptation to be clever. An excell notated bibliography follows his narratives.

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VOL. IX, No. 7 JULY, 1927

The Borzoi Broadside

BORZOI BOOKS

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 *Fifth Avenue, New York*

Again the Enigmatic Empress

CATHERINE OF RUSSIA is one of the women who are a puzzle alike to men and to their fellow women. A great deal has been written about her, but up to the present what she wrote about herself has been little known. For a hundred years the Russian Czars kept the autobiography, the diaries, and the letters of their famous predecessor far from the public eye, and it was only a little before 1914 that the letters were published and the other documents made accessible to scholars. Among those who took advantage of this opportunity was *Katharine Anthony*, who has already published a well-known biography of the empress, and who now translates from the German the entirely personal recital that forms Catherine's autobiography.

In her account Great Catherine not only reveals herself, as child, as wise young girl, as Grand Duchess of Russia, and finally as Empress, but also throws an impressive half-light on her aunt-in-law, the Empress Elizabeth, and a blinding glare on the witless booby who was her husband. That she liked neither is evident, and her tales of both are delectable. The Grand Duke, her husband, all his life cherished a most inordinate love for toys, and his amusements consisted in such diversions as boring holes in a door in order to peek at the Em-

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All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

Reprints: A Shop-talk

THIS series of shop-talks is dedicated by definition to Borzoi books the life of which is not measured by the season of publication. As evidence of longevity in this or that book, the enthusiasm of qualified judges is material evidence. Few occurrences give the publisher more genuine pleasure than the printed remarks of a respected critic who remembers or discovers long after publication some book of which the publisher himself has always been proud.

Nevertheless, all such evidences boil down to a matter of personal taste; and people had rather have the publisher deal with them in terms of material and concrete facts. Well, it happens that he is able to gratify their preference in connection with some of the long-lived books on his list, and to do it with a logic which is air-tight and bullet-proof. We refer to the sort of reprints which keep a work in existence in more than one form at the same time. Such a reprint is the publisher's answer to the apparent discovery of a book by a new class of readers. The books so reprinted are those which succeed in getting over the high hurdle between "the public"—which unfortunately means, in America, persons to whom books are rather events than habits—and the "reading public," or those who almost automatically read the more significant books as they are issued. It is the universal experience of publishers and booksellers that an attractive new binding of an established book not only brings new readers, but actually does so without o effect on the sale of the preceding edition or —unless it be to stimulate this sale.

There is no space here to mention *all* of adventures with reprints. Everyone knows of them: for instance, The Borzoi Classics Blu- Jade Library, two uniform series fo printing of established books which we ha published before; and the Borzoi Pocket uniform series to which are frequently add which we published originally. A recent ad The Blue Jade Library to which justice done in The Broadside was

SARDONIC TALES [*CONTES CR*
By VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM. *T*
from the French by HAMISH MILES. $3.0

For recent additions to The Pocket Books, xlii.

Remarkable among the histories of our books is the fortune of THE PROPHET, *K ran's* best-known collection of his original aphorisms, fables, and reflections. Publishe it made its own way quietly for three y through the usual descending curve of a b after its first months, but at a steadily i rate. By the autumn of 1926 it had for into a special holiday edition at two-a times the original price; and this was im followed by a pocket edition in limp leathe from new plates.

An increasingly important by-produc publishing during the coming seasons is be the issue of reprints designed to make t works of fiction, and especially of Contin tion, accessible in a convenient form and price.

Last month's Broadside announced th reprints, on thinner paper and in newly bindings—two of them, *Reymont's* PEAS *Hamsun's* GROWTH OF THE SOIL, invo reduction of three and two volumes to now add to these a new form of another g ern classic of Northern Europe:

[KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER BRIDAL WREATH, THE MIS OF HUSABY, THE CROSS. *B* UNDSET, *author of "Jenny." Translate Swedish by* C. ARCHER *and* J. S. SCO *hammer edition, 3 volumes boxed toget net. (Regular edition, each volume,* $3.0

he Atlantic that's Not on the Maps

rom the fact that the Atlantic Ocean is the water separating America from the Old nost of the persons who cross it each year prisingly little about it. *Basil Woon*, whose volume *The Paris that's Not in the Guide-* s gone far to instruct visitors in the more details of life in Paris, has here written a l of guide-book which will prove a blessing ıtic travelers. What to do, and how to do the moment you are struck with the idea abroad this summer until the boat train o the station at Paris; complete and detailed ion on every important point, from booking sage to the most painless methods of getting ıstoms; from sea-going "vamps" and card- o the possible celebrities on your boat; p to take; what baggage to carry; how to od accommodations; how to win the pool; d how much to drink; how to play the games; when and how much to tip—all id dozens more, are the points of informa- ch *Mr. Woon* takes up in an always enter- nanner.

econd part of the book is a concise history st fifty years of Atlantic traffic. Each chap- voted to one of the great steamship lines, birth and development of their fleets are in great detail. All the famous ships are l, together with their measurements, their nd their personnel. Comparative rates and methods of travel for all purses, from the ite to tourist third class, are given minute n and explanation. The carefully worked out and costs in the latter class will be of ır interest to students going abroad. This ction is a mine of useful information, and most interesting reading.

Woon's style is more than merely a means rting maximum information with minimum is consistently amusing and often uproar- nny. To classify the book under the general of "guide-book" is to drag it in by the is really in a distinct class which the author le his own, and which he cultivates with t results. THE FRANTIC ATLANTIC will be ideal deck-reading as well as an invalu- t-aid lexicon for every dubious moment on hip.

FRANTIC ATLANTIC. *By* BASIL N. $2.50 *net.*

Joint Destiny

ONE hot and awful night in Lisbon two children were born: Augusta Maria Lilias Rabenstein, daughter of the Austrian ambassador, and Cintra Amory, American. Out of their destinies, which touch and break apart and tangle again unforeseeably, *Nancy Hoyt* has made a story which treats not so much the well-known habits of her generation as its less considered approach to living.

Lili and Cintra meet first at the age of four months, and even then the difference between them is evident. After this babyhood encounter, their mothers come together again in Washington and form a strangely intangible friendship, the while sophisticated nine-year-old Lili explains the usages of polite society to long-legged nine-year-old Cintra, and smokes a faintly nervous cigarette before Cintra's not unquizzical eyes. Eventually Lili's and Cintra's paths have taken them through most of the world's great cities—Lisbon to be born in, Washington to play in, Rome where Cintra goes to school and comes near marrying the Hungarian Count Czarany (who wears pointed German shoes, too much waist to his coat, and Lili's bracelet on his left wrist), Budapest where Lili starves after the war, Brussels with Cintra's grandmother ("As a grandmother," says *Miss Hoyt*, "she was not cozy"), London where Cintra marries, Paris where Cintra's Anglo-Irish husband, Terence Down, finds Lili worth looking at, and London again.

In the end, Cintra and Lili work out their lives to their own satisfaction. If only one of them had been born that night in Lisbon, that one's life would have been incalculably different.

UNKIND STAR. *By* NANCY HOYT, *author of "Roundabout."* $2.50 *net.*

47, 48

THE Borzoi Pocket Books are on the verge of receiving their fiftieth addition. Number 47 of the series is substantially a reprint of the collection of fourteen of *Ivan Bunin's* stories originally issued (1923) as THE DREAMS OF CHANG. *Bunin's* best-known single story, the piece on which his reputation outside Russia has always rested, is "The Gentleman from San Francisco," an ironic study of a middle-aged American trying desperately to make holiday abroad and not knowing how to go about it; and it is fitting that its title should now be re-applied to the entire collection. Number 48 is another story of far places: *E. L. Grant Watson's* WHERE BONDS ARE LOOSED, the first (1917) and still probably the best-known of its author's works. Its setting is a pair of neighboring islands off the coast of Australia, where the government maintains for the natives two hospital stations with staffs partly itinerant, partly resident. Its members are the chief characters; and the theme is the disintegration of their civilized morale in conditions which it does not fit, and in which only the simple, the naturally hardy, are equipped for survival.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM SAN FRANCISCO. *By* IVAN BUNIN, *author of "The Village." Authorized translation from the Russian by* BERNARD GUILBERT GUERNEY. *In The Borzoi Pocket Books, $1.25 net.*

WHERE BONDS ARE LOOSED. *By* E. L. GRANT WATSON, *author of "The Mainland," "Other Magic," "The Desert Horizon," "Deliverance." In The Borzoi Pocket Books, $1.25 net.*

Again the Enigmatic Empress

(*Continued from page xxxix*)

press. He romped like a child, and above all, he ate and drank inordinately. Of the time of her marriage, Catherine writes: "I should certainly have loved my young husband if he had only wished to be amiable or could have been so. But in the early days of our marriage I came to a bad conclusion about him. I said to myself: 'If you love this man you will be the most unhappy creature on God's earth; your innermost being will demand response. But the man scarcely takes any notice of you. He scarcely talks of anything but dolls and he comes near to paying more attention to every other woman than he does to you. You are too proud to complain about it; so take care, please, regarding any tenderness toward this gentleman. Think of yourself first, Madame.' This first impression, made on a heart as soft as wax, remained with this idea never again went out of my m naturally I was on my guard against le word escape me about my firm resolve, w never to love anyone devotedly who w reward me with an unlimited response."

As a first-hand delineation of the pe manners, and the politics of eighteenth Russia, nothing more could be asked th memoirs. As a revelation of the little Pr Zerbst whose playthings were taken fro the age of seven because she was "a big g so much could not have been hoped for.

Perhaps it is in her curious self-writte that Catherine is most Catherine:

> *Here lies*
> CATHERINE THE SECOND
> *Born in Stettin April 21/May 2, 17*
> In the year 1744 she went to Russia to
> Peter III.
> At the age of fourteen she made the th
> resolution to please her Consort, Elizabe
> the Nation.
> She neglected nothing in order to suc
> this. Eighteen years of tediousness and s
> caused her to read many books.
> When she had ascended the throne of
> she wished to do good and tried to bring
> ness, freedom, and prosperity to her su
> She forgave easily and hated no on
> She was good-natured and easy-going;
> a cheerful temperament, republican sent
> and a kind heart.
> She had friends.
> Work was easy for her; she love
> sociability and the arts.

MEMOIRS OF CATHERINE THE G *Translated from the German by* KATHA THONY, *author of "Margaret Fuller" an ine the Great." Illustrated. $5.00 net.*

Afterword on Thomas M

AS THESE words are written, H. T. Low translation of THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN in the possession of the public for eight Not a very long interval in the life of a b will be young when the century closes its It cost *Thomas Mann* himself ten year the translator two years to make a render we place without hesitation among the premely fine translations.

Yet these eighteen days have been

th in the public prints every variety of
, including one appreciation of a scope
undity for which the book might have
r years. THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN is dis-
o be "a depressing novel," by writers who
r a clinical survey of tuberculosis and its
t. It is unfavorably compared with DEATH
CE by savants who have just read that
eputation rests on DEATH IN VENICE.
't.) It is patronized by purblind scribblers
ot see even the foothills of *Thomas Mann's*
vision. The translation has been discovered
ective, or even bad, by unilingual experts
rman wouldn't reach to "*Wie geht's?*" The
ent has been written about, in column
mn, by writers who do not read English.
erances would seem less mournful if it were
that many of them do not write English.
ouble is not that *Mann* has not been in-
nderstood and interpreted—it would be
expect as much—but that only a minority
any sense of responsibility or of short-
An occasional reviewer has said that THE
MOUNTAIN contains altogether more than
grasped without brain-sweat, and some
and editors plan to recur to it, and recur
ese few are a spiritual majority. But in
he reviewer has turned out his column of
ghed his "Thank heaven, *that's* done!" and
n to the summer reading and last week's
book. Few seem to have apprehended an
to be either intelligent or silent.
ignificant—has anyone a few seconds to
significance?—that the finest interpreta-
English thus far is by a writer, Ludwig
, who has known the book in German for
s, who has written about it before, and
says: "I am not sure, despite the sovereign
his style, that I have mastered *Mann's*
completely even yet. I am not sure that
ration will" (*New York Herald Tribune*).
hy dare we be so sure that THE MAGIC
AIN will still loom above the horizon of
generation, another century? Simply be-
s a tremendous and a complete imaginative
in thrilling narrative and searching reflec-
he human forces both dynamic and inert
ape the world of our common residence,
destiny—the forces which made the war,
post-war world, and generations hence will
unrolling tomorrow out of today. THE
MOUNTAIN is, as Llewellyn Jones has put
Chicago Evening Post, "the drama of the
odern consciousness."

Florida and Return

THOUGH a slight tendency to vaingloriousness may be encouraged in Charles the Rooster by giving him the credit for TO AND AGAIN, his it is. Charles, conversing with Hank the horse in the barnyard, complained bitterly of the coming winter. The result was that such of Mr. Bean's animals as were not really needed on the farm during the winter set out to spend the season in Florida. Among the travelers went some remarkable personages—Mrs. Wiggins the Cow, for instance, than who no one could be fuller of kindly common sense; Freddy the Pig, distinguished for quickness of wit; the mice, Eek, Quik, Eeny, and Cousin Augustus, running along the side of the road so as not to be stepped on or sharing Hank's back with Emma and Alice, the ducks; Jinx the ever audacious cat; and, lastly, Henrietta, wife and subduer of Charles.

The adventures that befell this gay and gallant company are numberless and extraordinary. Before the animals returned to help Mr. Bean with his summer work, they had assisted at a parade in their own honor, discovered a treasure (which they brought home to their master), outwitted a group of thieves, and lost themselves in the Everglades, which are ruled over by the Grandfather of All the Alligators. Alligators are not at all a pleasant people, and for a nerve-racking half hour it seemed doubtful that the eight sisters-in-law of Charles would ever welcome him back to the chicken-coop.

All in all, TO AND AGAIN is among those books that may wisely be given to one's less aged relatives—partly in order that, amid the wrathful but opportune murmurings of the younger generation, they may be quietly monopolized by oneself.

TO AND AGAIN. *By* WALTER R. BROOKS. *Illustrated by* ADOLFO BEST-MAUGARD, *author of "A Method for Creative Design."* $2.00 *net.*

The BORZOI BROADSIDE for JULY 1927

Ars contra Mundum

In a letter to the publisher, Mr. Cournos says of this latest of his novels, which he also considers to be by far his best:

"When I started O'Flaherty the Great I had a simple idea in mind: the story of a man who, in trying to imitate another, had lost his own soul. But as I went on working, the idea broadened, deepened. It became something more than the problem of this or that individual. The characters, though conceived as living types, began to take on the coloration of the ideas of our time and to stand as protagonists representing rival aspirations. They represent the fundamental problems of Life, Art, and Religion, that eternal trinity which cannot exist apart. In the end they see that Life is not vice, Art not mere escape, Religion not dogma, as is the case today. Here are not three separate problems, but one and indivisible; and the future alone, bringing renewed life, can hope to solve it.

"I have striven to give a picture of the moral state of our epoch, not in the didactic terms of Spengler, whose doctrines in a degree it illustrates, but in the creative terms of living characters who dare to live passionately, and not without the grace of humor. I have called it a 'tragi-comedy,' but I might have, without straining the point, called it 'a mystic melodrama.'"

O'FLAHERTY THE GREAT: A Tragi-Comedy. *By* John Cournos, *author of "Miranda Masters."* $2.50 *net.*

Another Untanglement

Mr. J. S. Fletcher may not be the most writer who ever lived. And then again, h bibliography of his own work which he co 1925—it did not pretend to completeness—

9 volumes of historical works
94 novel-length stories
15 volumes of miscellanies (history, trav belles-lettres)
4 volumes of verse
2 plays, a comedy and a war-drama

Since then, *Mr. Fletcher* has published at a dozen of the mystery stories which have so large and dependable a following; and has detected in him the signs of over-p and pen-weariness, the disclosure has yet t in the public prints, which are exclusively to echoing the private enthusiasm of *Mr.* readers.

And now the hundred-and-some *opera* hundred-and-some-plus-one—the newest being The Green Rope. The two cru of a tale of mystery are its beginning and The beginning of this story discovers the young woman strangled with a green dark in the grounds of a ruined castle. ending, we have nothing to tell—no, im sir, nothing whatever.

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